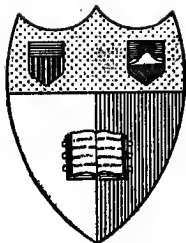


THE ROAD TO LIEGE

By
GUSTAVE SOMVILLE

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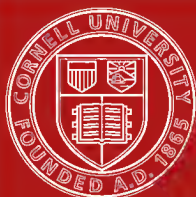
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THE ROAD TO LIÉGE

THE PATH OF CRIME

AUGUST 1914

THE ROAD TO LIÉGE

THE PATH OF CRIME

AUGUST 1914

BY GUSTAVE SOMVILLE

WITH A PREFACE BY
HENRY CARTON DE WIART, MINISTER OF JUSTICE

"There is blood that is silent and blood that cries aloud: the blood of the battle-fields is drunk in secret by the earth; the peaceful blood that is shed rises moaning toward the heavens: God receives and avenges it."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

Translated by BERNARD MIALL

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PREFACE

ON the 7th of August, 1914, upon receiving news of the excesses which the Germans had committed from the time of their entrance into Belgium, the Belgian Government instituted an official Commission, whose duty it was to collect, collate, and examine, with the greatest impartiality and attentiveness, all such facts as came to its knowledge and appeared to be violations of the Law of Nations or of the laws and usages of war.

This Commission, composed of discreet and able men, whose reputation alone constituted a guarantee of the highest value, has since its appointment sat in Antwerp and Havre, and in London, where a delegation, presided over by Sir Mackenzie Chalmers, was appointed to collect and consider the depositions of numerous witnesses who were refugees in England.

In Brussels the President of the Commission was M. Van Iseghem, President of the Court of Cassation ; in Antwerp and Havre, M. Cooreman, Minister of State and sometime President of the Chamber of Representatives.

The results of this conscientious inquiry are contained in twenty-two *Reports*, which have been published in several languages.¹

No definite denial, based upon proofs, has hitherto been made to diminish their significance. On the contrary, the French and British Governments having, like the Belgian Government, instituted official Commissions of Inquiry, the labours of these two Com-

¹ Berger-Levrault, publishers, Paris and Nancy.

missions, presided over, in the one case, by M. Payelle, President of the Court of Accounts in France, and in the other by Lord Bryce, late British Ambassador in Washington, have confirmed and completed many of the revelations recorded by the Belgian Commission.

These official documents have themselves been completed by unofficial publications, which have seen the light in many countries.

Of course, in time of war all recitals must not be accepted with equal confidence. Whoever has some experience of the fallibility of human evidence will in anticipation be on his guard against the confusions, omissions, errors, and untruths which may distort or efface the recollections of a witness. A deposition is worth only what the good faith of its author is worth, the fidelity of his memory, the sureness of his observation, and his power of suppressing, in the sole interest of truth, the voice of his passions, which may of itself inspire him with resentment, exaltation, interest, and the desire to attract attention.

It is necessary, then, to retain of these publications only those whose authors afford substantial presumptions of their sincerity in their previous labours, and the proofs which they have already given of their integrity and discretion.

Such a book is this of M. Gustave Somville's. And having long observed the author at work in the foremost ranks of the Belgian Press, where his name is respected by all, I do not hesitate to apply to this volume the qualification with which Montaigne prefaced his *Essays*: "This book is in good faith."

It is true that M. Somville speaks out of a heart still bursting with all that he has seen and heard. One cannot ask that an upright man, under pretext of impartiality, shall silence the horror, disgust, or disdain with which the spectacle of cruelty, cowardice, and injustice must inspire him. But his recital is clear,

methodical, and precise. He gives abundance of dates, names, and objective data. The statements which he makes are such as it would be possible to verify, and it would be easy to disprove them were there any grounds of denial.

More: M. Somville invites and challenges contradiction; he challenges the German authorities to submit his narrative to the scrutiny of an International Commission. This challenge will not be accepted.

The official Belgian Commission has already declared its readiness to refer the results of its labours to an International Commission of Inquiry composed of delegates of non-belligerent nations.

"It is proper to remark," said the Commission, on completing its 12th *Report*, "that the data on which our conclusions are based are attested by reputable witnesses; they have seen things with their own eyes, and have signed their depositions. As many of them reside in the territory still occupied by the invader, it will be understood that we could not prematurely give their names to the public. But we do not fear, indeed we most earnestly invoke, the constitution of an International Commission which should resume our inquiry upon a wider basis, while affording the witnesses every guarantee of personal security."

And the Belgian bishops, for their part, having repeatedly, with a courage truly apostolic, denounced to the German authorities, both civil and military, the abominations which devastated and are still devastating their dioceses, have similarly offered to submit their accusations, in the event of their being contested, to a court of arbitration. Cardinal Mercier, in his letters of the 24th of January, 1915, and the 11th of February, 1915, and Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, in his letter of the 12th of April, solicited the formation of a tribunal which should be composed of German and Belgian arbitrators, in equal numbers, with a delegate of a neutral State for President. Returning to this idea, an admirable collective letter was addressed, on the 24th

of November, 1915, by all the bishops of Belgium to the bishops of Germany, offering to submit the exactitude of the Belgian protests and affirmations to ecclesiastical judges.

A proposal of the same kind was made in January 1915, in the name of Freemasonry, by M. Charles Magnette, Senator for Liège, and Grand Master of the Belgian Lodges.

Having pointed out to the Freemasons of Germany "that they would be performing an action of the highest utility in investigating the circumstances in which the horrors deplored by all civilised human beings were committed," M. Magnette added :

"I would in the next place beg you to agree to appoint, in concurrence with myself, a Commission of Inquiry, which should make a survey of the regions in which the war commenced and continues, and which, surrounding itself with all useful information, should prepare a report of its findings. This Commission would be composed of delegates of the Grand Lodges of neutral countries: for example, a Dutch, a Swiss, and an Italian brother, and it would of course include a German and a Belgian mason."

If these proposals have met with no response it is because the German authorities know perfectly well that they could expect nothing from a tribunal worthy of the name but the confirmation of the terrible indictment brought against them by the accusing voices of so many victims and witnesses of their crimes. Any fresh examination of these crimes, any public discussion of their proceedings, in which all parties should be heard, could only arouse or reawaken the attention and indignation of the neutral countries. The one desire and the one hope of Germany is that her crimes may be forgotten, and that presently the dust of time, heaped high by all the convulsions and catastrophes to which humanity to-day is subject, will cover, as with a kind of amnesty or statute of limitations, all the accumulations of blood and mire and ashes.

But this calculation will be foiled. The universal conscience will not lend itself thereto ; nor will history. However great the egoism and the frivolity of nations and of men, there subsists, deep within the heart of each of us, a sense of justice which yields to nothing. Every attempt to stifle it increases its power of resistance and impulsion. And this sense of justice will never permit violence and cynicism to assume the name of right. Lady Macbeth will never efface the spot of blood which denounces her sin to all.

“ The originality of the German crimes in this war,” says M. Jean Cruppi, sometime Minister of Justice in France, “ resides not in their motive, nor in the barbarity of their execution ; but in the doctrinal effort which their authors are making to attach these crimes to a scientific conception of war.”

This is very true ; we find ourselves confronted by a systematic barbarism, which regards itself as a form of civilisation, and carries this paradoxical aberration to lengths never imagined by the human mind.

The doctrine of the Great General Staff of the German Army may be summed up in this single principle : All things are lawful that may ensure the success of our Army. The rights of others exist only in so far as they might provoke a reaction dangerous to Germanic interests.

On the very morrow of the Hague Conferences at which the representatives of forty-four Powers laboriously reached an agreement that certain mitigations should be introduced in the usages of war, the Great General Staff, fearful, no doubt, lest some simple soldier should be disposed to take these Conventions seriously, ratified as they were by Germany, published a *Manual of the Usages of War on Land—Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*—which forms part of the travelling library of every German officer. The thesis of the Manual is summed up in the following formula :

"Humanitarian considerations, such as regard for persons and property, can only be observed if the nature and the aim of the war accommodate themselves therewith."

For those who might be hampered by scruples of humanity, or mere respect for the given word, the *Manual* adds :

"The moral tendencies of the nineteenth century have been directed essentially by humanitarian considerations, which have often enough degenerated into sentimentality ; and there have not been wanting endeavours whose object was the development of the usages of war in a direction absolutely opposed to the nature and the aims of war, and the future assuredly holds in store for us further efforts of the same nature, all the more as they have already found moral recognition in the Convention of Geneva and the Conferences of Brussels and the Hague."

"Beware," adds the *Manual*, "for the officer is the child of his age, and is carried away by the moral tendencies which affect his nation, and this in proportion to his degree of cultivation. There is therefore a danger that he may surrender to false conceptions of the proper end of war. It is only by a profound study of war itself . . . that he can guard himself against these exaggerated humanitarian ideas, and will come to realise that war must necessarily involve certain severities, and, moreover, that the only true humanity often resides in the unmitigated application of these severities."

It is in this conception of war, expounded or developed with the pedantry or cynicism of which the writings of Treitschke, Bernhardi, or Harden give us the measure, that we must seek the explanation of all the crimes committed by Germany in the course of the present war, from the violation of Belgian neutrality, which remains the most flagrant and abominable of all, to the massacre of the civil populations—a simple application of the principle of collective punishment.

"This principle," writes Dr. Walter Bloem with Teutonic frigidity, in the *Kölnische Zeitung* (10th of February 1915), "finds its justification in the theory of terror. The innocent must suffer simultaneously with the guilty, and, if the latter

cannot be discovered, instead and in the place of the latter ; this punishment is not inflicted because a crime has been committed, but in order that no further crimes shall be committed. Every destruction of a village by fire, every execution of hostages, every case of the suppression of part of the population of a commune whose inhabitants have taken up arms against our troops, is far less an act of vengeance than a warning sign to the territory not as yet occupied.

" And this cannot be doubted. The burning of Battice, Herve, Louvain, and Dinant was a series of warnings. The unavoidable burnings and the bloodshed of the beginning of the war have saved the great Belgian cities from the temptation to fall upon the scanty garrisons with which we were able to occupy them. Is there in the world a single man who imagines that the Belgian capital would have borne with us, who to-day go to and fro in Brussels as in our own country, if that capital had not trembled, and did not still tremble, in terror of our vengeance ?

" War is not a society diversion. It is an annex of Hell. He who puts his finger in it burns his hand, his soul, and loses his life. It was thus that the poor Belgian people, blinded and led astray, fell a victim to it."

And applying this programme to the eastern theatre of war, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, whom the Germans regard as one of their best generals, replied, in an interview published in the *Neue Freie Presse* :

" The country is suffering ; Lodz is starving. This is deplorable, but it ought to be so. One cannot make war in a sentimental fashion. The more pitiless the conduct of the war, the more humane it is in reality, for it will run its course all the sooner. The war which of all wars is and must be most humane is that which leads to peace with as little delay as possible ! "

There is the German mentality to the life. This is the cause of the terrible conflict which to-day is rending the world. The actual stake, in this great war, is not so much to determine whether the policy of nationality will triumph over the policy of imperialism, nor whether the rule of autocracy will put an end to the rule of popular liberties. It is to determine which philosophy will henceforth prevail in the education of nations and

individuals: the old Christian morality, developed by twenty centuries of civilisation, which teaches respect for the person and property of our neighbour, or the Prussian *Kultur*, for which there is no law greater than interest and no right as against might.

However intoxicated she may be by the poison of her theories, Germany is yet too well informed of the state of international opinion, by the swarms of agents which she maintains in every country of the world, not to realise that the doctrines of her Great General Staff are ill adapted for exportation, and that the monstrous obduracy in which she delights will remain generally inassimilable by the feeble psychology of Europe and America, as yet little habituated to the alimentation of *Kultur*. Just as her industry prides itself on adapting its least products to the taste of the foreign consumer, so her propaganda does not hesitate to adapt itself to the minds upon which it is to operate. The news of the massacres and acts of incendiarism committed by the German troops was of a nature to alarm the sensitive minds of the New World. What could be simpler? A solemn Manifesto, signed by ninety-three German professors, was launched across the ocean. It impudently denied these massacres and acts of incendiarism. The terms of the denial will be recalled:

"It is not true that we criminally violated the neutrality of Belgium. . . .

"It is not true that our soldiers have injured the life or property of a single Belgian citizen unless forced thereto by the harsh necessity of legitimate defence. . . .

"It is not true that our troops have brutally destroyed Louvain. . . .

"It is not true that we are waging war in a manner which disregards the law of nations. Our soldiers are committing neither acts of indiscipline nor cruelties. . . ."

But such denials cannot long prevail against the evidence. What matter? By an audacious diversion,

the victims are made responsible for all the acts of repression which their conduct has supposedly rendered necessary ! It was Abel who was in the wrong, and Cain assures you of it !

When on the 11th of September 1914 the Belgian Mission, which was sent by His Majesty the King of Belgium to the President of the United States, and of which I had the honour of being president, disembarked in New York, it was not a little surprised to learn that the Emperor of Germany, two days previously, anxious to diminish the effect of the documents and protests which the Mission was bringing to the great American Republic, had cabled to Mr. Wilson a private message in which, after accusing the French Army of using bullets "whose employment is prohibited by the recognised principles of international law," the Kaiser added :

" I therefore utter a solemn protest against such a manner of waging a war, which has become, thanks to the methods of our adversaries, one of the most barbarous in history. Not only have they themselves employed this cruel weapon, but the Belgian Government has openly encouraged the civil population to take part in this war, for which it had carefully and for a long time prepared. The cruelties committed in the course of this guerilla campaign by women, and even by the priests, against wounded soldiers, doctors, and nurses (medical officers have been killed and hospitals fired upon), have been such that my generals have finally found themselves obliged to resort to the most rigorous means to chastise the guilty and to prevent the blood-thirsty population from continuing these abominable, criminal, and hateful acts. Several villages, and even the city of Louvain, have perforce been demolished (excepting the very beautiful Hôtel de Ville) in the interests of our defence and for the protection of our troops. My heart bleeds when I see that such measures have been rendered inevitable, and when I think of the innumerable innocent persons who have lost their homes and their possessions as a consequence of the criminal deeds in question.

" WILHELM II., K."

We had come from Belgium, my colleagues and I,

We had seen with our own eyes, in the hospitals, or along the high-roads, peasants who had been horribly wounded or mutilated by the German soldiers. In Antwerp we had seen the Zeppelins, on the night of the 25th of August, without the slightest warning, drop their formidable bombs upon the city, killing women in their sleep. We had seen those unforgettable processions of fugitives, men and women, old folk and children, who had barely been able to snatch up a few poor possessions, driven from their villages by incendiarism and murder. We knew the character of our Walloon and Flemish populations, which nothing had prepared for war, and which assuredly no one had encouraged to resist, and particularly we knew the character of the honest folk of the Liége countryside, "a people frank, refined, and endowed with a sense of moderation," as M. Somville very correctly describes them. We had had in our hands the authentic records of the declarations already collected, and the investigations already made by the official Commission of Inquiry. So the reader will understand what constraint we were forced to put upon ourselves, in order to accept in cold blood the news of the Imperial message, which added, to the flagrant injustice of the attack upon Belgium, an injustice admitted by Herr Bethman-Hollweg in the Reichstag, and the atrocities committed by the German troops, proof of which we possessed, a refinement which we assuredly had not foreseen: an attempt at justification on the part of the culprit, who, in order to exculpate himself, endeavoured to blacken his victim.

The Imperial telegram spoke of the necessity of repressing a "guerilla" campaign. It accused the Belgian Government of having openly incited the civil population to take part in this war, for which it had long been preparing. It accused women and priests of cruelty to wounded soldiers.

Not only could none of these solemn and serious accusations be proved, but the very contrary was clearly established by the evidence.

Far from inciting the civil population to take part in the war, the Government prepared it, from the very first day of the invasion, for the attitude of discretion and reserve which was essential.

The Minister of the Interior, on the 4th of August, dispatched the most precise instructions to the 2,700 communes of the kingdom. The placards exhibited everywhere reminded the people that "the laws of war prohibit the civil population from taking part in the hostilities." The burgomasters recommended the population to deposit all weapons with the commissaries of police or at the communal offices. The religious authorities also addressed the population to the same effect.

When did the Germans encounter these supposed Belgian francs-tireurs? Where were they seen to operate? Of what precisely were they accused? What were their names? What was their description? In a luxurious *White Book*, whose typographic sumptuousness did not succeed in concealing its intrinsic poverty, the German Government published a few declarations of officers and soldiers. These are not so much evidence as vague and complaisant explanations furnished by the very authors of the massacres and acts of incendiarism perpetrated at Aerschot, Louvain, and Dinant: variations on the familiar theme, *Man hat geschossen!* What is left of these explanations after the reply of the Belgian Commission, and the letter of the Bishops? And again, what is left after the denials published by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, *Vorwärts*, and the headquarters of *Pax*, of the odious accusation of cruelties committed upon wounded Germans, which was so solemnly formulated by the Imperial telegram?

All these miserable excuses melt away one by one,

to reveal in their nakedness and their utter horror the procedures to which the German Army resorted in conformity with the orders of its chiefs and the methods of its Great General Staff.

So many crimes, so many thousands of innocent persons put to death, or deported and cast into prison ; so much beauty and wealth pillaged and destroyed, awaiting the hour of Justice. Audacity and imposture may postpone that hour, but not indefinitely.

Among the voices which day by day expressed, and are still expressing, the shocked and indignant conscience of the neutral nations, I will here cite only the words of a great North American newspaper, the *Providence Journal* (14th October, 1914) :

" William of Germany and his people must render their account to God ; no lie will save them. They have wilfully, in an insane passion of conquest, turned a beautiful country into a very shambles ; they have seized by the throat a small and peaceful nation, and have torn it into quivering fragments ; they have crushed its heart under their iron heel. The different recitals of the German atrocities may not all be exact, but many are beyond discussion. Whatever may be the truth or falsity of the particulars, there still remains the fact of a cruelty and a savagery so monstrous that it wrings the same hoarse cry, ' Shame upon this crime ! ' from all human beings who have retained in their bosom a spark of charity or justice.

" The might of Germany, her much-vaunted war-machine, and her supremacy in the fields of art and science and commerce, can no longer be saved by victories on the battlefield ; they are henceforth annihilated, and many generations will painfully strive to set their country erect upon her feet. And this is not the result of being crushed by superior forces, nor of being checked in a campaign of rapine and butchery. No ; these things are because, while pretending to be a great nation worthy of having her ' place in the sun,' Germany has proclaimed, before the face of the whole world, that a treaty is only a scrap of paper, and because she has, by the hand of a madman, calling himself the elect of God, drowned in the blood of thousands of assassinations a country whose peace and inviolability she had sworn to defend." ¹

¹ Retranslated,

Such is the simple language of the conscience, against which no argument or sophism can ever prevail. In vain, in their insolent triumph of a day, do those who are at present in occupation of the soil of my beloved country flatter themselves that they can stifle the protest of the human heart. "Crime passes. Justice is eternal."

H. CARTON DE WIART.

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THE ROAD TO LIÉGE

INTRODUCTION

A CHALLENGE TO GENERAL VON BISSING

PRELIMINARIES

THE Germans, in respect of the conduct of war, have formulated a doctrine of terrorisation which has no example in history. Their treatment of enemy populations is the result of putting this doctrine into practice. But the horror which they have thus inspired leads them to deny their crimes; according to them they have merely conducted reprisals upon populations which have attacked them. So, having systematically pillaged, burned, and assassinated, they calumniate their victims; they seek to dishonour them. This is the supreme offence—graver than all the rest, if honour is more precious than wealth, more precious even than life itself.

In this manœuvre all the leaders of Germany have co-operated: the Staff, the Emperor, the Press, and the notables of the Universities. Either by system or in malice, through passion or in ignorance, from pride or sheer thoughtlessness, all have accused, vilified, and defamed the enemy. Consciously or blindly, all have participated in a campaign of lying, which, thanks to their exertions, has penetrated into the neutral countries, affecting, and sometimes even alienating, public opinion.

Among the agents of this propaganda the present representative of the Kaiser in Belgium has always distinguished himself.

On the 29th of August, 1914, at Munster, General von Bissing addressed the population of the seat of the Seventh Army Corps in a proclamation which contained the following words :

" If a blind and infuriated population miserably slaughters, in treacherous attacks, the valiant sons of our people, who go to meet death for their country, as well as the wounded, the medical officers, and the ambulance bearers ; if (armed) bands compromise the security of the armies on their rear, then self-preservation commands us, and it is a sacred duty on the part of military commandants, to combat them immediately *by extreme measures*. In such a case the innocent must suffer with the guilty. In their repeated communiqués the directors of our army have allowed no doubt to subsist in this respect. That in the repression of infamy human lives cannot be spared, and that isolated houses, flourishing villages, and even entire towns are annihilated, is assuredly regrettable, but this must not excite ill-timed sentimentality. All this must not in our eyes weigh as much as the life of a single one of our brave soldiers. That is self-evident, and, properly speaking, there is no need to say it. . . . Who speaks here of barbarism commits a crime. The rigorous accomplishment of duty is the emanation of a high *Kultur*, and in that the population of the enemy countries can learn a lesson from our army."

It was to Belgium that von Bissing was referring. None fitter than he, therefore, to hold it under his heel. He inherited the task from von der Goltz.

But perhaps the new Governor had modified his attitude. Months had elapsed since this monstrous tirade was delivered at Munster ; light had since been thrown on the acts of brigandage which accompanied the invasion ; and official reports, clear, precise, and supported by a thousand depositions and other documents, had vindicated the truth.

But no ! Hardly was he installed, when the new

Governor repeated his declarations. Interviewed by a Dutch journalist, he expressed himself as follows : ¹

" It is a fact that there was a permanent pact in existence between Great Britain and Belgium, allowing the former, in the event of a war, to pass unhindered through Belgium, in order to attack Germany at her weak point—that is, between Coblenz and Cologne.

" We know, moreover, that as early as the last days of June, when Germany and France were not yet at war, some officers of French artillery went to Liège and Namur, and detachments of the French Engineers were sent into Belgium. Here we are concerned with facts, the proofs of which are held in Berlin. The German Ministry of War possesses documents which show that the French artillery was busy sending guns to Liège and to Namur while the Emperor was still striving to maintain peace and hoping to avert war. Thus Belgium herself bears the responsibility for all that has happened within her borders.

" You must admit that in your journey to the north of France you saw no villages destroyed. In the French theatre of war, did you hear that civilians had been shot ?

" There will come a time when our campaign in Belgium will be regarded with other eyes than now. I took no part in this phase of the war in Belgium, but I am acquainted with all its details. A day will come when it will be seen that the war in Belgium, as well as our conduct of the war in this country, was inevitable. When the valiant sons of our nation, when the wounded, with doctors and ambulance attendants, were assassinated by a blind and infuriated population, then self-defence by means of severe demonstrations was for our troops a sacred duty.

" And if, in this war of self-defence, flourishing villages have been destroyed, this must be regretted, but for us all this cannot be worth one of our valiant soldiers.

" It is unnecessary even to say this ; it is self-evident. What has been done had to be done. It will be my object to reveal the truth. For that matter, it is already acknowledged, not by one Belgian, but by thousands. To-day it is acknowledged that in Dinant, Liège, Namur, Louvain, Visé, and Moulain the townspeople fired from the houses on our troops. I hope I shall succeed in adding to the proofs which we already

¹ *Düsseldorfer General Anzeiger*, 8th of December, 1914, citing *Het Leven* of Amsterdam.

have in hand, fresh documents which will prove that we are not barbarians, as a portion of the European Press has pretended."

Governor von Bissing alleges two motives in order to justify the Teutonic atrocities.

In the first place, he denounces the complicity of Belgium in a pretended aggression on the part of Great Britain and France against Germany. Now, as to the document which he invokes. He begins by falsifying it. What, in reality, does the Barnardiston proposal amount to? *The offer of British intervention in the event of a violation of Belgian territory by Germany.* And this conditional precaution von Bissing transforms into an *authorisation* granted to Great Britain, in case of war, *to cross Belgian territory in order to attack Germany at her weak point!* The falsification is glaringly obvious; legitimate defence becomes a treacherous attack.

As for the presence of French troops in Belgium before the war, this is indeed a pitiful invention. No one can believe such a thing. The campaign proved that the French armies were already facing Germany, and that France, confiding in the treaties, had remained to a great extent uncovered on the Belgian frontier. If proofs of the contrary existed in Berlin, as von Bissing asserts, would the Germans have delayed so long before producing them?

And even then, would anyone have the right to say: *Belgium bears the responsibility for all that has happened within her borders?* Does a *casus belli* authorise one to trample underfoot the usages of warfare and the rights of humanity?¹

The Governor of Belgium knows very well that the base cowardice of taking revenge upon a peaceful

¹ The justification of the attitude of the Belgian Government is presented with great force in *La Belgique neutre et loyale*, by Emile Waxweiler.

population calls for another excuse. And this excuse? *The civilians began it!* The inhabitants of defenceless villages submerged by the invasion attacked the German Army! And of this accusation, improbable to absurdity, Herr von Bissing asserts that he possesses proofs, and will to these add fresh proofs.

Confronted by such partiality and obstinacy, what can be done, save to throw a yet stronger light on the acts of violence which marked the entry of the Germans into Belgium?

Already the reports of the Commission of Inquiry constitute a formidable collection of documents; but they have often been forced to confine themselves to establishing the materiality of the facts. Then most of their data are derived from the testimony of refugees. It has been pretended that these were not trustworthy witnesses; fleeing in bewilderment from burning towns or villages, their imagination, inflamed by terror, must have exaggerated events.

However, the refugees are witnesses of the first order. Some barely escaped with their lives; others have suffered complete ruin; and many are in mourning for their nearest and dearest.

Nevertheless, it was desirable, in order to root out the calumny, to hear those also who have remained in the country. This is the task which the author of this book proposed to himself. Apart from the risk of being taken and shot, the circumstances had become favourable to an inquiry on the spot, to a focussing of the picture, so to speak: there had been time for the elimination of mere legends, for the clearing up of doubtful points, and for the confirmation of realities; time for the principal facts to receive the official *imprimatur* which would make an end of all uncertainty.

It was, then, a question of reconstructing, commune by commune, the history of the first days of the war, from the standpoint not of military operations, but of

the manner in which Germany conducted the invasion. This inquiry was pursued in no spirit of hatred or vengeance, but with a constant regard for truth and justice, the facts being reduced to their least common denominator wherever accounts varied, so that even if at times an error of detail may have slipped into the record of a period so disturbed, the whole may be vouched for as veracious and beneath the reality.¹

There are acts of violence which the pen shrinks from describing ; moreover, to reveal the proofs of acts of obscenity, or of cases of sadism, is a delicate matter, as the honour of the victims would suffer. In general we prefer to pass over these facts in silence. But in the majority of cases we aim at the greatest preciseness, thus continually exposing ourselves to correction ; for example, we give the names of those who were put to death. Their memory has nothing to fear from such publication. Do we not honour them merely in proclaiming their innocence, while waiting for the time when we may perpetuate the memory of their immolation, which was perpetrated in a spirit of hatred of the Belgian fatherland ?

Now, while we were moving about the countryside we learned that such and such a locality had been visited the day before by German investigators ; that in another place they had summoned witnesses to Liège. This, no doubt, had to do with the supplementary inquiry which the new Governor had announced. A " militarised " civil judge and a military commission were working upon it simultaneously. The replies of the witnesses were transcribed into German, and were then signed by their authors, most of whom were ignorant of that language.

¹ It goes without saying that to mention here by name any of the witnesses who were good enough to furnish information is impossible. But if an inquiry should be undertaken under the desired conditions of security, the Commission will be informed of all the sources of our information.

No matter ! The result of that inquiry—one-sided, and essentially tainted by intimidation—will remain in the portfolios, for it can only prove the barbarity of the invaders.

We throw down the gauntlet before Baron von Bissing : we challenge him to submit our narrative, concurrently with the results obtained by his investigations, to an International Commission which should be authorised to work subject to those guarantees of security which would be indispensable in the case of the witnesses to be heard. Verification is so easy.

To shrink from an inquiry that shall hear all parties is implicitly to recognise the innocence of the Belgian victims and to confess Germany's crime.

The present examination relates only to the eastern portion of the province of Liège. Why is this ? What happened here was of course but the prelude to the invasion. The great tragedies came later : Andenne, Dinant, the Arlon district, Tamines, the countryside lying between the Sambre and the Meuse, the neighbourhood of Diest and Aerschot, Louvain, and Termonde afforded scenes of destruction far more terrifying, but the events of the Liège countryside are more conclusive. They enable us to seize the invader in the act, at the very beginning of the invasion. Later, German apologists frequently made the excuse that the troops were unduly excited by the attacks made upon them by civilians at the time of their entry into Belgium.

So it was essential to seize the imposture at the root. The data which relate to the Liège countryside are more important than all others.

There was another reason for limiting our inquiry. To prolong such inquiries in a country strongly occupied, and closely supervised, and full of spies, would have been to risk arrest and the premature suppression

of the present investigation. German despotism has magnified into a crime of high treason every act and every written word in opposition to the will or the caprice of the usurpers. We have therefore crossed the frontier to give free publication to these pages, sullied with the records of an unpardonable crime, whose purpose is to avenge the honour of our people and to unmask their calumniators.

THE LIÉGE COUNTRYSIDE

When the traveller, coming from the dreary plains of Dutch Limburg, or the barren German Eiffel, crosses the Belgian frontier, he is impressed by the smiling aspect of the wide landscape which unfolds itself before his eyes. This region, rich in valleys whose heights are crowned with villages but lately flourishing, and whose plains are covered with fat pastures and fertile orchards, is the Liège countryside.

On the right bank of the Meuse the growing of fruit and the grazing of cattle are the prevailing industries. Two small towns were from time immemorial representative of this twofold wealth: Visé, in the valley, the headquarters of the fruit-growing region, and Herve, on the plateau, a centre of the grazing industry.

In this almost idyllic country, however, certain industries long ago made their appearance: in the north there are great numbers of makers of small-arms; in the south, near Liège, there are mines; and at Herve the working population has specialised in boot making.

Further on, between the Vesdre, the Ourthe, and the Amblève, quarries of granite and sandstone alternate with woods and meadows.

In either direction the valleys are of considerable depth, yielding an infinite number of picturesque views. The altitude is very variable; Visé lies about 150 feet above sea-level, Herve about 900 feet, while

the southern portion of the district rises gradually until at the frontier it reaches and exceeds a height of 1,900 feet.

THE POPULATION

The population of the Liège countryside is noted for its kindly manners, its active mind, and its jovial temper. Although ancient memories of the Prussians were preserved in certain popular sayings, the sudden news of the German ultimatum scarcely alarmed this loyal and unsuspecting people. Not that they were not unanimous in their conception of their patriotic obligations, as everywhere else in Belgium. Would it not have been the same in Holland or Switzerland? Having for the last hundred years enjoyed an almost continuous peace, living in an atmosphere of liberty, clinging with body and soul to their independence, the small neutral nations are impregnated with such a profound sense of justice that the idea of violence without motive, or arbitrary oppression, simply does not enter their minds. "What?" they would say. "Oh, well, it is war: may God protect us! Armies will fight armies. One must do one's duty, come what may!"

As for fearing the soldiery, most people never thought of such a thing. And the educated people were the most confident! . . . Still less did they dream of attacking an army which was known to be immense, harsh, and formidable. Those who were afraid hastily left their village, or prepared to receive the enemy correctly, even generously, in order to avoid friction.

THE INVASION

Upon this population, whether apprehensive or unconscious of danger, three army corps suddenly flung themselves, followed quickly by innumerable

troops flowing in from every direction. On the frontier their officers had told them: "Let nothing stop you! Belgium has dared to declare war upon us; the more terrible you are, the sooner you will go forward, the sooner you will achieve victory! Spare only the railway stations—they will be more useful to us than the cathedrals!"

I am reporting these words verbatim, according to the declaration of a German soldier whom I am in a position to identify, and who was nursed in one of the hospitals of Liège. Others, mortally wounded, used to moan: "We have behaved badly; all the same, we didn't do a quarter of what we were told to do!" The same confessions were recorded elsewhere, at Namur, Brussels, and Louvain.

By such testimony, by the facts, by the documents which we shall presently consider, it is demonstrated that the rule of conduct laid down beforehand may be summed up in one word: *Terrorise*. Terrorise, in order to advance quickly and in full security, without having to fear anything in your surroundings.

For such a method to be admissible, the end would have to justify the means, even the most criminal. And here we have the very foundation of the morality, or at least of the mentality, of the nation whose philosophers, statesmen, and strategists have created the doctrine that *might comes before right under the empire of "necessity."*

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THIS BOOK

The present volume contains an *episodical section*, dealing with the acts and conduct of the Germans;

And a *critical section*, dealing with the origins of the German doctrine, its Machiavellic system of application, and the verdict of international opinion.

The first section necessarily consists of local records,

for in general there is no connecting-link between the crimes committed simultaneously in different localities, even though contiguous, other than the superior orders of which they are the fulfilment. And in this very fact we have a first indication of the false and criminal character of the pretended campaign of repression.

At first we had thought of following the march of each regiment, but all, or nearly all, were obliged to apply the methods of terrorisation imposed by the official method; beyond this there is no connection between their acts.

However, it is possible to establish a twofold method of grouping—regional and chronological. The events we have to deal with took place before the forts, and they fall into two periods.

BEFORE THE FORTS

On entering Belgium, on the 4th of August, the Germans anticipated a brief resistance, undertaken as a matter of form. But during the night of the 4th of August and the day and the night of the 5th, the attempted attacks upon the forts had already resulted in terrible losses on the side of the invaders. Immediately their rage was diverted to the civilian population.

“If Belgium places obstacles in the way of our march forward, Germany will be forced to regard her as an enemy,” said the ultimatum. And the Staff was even more definite: “If Belgium resists, be terrible!”

The civilians, hemmed in between the departing troops and those for ever arriving, were accused of firing on the German forces! . . . From that moment the siege of each fort was accompanied by a campaign of cruelty and violence waged against the surrounding

countryside. Beginning here, the data fall of themselves into the following divisions :

From the 4th to the 8th of August :

I.—To the south of the river Vesdre. The frontier : *Francorchamps, Hockay, Sart-lex-Spa.*

Before the forts of EMBOURG and BONCELLES : *Chanxhe, Poulseur, Lincé, Louveigné.*

II.—Before the forts of CHAUDFONTAINE and FLÉRON : *Battice, Herve, La Bouxhe, Soiron, Olne, Forêt, Saint-Hadelin, Magnée, Romsée, Fêcher-Soumagne, Micheroux, Retinne, Fléron, Beyne-Heusay.*

III.—Round the forts of EVEGNÉE and BARCHON : *Berneau, Mouland, Warsage, Queue-du-Bois, Bellaire, Julémont. Various Localities.*

After the 13th of August :

Barchon, Blegny, Wandre, Visé.

IV.—Round PONTISSE :—*Herstal, Vivegnis, Oupeye, Hermalle, Haccourt, Hermée, Heure-le-Romain.*

V.—The city of Liége. *Various localities.*

THE TWO PERIODS

Chronologically, the two first groups and a portion of the third form a whole ; these localities were ravaged between the 5th and the 8th of August.

Then ensued a week of comparative calm. This was according to orders, for the German Government was making fresh proposals to Belgium. After recognising that the Belgian Army had “ *upheld the honour of its arms in the most brilliant fashion by a heroic resistance to greatly superior forces,*” the German Government “ *begged His Majesty the King and the Belgian Government to avert from Belgium the horrors of war* ” (Grey Book, 62). On Belgium's second refusal the German Government informed the Belgian Government, through diplomatic channels, “ *that the war would now assume a cruel character (einen grausamen Charakter).*”

And, indeed, on the 14th and the following days pillage, incendiarism, and massacre were resumed on both banks of the Meuse, and in Liége itself.

And for ten days the beast unchained raged through all the invaded provinces. This was the second phase, as plainly premeditated and deliberated as the first.

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST

As is known, the German ultimatum was sent to Belgium on Sunday the 2nd of August. That same day the German Minister in Brussels and the German military attaché had made the most reassuring declarations. In Berlin, at the same time, the Belgian Minister was being maintained in a mood of false security. And at this very moment numerous trains were already bearing toward the Belgian frontier troops drawn from the north of Germany, notably from Magdeburg and Schwerin.

And at seven o'clock that evening, like a thunderbolt, the ultimatum burst upon Belgium—with a delay of twelve hours for the reply.

On the 4th of August, in the morning, the German army violated the neutrality of the Belgian territory. The invading troops entered Belgium at Gemmenich, Henri-Chapelle, Baelen, Membach, Baraque Michel, Hockay, Francorchamps, etc.; that is, by the roads leading from Aix to Visé, from Aix to Liége by way of Herve, from Eupen to Dolhain, from Aix to Verviers, from the camp of Elsenborn to Baraque Michel, from Malmédy to Hockay, from Malmédy to Francorchamps and Stavelot, etc.

Thanks to the rapidity of their march, the first Belgian villages encountered suffered, as a rule, hardly at all. The distance of eighteen miles or so dividing the frontier from the Meuse and the Ourthe was covered during the 4th of August, as the sudden attack made upon Belgium involved the immediate capture of the forts of Liége, which were only "forts of arrest."

Still, there was not a village which had not to pay its tribute: here a farm was burned, there a château; and almost everywhere there was pillage. Before considering what happened around the forts, let us see what occurred in some of the frontier villages.

And first, a preliminary remark: In the narratives about to follow there is, necessarily, no great variety; the conduct of operations was everywhere the same; a simulated attack upon the troops, followed by pillage, incendiarism, massacre, and deportation. Everywhere the authorities were held responsible; everywhere, too, the clergy were foremost among those accused. Phari-saical Germany, who on every occasion raises her blood-stained hands to Heaven, was filled with fury against the priest, in whom she saw a moral authority ready to answer for the victims and to testify to their innocence. Doubtless, too, her Lutheran hatred inspired the policy of inciting the Catholics of the Rheinland against their Belgian co-religionists; otherwise one cannot explain their rancour. Berlin and the reptile Press immediately denounced the priests as the fomentors of the Belgian resistance; it was they who organised the "francs-tireurs," and they were torturers, who found a vent for their cruelty in the hospitals!

So we must not be surprised if almost always we see them in the foreground; they, with the civil authorities, became closely acquainted with the Teuton terror; with them, they had the courage to suffer for their country, and often to shed their blood.

Diversities of politics and of faith disappeared in the tempest; drawn together by identical feelings of patriotism, those who were formerly the most violently opposed learned to know and to value one another. Let us do homage to one and all, as the events reveal them to us.

PART I

THE CRIMES OF THE INVASION

CHAPTER I

SOUTH OF THE VESDRE

I. ON THE FRONTIER

IF it were practicable to conduct an investigation on German territory, we should perhaps have had to entitle this chapter *Before Crossing the Frontier*. A German soldier declared at Spa that it had been necessary to begin dealing drastically with the civilians on passing through Sourbrodt. He was astounded to learn that this Walloon village was in Germany ! It is reported also that at Ligneuville, on the Amblève, the German troops were led astray by the French termination of the name ; they are said to have riddled the houses with rifle-bullets. Here, it goes without saying, we can vouch for nothing ; but it is notorious that on the Eau Rouge, between Malmédy and Francorchamps, the German customs post was attacked by the passing troops. The incendiaries were checked only by the exhibition of the German flag.

On the frontier, again, but on Belgian territory, they made a rush for the first house, inhabited by M. Darchambeau, one of the most honourable of men ; they dragged him out of doors and killed him.

FRANCORCHAMPS

Francorchamps (*Francorum campus*) is a summer resort. The German Army began to pass through it on the morning of the 4th. It was at the news of the check inflicted upon them before the forts that their fury broke forth. Murders and cases of incendiarism date, for the most part, from Saturday the 8th and Friday the 14th; that is, from after the vigorous resistance of the Belgian Army, and the second refusal of Belgium to agree to the German proposals.

On Saturday the 8th, no one knowing why, the troops began to fire into the windows, seizing the inhabitants, and shooting, we are told, thirteen; three of whom were women. The whole population took flight, and the troops pillaged the houses, carried off the wine from the Hôtel des Fagnes, etc. In the courtyard of the hotel a woman of sixty-five, Madame Bovy, happened to be coming forward with a jug of milk for the soldiers; the latter shot her, to pretend, later on, that she had fired upon the troops.

After this Saturday the village was for some days deserted.

On Friday the 14th another body of troops arrived and set fire to the unoccupied houses. Twenty-five houses were burned, more particularly the villas, which were all situated between the frontier (the Eau Rouge) and the level crossing over the railway at Stavelot. At the Hôtel des Fagnes the occupier, M. Tricot, and his wife were hidden in a cellar. The Germans entered and dragged them out. The husband was shot immediately. Passers-by suffered the same fate.

The ex-stationmaster, M. Derlet, who was living in retirement in his cottage, was attacked by drunken soldiers; they fired their rifles at him. Wounded, the old man was carried into his cottage; his wife attended to him in the kitchen. A soldier rushed at him with

the intention of killing him outright, brandishing a hatchet. Mme. Derlet threw herself in front of her husband ; she called for help, crying so loudly that an officer intervened, but only to " finish " the wounded man by firing three revolver-bullets into him. Others seized the two sons, Émile and Jean, whom they tortured. Still, the young people have survived.

As everywhere, the murderers alleged that a civilian had fired on the troops ; they added that a soldier was wounded.

Here is a fact which has been duly recorded. From the time of crossing the frontier, soldiers who did not wish to risk their lives, and who imagined—for this was the general opinion—that the war would be of very brief duration, wounded themselves and were taken to hospital. Now, they all bore insignificant wounds, most of these being in the calf. As there were no Belgian troops in these parts, they alleged that civilians had fired on them. The accusation was wonderfully useful to the system of terrorism recommended by the German authorities.

Other tragic incidents were recorded. A young girl carrying a child was wounded by several bullets ; the child was killed in her arms.

M. Laude, an advocate of Brussels, who was taking a holiday at Francorchamps, fled, with his family, when the shooting of inhabitants began ; they took refuge in a cellar. The Germans pillaged the ground floor and were trying to break in the cellar door ; M. Laude and his brother-in-law went to open ; they were shot down ; the women and children were violently expelled ; one woman gave birth to a child in the course of the flight. M. Laude's body was afterwards found in the ruins, carbonised ; his brother-in-law's corpse was lying in the garden.

Some of the inhabitants were led to a spot near a brick-field, and were shot. Women and young girls

fell victims to the German brutes. Finally, the inhabitants were themselves forced to load the stolen articles of furniture, which were sent into Germany. The remainder was broken, to render it useless, or thrown into the fire.

HOCKAY

Hockay is a hamlet of Francorchamps, almost level with the Baraque Michel, the highest point of Belgium.

The curé, who was rather an oddity, was a Germanophile. The invaders fired on the houses in passing, pretending that a shot had been fired from the tower of the little church. They burned three houses and pillaged others. They executed a M. Cloes, who protested that his fellow-citizens were innocent; and they announced that other executions were to follow.

The curé presented himself. "If a victim is required," he said, "let it be myself!" He was seized; they dragged him to Tiége (Sart), beating him unmercifully and subjecting him to every insult. "It was he who fired," cried a soldier; "I saw him; he fired ten times!" In spite of immediate intervention and courageous protest on the part of numerous inhabitants, the devoted priest was shot.

Everywhere, in the surrounding country, the troops stole and pillaged without even advancing a pretext.

Let us add that the curé of Hockay, being obliged to provide lodging for some officers, had some chickens and a basket of bilberries sent in for them. However, he was taken as hostage and guide. It was on his return that he was arrested and led away to die.

SART-LEZ-SPA

Proceeding from the frontier, after passing Francorchamps and Hockay, one comes to Sart-lez-Spa.

The part by the railway-station, which lies at some distance from the main village, contained many fine villas and large estates. The Germans, without formulating any complaint, pillaged these, particularly the houses of MM. Pochet, Vivroux, Jongen, and Langendonck, and of Mme. Zia, mother-in-law of the last, etc. We may also mention the villa belonging to M. Pirenne, Professor of History in the University of Gand, and the author of a *History of Belgium*, first published in German, and much commended in Germany. The eminent disciple of Godefroid Kurth will be qualified to add, to his next edition, a chapter which will make the gloomiest pages of our annals seem insipid.

In the Vivroux villa the looters left their signature. One has heard of the base instinct which impels the common thief ignobly to defile the premises he has broken into. So our invaders have often acted; in the Villa Vivroux they deposited their excrement in the beds.

In the village of Sart some officers were supping, in the evening, at the house of a leading inhabitant. Suddenly a shot rang out. "You hear!" cried the Germans: "there they are again, your francs-tireurs!"

The master of the house replied:

"Gentlemen, this is very opportune: the shot was fired quite close to the house. Let us go out, I beg you, and look into the matter."

"Useless—they are francs-tireurs!"

"I tell you they are not; upon my life they are not! Come, gentlemen!"

The officers complied. In a road close at hand were some soldiers, and one of them was obliged to confess that he had fired a shot. Without this proof, nothing more would have been required in order to drench the village with blood and fire.

II. TOWARD THE SOUTHERN FORTS

From Sart and Francorchamps to the banks of the Ourthe the distance, as the crow flies, is fifteen miles, and the roads are far from straight.

The Germans, as we have said, arrived here on the 4th of August, which brought them within range of the fort of Embourg, while the bridge at Chanxhe gave them access to the left bank, in the direction of the Boncelles fort.

Chanxhe and Lincé, two dependencies of Sprimont, an important quarrying centre, which dominates the valleys of the Ourthe and the Amblève near their confluence, were thus on their line of march. These two rivers flow between very high banks; Chanxhe, on the Ourthe, is 600 feet lower than Sprimont. By every road the Germans came down to the village, their objective being the passage across the river.

THE DRAMA OF THE BRIDGE OF CHANXHE

The Ourthe is very wide at Chanxhe. A sheet of limpid water is crossed up-stream by the steel railway-bridge, down-stream by the stone bridge over which the highway passes. On the left bank the wooded heights descend perpendicularly to the water; on the right bank the village is prettily situated in a glen of rocky masses hidden by pine and ivy, but whose summits show as an outcrop of rosy grey.

Barely four hundred inhabitants; a tiny church; schools, and stone-cutters' yards: there is the picture. In this peaceful site the war was about to display one of its hideous tragedies.

The stone bridge consisted of five wide arches: three on the Ourthe, one spanning the towpath and the canal, and one the double railway-track. All this long

structure was intact, although cavities for explosives, whose plugs were visible, had been formed in the piers, so that it might eventually be blown up. The Belgian engineers, however, had not touched it, perhaps because there were not sufficient troops to defend the river and the line of the railway. They had only thrown barricades across the road to Sprimont, on the right bank, and the Poulseur road, on the left.

The enemy was not expected so early. But on Tuesday the 4th of August, about six o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants of Chanxhe saw a horseman go through the village at a gallop. He was an Uhlan. Descending the Chéra de Fraiture like an arrow, he crossed the bridge, pushed along the Poulseur road as far as the barricade raised at the spot known as "Aux Crétales," and then returned to the head of the bridge. He made a few signals and recrossed.

Very soon his companions were descending the Chéra. The village was occupied by two hundred Uhlans. A guard was immediately posted at the bridge. By what they said, the Germans had come as friends and wanted nothing but to pass quietly on. In three days they would be in France.

At four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the men of the village were requisitioned to remove the barricade thrown across the Poulseur road. This labour was remunerated, the lieutenant told off to guard the bridge paying 80 marks in gold.

Shortly afterwards troops began to pour down towards the river; descending the Sprimont road, the Chéra des Ménages, the Presseux road, and even the footpaths—a veritable avalanche; battalions of infantry alternating with squadrons of cavalry, both being accompanied by batteries of light artillery and machine-guns, and followed by numerous waggons.

The population watched the procession calmly, and

comment was busy. The newspapers not having arrived, no one knew what to think.

All was still quiet when, about three o'clock, the report was spread by hearsay among the troops that the people of an isolated house at Lille-Lincé had opened fire on the Germans. These latter wanted to lay the blame on the inhabitants of Chanxhe. The inhabitants were called upon to give up their arms, which was quickly done.

A detachment of the 5th Uhlans and the 11th Hussars (the Death's Head Hussars) remained quartered in the village.

As night fell the situation began to look more gloomy. The villagers were fired on by soldiers in a frolicsome mood.

Cannon thundered from the neighbourhood of the forts of Embourg and Boncelles. A sort of panic, whose manifestations were so obvious as to be visible to the most short-sighted, obsessed the Germans to such a degree that they saw the enemy everywhere.

All night long, accordingly, there was a constant rattle of shots. On the following morning, in order to justify this continual outbreak of firing to their leaders, the more excited of the soldiers declared that luminous signals had been made from a number of houses in the village, and that the "francs-tireurs" had at once commenced to snipe the troops.

Immediately the officers in command sent the châtelain, M. Dehan, and a quarry-owner, M. Dalem, to discover whence these signals had been made. If they failed to do so, the village would be burned.

Needless to say, their inquiries had no result. Signals and francs-tireurs were purely imaginary. MM. Dehan and Dalem begged the curé of the parish to join them in an attempt to save the village.

After a long discussion, which took place on the bridge, by the light of the conflagration which was de-

stroying the village of Poulseur, the Colonel consented to spare Chanxhe ; to the great disappointment of a number of bad characters, Uhlans as well as Hussars. In revenge, they loaded the spokesmen with abuse, and one of them raised his sabre against the curé.

The colonel had instructed the latter to reassure the population, and to recommend them to keep calm. But the inhabitants had lost confidence. So, during the Thursday, half of them fled, abandoning their possessions, anxious only to save their lives.

The majority of the houses thus deserted were pillaged by the Germans. The shops and a few cafés on the Sprimont road suffered especially. What could not be used was trampled on, soiled, or broken so as to be useless. The instinct of destruction did not spare even the crucifixes hanging on the walls of the rooms ; especially was this the case at the house of Julien Denis, by the tram terminus, where the officers had been quartered.

On Wednesday morning the Germans fired at every figure that appeared on the heights, and even the people coming from Poulseur along the embankment of the canal. The first to fire was an under-officer of the 74th, who, after gazing through a pair of field-glasses, fired some shots from his revolver. People had come out of mere curiosity, to see the troops go by. Until the evening the Germans thus fired on all comers, even on women.

On Thursday the 6th of August the reign of terror was inaugurated. As early as 6 o'clock in the morning a group of women and children from Poulseur, with whom were a few old men—there were in all some fifty persons—were led on to the bridge. However, they were not long detained ; they were given the order to go towards Comblain.

Presently the men of Poulseur were brought up ; they were bound, at intervals, to the parapet.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the remnants of the battalions which had been hurled against the forts in the assault recrossed the bridge. There was little left but the transport, surrounded by greatly reduced troops.

Meanwhile the Uhlans were unpaving the approaches to the bridge in order to make shelters for themselves along the embankment on the right. As for the Hus-sars, they were satisfying their plundering instincts. If they found a house still occupied, they drove the men out of it. Once on the road, the latter were surrounded and led on to the bridge. There an officer informed them that they were about to be shot. Then they were bound to the parapet. The time came when the prisoners were so numerous that it was impossible to tie them to the parapet, so they were fastened one to the other.

When the bridge was well covered the curé was sent for ; he was anxious to assist the condemned. He protested that the Germans were about to put to death a multitude of worthy people who were absolutely innocent. Some officers considered that a striking example was necessary. One lieutenant, more humane, finally obtained an understanding that the curé might point out those prisoners who belonged to his parish, on condition that he would be responsible for them. They were a small number : twenty-two.

Here we make way for an inhabitant of Poulseur, who tells of the hideous days and nights which he and others endured, bound in long ranks upon the bridge of Chauxhe.

" We were tortured by hunger and thirst ; we shivered at night ; and then, of necessity, there was the filth. . . . The cowardice and brutality of these barbarians made us sick at heart. Waiting in anguish for the death which at moments we desired, we felt our minds were beginning to wander. Several were delirious.

"We all of us felt a revulsion of hope when the officers gave way to the curé's pleading. He had obtained a promise that they would at least liberate those whom he knew very well, and for whom he would answer with his life.

"I can still see him coming forward, with his tall figure, very pale, but firm, beside the officer; a sergeant, with a face that actually terrified one, sneaked behind him, spying on all his movements and trying to catch what he said. The priest passed us all in review; it seemed as though he had some difficulty in distinguishing his parishioners among us, our features were so distorted. From all parts of the bridge poor creatures twisting forward from the balustrade addressed their supplications to him: '*In mot por mi!*—A word for me, M. le Curé!'

"What a spectacle it was! . . . And at the end of the bridge the women were pleading with the Germans in vain. . . . And the children were crying. . . .

"Each time he found himself before those whom he did not know the curé of Chanxhe spoke rapidly, in Walloon, a few words of hope: 'I cannot, my friend; I must be truthful; but after these, I will try. Hope—God will help us.'

"When he had thus obtained the release of his parishioners and had returned to the officers, he explained that when he did not know us personally by name, he knew us as people belonging to his neighbourhood, and he was convinced of our innocence and our inoffensive character. Finally, they promised him our lives; but we should not be released until the following day.

"And we were not."

I resume the record of the events of Thursday.

Three young men had been arrested, two, Haid and Lemaire, from Aywaille; one, named Taton, from Hotton. That evening all three were taken before the officers. Working in the railway construction shops at Renory, they had been surprised on the railroad track, which they were following in order to return home to their parents. Their explanation was lucid and veracious; there was no complaint whatever to be brought against them. Their fate was quickly settled; they were taken to the middle of the bridge; a few shots stretched them lifeless, and their bodies were thrown

into the river. The victims were 19 and 20 years years of age.

The night was comparatively quiet. On Friday morning the Germans were expecting an attack on the bridge; barricades were hastily thrown up. The few inhabitants who remained in the village tried to find shelter.

The idea which occurred to one of them, that they should organise a Red Cross section, came near to costing them their lives. Madmen who regretted that they had not been able to burn the village contrived to circumvent the major; they made him believe in a plot organised by the men who were offering their assistance to look after the wounded. And once again the curé and the members of the Red Cross were brought before a council of war; they were subjected to a narrow cross-examination, in the hope of surprising them into affording some piece of evidence against themselves. Happily they kept their heads, and the investigators merely wasted time over the inquiry.

The arrests had recommenced. An inhabitant of Fays, a little hamlet of Lincé, situated on the heights to the north-east, came down into Chanxhe. He was arrested and trussed up on the bridge. Tricking the watchers, this man, who was a neurasthenic, succeeded in untying himself, and leaped into the river from a height of 60 feet. Hurt in his fall, he was killed outright by rifle-bullets. This was Lucien Lejeune, married and father of a family, aged 32 years.

About seven o'clock three more men were led on to the bridge and tied up. They were Félix Puffet, Auguste Goffinet, and Joseph Mossay. Inoffensive individuals, they were arrested for various reasons: one, because his appearance was unsatisfactory (he had a very prominent nose); one, because he kept a few pigeons (to feed his dropsical wife); and the third, because one or two cartridges had been found on his

premises (dropped by soldiers who had invaded his house on Wednesday). These amiable guests, having driven out the householder, his wife, and children, had ascended to the upper story, and thence had fired in the direction of the woods upon an imaginary enemy.

Puffet, aged 70, and Mossay, aged 55, were shot on Friday evening, and their bodies thrown into the Ourthe. Goffinet remained bound from Friday the 7th until the evening of Monday the 10th, a prey to thirst and hunger. Three months later he still bore the mark of the ill-treatment he was subjected to during his detention. He had lost consciousness by the time he was unbound, although he was a man of exceptional strength; hunger and the urgencies of the body had been too much for him. Tied on the bridge, if he drew back his legs he was forced, by blows of a clubbed rifle, to extend them again; he extended them, and people walked over them. In the course of his detention two German soldiers were shot by their companions on the bridge of Chanxhe, and were then thrown into the water. Why? No one knows. Were they criminals or martyrs?

An order was given to the curé on Friday evening to go into all the houses, and to assemble the men and youths. A picket of Hussars escorted him. The women had to leave the doors open in order to permit the houses to be visited. Men found at home after the patrol had been round were to be shot. The houses abandoned were searched from top to bottom. The soldiers, revolver in hand, forced the curé to enter all the rooms before them, and he was asked to account for the disappearance of so many men. In the eyes of the deluded soldiery, the fugitives were so many "francs-tireurs," and the curé was the soul of their organisation.

The men were shut up in the church for the night, and a military guard was set over the building. This ridiculous measure was taken nightly until Thursday the 13th of August.

A farmer living a little way out of Chauxhe was killed on the 7th of August. Wishing to visit his fields, he had ventured into the country. As night fell, he reached a field of barley enclosed by hedges; this field was full of Hussars. He was killed as soon as seen. His body, hidden under sheaves of corn, was recovered on the 14th. This unfortunate man—his name was François Longton—left a widow and six children.

Uhlans and Hussars left Chauxhe on Monday the 10th of August. A picket of the 74th Infantry remained to guard the bridge. On Tuesday morning a battalion of the 12th Hussars came to occupy the village.

There is still one more incident to report. A resident returned home after several days' absence, when he perceived a powerful corpse-like odour. A hussar of the 5th Regiment had hanged himself in the bakehouse forming the rear of the premises. The householder notified the major. Immediately there was a terrific uproar; the soldier had obviously been hanged by the civilian. The officer who made this assertion did not even know where the body had been found. Finally, it was admitted that the man had committed suicide.

On Wednesday evening the 12th of August the village was invaded by a body of 8,000 men, who left at four o'clock the next morning, accompanied by four hostages.

On the following days troops went by uninterruptedly. All through the night of Thursday the 13th heavy artillery was crossing the bridge. On the 15th the first reservists arrived—the 73rd, who remained forty-eight hours. These men had read the calumnies which the German Press was spreading on the subject of the "Atrocities committed by the Belgians." They were convinced that at Chauxhe the civilians had killed eleven Uhlans! As a measure of hygiene, the villagers had buried half a dozen dead horses. The newcomers

planted crosses on the graves of these horses—two ditches in which the carcasses were buried. These were, they believed, the graves of the Uhlans. However, having dug in some other spot they found the bodies of horses. They were threatening to hang the people.

A squadron of cavalry came to lodge in Chanxhe on the night of Monday the 17th of August. At night some of them broke into the Working Men's Club, where they found drink; then they began to brawl among themselves. After various eccentricities they fired their rifles.

On the Tuesday two soldiers went in search of the curé. This was the last day of the great movement of troops. The 10th Army Corps was passing on that day.

The curé was led to the guard-house. The soldiers did not know quite what he was wanted for. About five o'clock a message arrived: the priest was to be taken to Poulseur. In the meantime an intense uneasiness took possession of the parishioners of Chanxhe; they felt sure they would never see their shepherd alive again. He had asked, before going, for his breviary and some bread.

At Poulseur the commandant spoke to the prisoner much as follows: "Last night there was firing from houses in your village; if this happens again, you will answer for it with your life. I regret this, but it is war."

The statement was correct; only one little detail was omitted; the shots were fired by the German sots who broke into the club and got drunk in the bar-room.

From that day onward, for about three weeks, the village had every night to provide a hostage, who passed the night at the guard-house.

If the village did not suffer, it owed its immunity to the intervention of a few courageous men. In addition to those already mentioned, a gentleman of Liège, M. Albert Lhoest, who was spending the summer

at Chanxhe, and who possessed a knowledge of German, intervened with effect, never sparing himself when the common welfare was at stake ; so that it is only just to do homage to his zeal.

Such were the events which marked the arrival of the Germans on the banks of the Ourthe, which none of them took for . . . the Marne.

AT POULSEUR

The happenings at Poulseur were connected with those at Chanxhe. There, too, on the return of the 92nd and 74th regiments, half destroyed by the forts, the Germans reappeared, quaking and furious. The civil population suffered for it. The best portion of the village, that adjacent to the Liége road and the railway-station, was burned ; the inhabitants were driven towards Comblain ; a great number of men were bound to the bridge at Chanxhe, and several persons were shot.

On the 5th of August the following were killed : Justin Bertrand, aged 24 years ; Théodore Degueldre, aged 45 years ; and a man employed at Gillet's bakery, aged 40 to 50 years.

On the 6th Alice Brisko, aged 21 years, was shot ; and Désiré Lecranier, aged 49 years. On the same day Jean Gerkens, aged 34, was butchered.

Victor Legros, aged 25, took refuge in a cave in a quarry, and was found dead of starvation on the 16th of August.

Théophile Pollet, a Belgian soldier, having escaped when the forts were captured, was put to death on the 28th.

Everywhere fire, everywhere blood.

THE TRAGEDY OF LINCÉ

Lincé, too, is a hamlet of Sprimont ; but while Chanxhe is mirrored in the Ourthe, Lincé lies tier above tier on

the heights, looking southward on the smiling landscapes of the rugged Ardennes, and, westward, on the wide horizons of the Condroz. In this peaceful village, perched a mile or more up the valley, there was enacted the beginning of one of the most frightful dramas of the swarming of the Teutons over the Belgian soil.

Violently repulsed by the forts of Embourg and Boncelles, the Germans fell back in disorder, and halted, in a threatening mood, in the midst of the population. The little village was flooded with troops on the evening of the 5th of August.

The confusion was soon so great that it is difficult to trace the sequence of events. To begin with, it would seem that the German officers as well as the inhabitants were threatened by the troops. At Lincé, as at Chanxhe, the distrust and even fear which the soldiers inspired in their officers was much remarked.

Some officers were taking supper in the house of M. Nandrin, a horse-dealer, known and respected through almost all the Walloon country. In the course of the evening one of the guests—a member of the Bülow family, it is said—was seriously wounded while wandering in the garden. Immediately the Germans seized M. Nandrin's son, who had not left the dining-room. A military surgeon, whose cruel and treacherous expression was noted both at Lincé and Louveigné, had been sitting beside him; but he refused to certify that M. Nandrin, junior, had not even risen from the table, and therefore could not be guilty.

In vain did the Nandrins, father and son, implore him to speak. They were arrested, and condemned on the spot to be shot. Their house was burned. Mlle. Alice Nandrin, who had taken refuge in a cellar, escaped through a ventilator. Meanwhile, the German officers were under no illusions as to the origin of the murder; on the following day they forbade a doctor to undertake an autopsy on the body of their comrade.

The same physician having had occasion to attend a wounded soldier, the Germans had to admit that the latter had received a bayonet-wound.

While the Nandrin affair was being enacted, another infamous deed was committed, happily unique in the history of the invasion. Three individuals denounced the curé, asserting that in his sermon of the preceding Sunday he had urged his parishioners to fire on the Germans. The accusation was emphatically denied by everybody. The accusers were more than dubious characters; one, in particular, was an inveterate drunkard; another was an urchin of evil reputation; all three were "outsiders" in the village; moreover, none of them ever set foot in the church, so that they could not have heard the sermon. No matter; the Germans began to hunt for the curé, who, on hearing the news, appeared of his own free will, and confounded his accusers. Nevertheless, the Germans struck him with their fists and the butts of their rifles, kicked him, and spat in his face.

From time to time houses were burned; the inmates, surprised in flight, were arrested, struck, and stoned. One young girl had her jaw broken by a bullet; she fled into the open country, her cheek in ribbons.

That was a lamentable night. The owner of a château some distance from the village, M. Pirmez, was, with his son, getting ready some oats for the horses of the Germans, of whose approach he had been warned. About one o'clock two cavalymen suddenly entered by the gate, which had remained open, and rushed into the courtyard; they shot down M. Pirmez and his son, and then disappeared at a gallop into the darkness. The whole thing was so sudden that the servants, who were also about, did not at first see that their masters had been killed. Mme. Pirmez and her daughter were sleeping; they knew nothing of the horrible event until the first hours of the morning.

At half-past one, at the opposite end of the village, a body of soldiers, escaping from the neighbourhood of the fort of Embourg, by the Beaufort-Hornay road, struck into the lane which runs from Hornay to Lincé. Right and left of this lane were seven houses, five of which to-day exist only in a state of ruin. One was occupied by M. Bindels-Simon, a wholesale grain-merchant. The Germans beat violently upon the door and fired their rifles. M. Bindels rose, with his brother-in-law, Canon Simon, director of the College Marie-Thérèse at Herve, who was then spending the vacation with his sister, Mlle. Simon, the Bindels' next-door neighbour. The Germans discovered that the warehouse was fully stocked; they loaded up some two tons of oats and led the men away with them towards the village, without giving them time to put their boots on. The unfortunate men were obliged to run beside the horses.

On reaching Lincé the soldiers escorted Canon Simon to the church and the presbytery; he was ordered to summon the curé, whom they could not find. (He was busy elsewhere, trying to save his parishioners.)

Then, returning to the presbytery, they put the captive into a small sitting-room, where he was guarded by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. But a third soldier came on the scene, and wished to make sure that no one was hiding under the table. Canon Simon moved aside while the newcomer went to lift the table-cloth.

At the same moment one of the soldiers who were crowding the courtyard outside fired a rifle-shot through the window, intending to hit the priest. The soldier who had just taken his place was hit and fell lifeless.

The fury of the Germans was now redoubled. There is no affront that was not put upon M. Simon; the treatment inflicted upon him was as ignominious as it was cruel.

Until the morning unspeakable scenes were enacted

in all directions. Two instances will suffice to give an idea of the violence of these barbarians. A little girl of 12 years was shot at the very moment when she was taking refuge with her parents ; she fell, with several bullets in her legs, one in her body, and one in the head. A decrepit and paralysed old man was dragged out of his house ; he was pushed into a box and shot, despite the vehement protests of the curé. The latter shouted that it was an infamy ; so he was knocked down, his mouth was filled with mud, he was thrashed unmercifully, and finally he was gagged and bound.

After many vicissitudes the inhabitants arrested were taken to the field of execution. Sixteen or seventeen were shot there. Canon Simon asked that he should be allowed to confess them ; so he was taken thither, but it was to place him at one end of the row of condemned persons. All were kneeling, facing the road ; behind each of them stood a soldier with levelled rifle, ready to fire on command. At this moment a cavalryman ran up and delivered the priest, saying : " Not now, that one ! " Canon Simon then gave absolution to the unhappy prisoners, to whom their butchers refused the supreme mercy of confession ; but they recited the act of contrition.

Then the execution took place ; they all fell forward, their faces to the ground. Many were not dead ; their bodies were writhing. Two of the victims, one of whom was M. Nandrin, who was scalped by a bullet, begged for death ; their brains were blown out with revolver bullets ; the others were " finished off " by blows from rifle-butts.

However, the soldiers were infuriated because M. Simon had not been executed. " He has been firing ! " they howled ; " we saw him ! " Then, as the captive began to pray, they jeered at him and insulted him.

Thus perished those whom the people of Lincé, inconsolable at their loss, declare to have been the

flower of the population. For truly it seems as though misfortune had descended most implacably upon the most upright and beneficent.

These were the victims of Lincé :

Félicien Balthazar, <i>11 years.</i>	Jean Bertrand, <i>59 years.</i>
Gérard Mathieu, <i>16 years.</i>	Nicolas Ninane, <i>74 years.</i>
Nicolas Mathieu, <i>25 years.</i>	Joseph Radoux, <i>65 years.</i>
Alfred Pahaut, <i>31 years.</i>	Mathieu Quoilin, <i>17 years.</i>
Pirmez-de Looz, <i>48 years.</i>	Alphonse Servais, <i>9 years.</i>
R. Pirmez-du Monceau, <i>24</i>	Mathieu Dognée, <i>75 years.</i>
<i>years.</i>	Joseph Graffaux, <i>39 years.</i>
Melchior Nandrin, <i>67 years.</i>	Eugène Grignard, <i>54 years.</i>
Ulrich Nandrin, <i>35 years.</i>	Alphonse Lebir, <i>43 years.</i>
Auguste Moureau, <i>50 years.</i>	Victor Lebir, <i>36 years.</i>
Joseph Moreau, <i>51 years.</i>	Lucien Lejeune, <i>32 years.</i>
Alfred Dupéron, <i>52 years.</i>	Nicolas Lemaire, <i>69 years.</i>
Léon Boulanger, <i>49 years.</i>	Joseph Delrez, <i>50 years.</i>
Victor Briffot, <i>32 years.</i>	Julien Derenne, <i>45 years.</i>
Émile Delmotte, <i>36 years.</i>	Émile Pingret, <i>59 years.</i>
Célestin Delcommune, <i>66</i>	Hubert Masson, <i>55 years.</i>
<i>years.</i>	Raymond Flagothier, <i>26</i>
Alphonse Delcommune, <i>61</i>	<i>years.</i>
<i>years.</i>	

Observe the ages : 67, 66, 61, 59, 74, 65, 75, 69 ; 11, 16, and 17 ; old men and children, and the little girl, whose name is not here. Perhaps she did not die.

The child of 9, Alphonse Servais, was killed accidentally by gun- or howitzer-fire at Beaufays. Lucien Lejeune was executed on the bridge at Chanxhe. Of the remaining thirty-one, seventeen died on the place of execution. The courage of all was admirable ; there was not a moment's weakness. Nandrin the younger cried to his sister : " Good-bye, Alice, till eternity. Be sure that although I couldn't confess, I am dying with the thoughts one ought to have. . . ."

Before the execution, they were first of all taken to

the château of M. Pirmez. The Germans, always suspicious and ready to make accusations, had got into their heads the ridiculous idea that the colours of their regiment had been stolen ; and this was the signal for fresh scenes of violence. It was in order to search for the flag that they passed this way, requiring the condemned prisoners to enlighten them as to its disappearance. Then they took them into the Henrotte field, between Lincé and Hogne. This was the chosen spot.

Several victims, notably Delmotte, Lejeune, Flagothier, Delrez, Moureau, and Victor Lebir, left numerous orphans.

The two sons of the farmer Mathieu were shot as they were escaping. M. Pirmez, senior, had performed his religious duties the day before, and had wept ; he was haunted by gloomy forebodings. Old Mathieu Dognée, a man respected by all, was ill ; he was dragged from his bed ; his house was riddled with bullets, then burned. Graffaux, pork-butcher, was dressing meat for the Germans when they came in search of him, to lead him to his death. They set fire to his house ; his little son was saved from the flames by the curé. Alphonse Lebir was hastily dressing himself when a bullet struck and killed him. It was the same with Briffoz, foreman telegraph-linesman ; half dressed, he had gone to open the door and was struck down in the lobby. His body remained there while the house was burning, and was reduced to ashes.

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Besides the dead, there were wounded, notably, a child of 12 years, whose skull was grazed and his arm pierced by bullets ; he feigned death to escape the assassins. In the second series of executions in the Henrotte field a villager escaped death by the same artifice ; stunned by the shot, which did not injure

him, he let himself fall and did not stir until the Germans had departed.

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The looting at Lincé lasted for days. All the cellars were emptied ; all the houses pillaged. The venerable M. Ninane (aged 74 years) was not put to death until the Friday.

Mme. Andrimont's house was literally emptied, then burned.

The " Trafalgar " regiment having arrived, the curé was again dragged before the officers.

" Ten more of your parishioners will be shot," the major informed him.

The priest protested that they were absolutely innocent.

" They have fired ! "

" No ! "

" Yes ! "

" I swear they have done nothing of the kind ! It would be the action of a madman, but no one has committed it."

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On the staff was a certain Baron von Branckar, who kept moving round the table. " At least," he cried at last, " three of your people will be shot ; it is the law of warfare."

On the following night the population assembled in the church. In the morning they took refuge in an outbuilding of the old château of Macar. The looters arrived ; they broke open a strong-box, then, revolvers and sabres in hand, they burst into the refuge of the unhappy villagers. These fled ; the soldiers fired at them.

But we should never have done. . . . Let us repeat that this distracted existence lasted for a fortnight.

Four months later many of the worthy people of Lincé were still suffering from the impression produced by this terrifying execution, and trembled merely at the thought of the knights of *Kultur*.

FORTY-FIVE VICTIMS

To sum up : the hamlets of Sprimont furnished forty-five victims. To the thirty-three killed at Lincé we must add the following thirteen, most of whom were shot at Chanxhe, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August :

Hubert Toussaint, mason, 60 years.	Modeste Grignard, 17 years.
Joseph Pahaut, 62 years.	Alphonse Almbert, 17 years.
Joseph Pahaut, 28 years.	Joseph Mossay, 55 years.
Alphonse Pahaut, 32 years.	François Longton, 57 years.
Georges Piret, 27 years.	Alfred Grosjean, sheriff, 63 years.
François Piedboeuf, 21 years.	C. Falter, 40 years.
Félix Puffet, about 70 years.	

Besides these, two women died of fright in the course of the killing and burning : Léonie Dupont and Aline Balthazar, aged respectively 26 and 28 ; two men lost their reason and had to be confined : Jean Gilles, 59 years, and X. Marechal, 24 years.

THEIR INNOCENCE

What accusations did the Germans make against this population ? At Chanxhe, none that they themselves were not forced to abandon. At Lincé the accusation brought against MM. Nandrin was contradicted by an alibi ; while the crime was committed, very probably by a soldier, they themselves were in the company of officers. As for the accusation brought against the curé, it fell to the ground of itself and was not revived.

LILLÉ

There remains the incident of the spot known as Lillé. We have seen that the Germans stated that a shot was fired at this point when the army was passing. It was this that gave rise to three arrests. We have taken pains to investigate this incident, and we have the support of witnesses to fall back upon in case of inquiry.

It was after the last waggons of the military convoy had passed that a detonation was heard, not on the road, on which stood two or three isolated houses, but in the adjoining wood. Now it is affirmed that Augustin Bertrand and Octave Defayt, having discovered the day before that the Belgian gendarmes were making for Liège, had immediately gone poaching in this wood. A neighbour, Désiré Toussaint, accompanied them as an idle spectator. When the shot was heard the Germans fell upon the three men. Toussaint was killed; the two others were roped to a waggon and taken to Poulseur. There they were tried by the Prince of Lippe (who, with his son, was to die in the morrow's battle). Defayt was acquitted and Bertrand shot "as an example."

To sum up: it seems certain that the Germans were not the object of any aggression whatever in these parts. And even if it were maintained that these actions constituted acts of aggression, well! the authors were known and could be punished. But what reason was there for punishing innocent persons, for putting them to death, for burning homes and ruining people who were in no way involved? General, blind repression is always essentially criminal, even when the codes of war permit it. When it is applied without even the excuse that the guilty person cannot be found, it becomes monstrous. The butcheries at Chanxhe and

the tragedy of Lincé must be ranked with the other abominations of the German Army.

LOUVEIGNÉ: THE BLOODY FORTNIGHT

A little cantonal market-town ; an extremely pretty little place, at the intersection of several roads, three miles to the north-east of Sprimont, at an altitude of 800 feet.

The Germans made their appearance on Tuesday the 4th of August, at half-past two in the afternoon. They made a treacherous entry ; first of all came an Uhlan, bearing a white flag. Then seven Uhlans distributed papers declaring that the Germans had come as friends, and asked only for a thoroughfare, etc. Very soon the invaders were swarming ; thousands went by. The 73rd Regiment notably lodged in the church, the schools, and the private houses.

As soon as they arrived they visited the houses taking hostages. On the two following days the troops continued to pass.

On Friday the 7th of August the staff of the 57th Regiment, with a portion of the 73rd, returned to Louveigné. An old soldier said : " Yesterday we got a terrible drubbing in front of the forts of Liége." The Germans, indeed, wore a gloomy and infuriated air. At noon those arrived who had been burning and killing at Lincé. They looted the drink-shops, unhappily numerous ; soon many soldiers were in a state of intoxication. Shots were fired, to the right, to the left ; and the officers began to shout : " The civilians are firing ; there are francs-tireurs here ! "

It was an insane idea. For three days the inhabitants had not ceased to provide the Germans with everything they desired ; they were overrun with the latter to such an extent that if anyone had conceived the crazy

idea of attacking them, he could not have put it into execution without being taken in the act.

The inhabitants protested :

"No, no one could have fired. Where has anyone fired from ? "

"There !" said the Germans, pointing, " someone fired from that house."

It was the house of M. Léonard Charlier, who had left the day before.

" But there is no one there ! "

" That makes no difference ! "

The house was fired, and was soon in flames.

At the same time the Germans brought to the presbytery a wounded Uhlan, and placed him there on a bed which they themselves had prepared on the ground-floor, *before the foregoing incident*. " The civilians have wounded this Uhlan ! "

A dozen men were arrested, among them men of 74 and 80 years of age, and, as always, the curé of the parish. They were struck and kicked, and forced to hold their hands in the air ; they were threatened with death.

The men were led out to be shot, despite the tears and protests of the women and the cries of the children. They were crowded into a little forge, situated at the north-west angle of the cross-roads. About half-past six they were told : " Go now, but on the run, or else . . ." The unfortunate men ran, and the Germans *amused themselves* by bringing them down with the rifle. A few escaped death by crouching at the bottom of a ditch or drain.

Some officers were supping copiously at the house of the curé. They sent for him, and informed him : " We are going to show you how we Germans carry out the business of punishing a village. Come with us in the car, and you will see."

People saw the motor-car passing ; the curé, bare-

headed, was standing on the foot-board, held by the arm. The car had to travel slowly; the troops were crowding the roadway. The bodies of villagers were lying on the roads.

Now and again some soldiers, more humane than the rest, advised the women secretly: "Madame, go quickly, go a long way from here! It will be terrible!"

At seven in the evening the incendiaries got to work, with benzine, tar, incendiary lozenges, and rockets—all the customary means employed by the German army. Women and children fled, distracted. The central portion of the commune was a furnace.

And while comfortable homes and farms were blazing, the barbarians bellowed their war-time songs, and called for music, thus mingling their sinister delight with unspeakable horrors, as others did, at the same time, at Herve, and as the Saxons were to do a few days later at Dinant.

"They took us," said those who escaped, "to the police-station at Theux. M. le curé was kept on the footboard of the car all the time; a soldier struck him violent blows on the head with his fist. The officers in the car did nothing to protect him. They brought with us Thonnar, the postman, a worthy fellow. . . . They struck him with their fists and the butts of their rifles; they covered him with blows. His hands tied behind his back, he passed the night in the Theux police-station, his face to the wall. When he stirred, they struck him violently. We were lying there, on the straw, waiting for death.

"At six in the morning they took us towards Louveigné. A brute of a soldier made M. le curé carry his knapsack, and then jeered at him.

"Meanwhile, in the village, they had arrested still more of the inhabitants, and had taken them to the Château des Fawes, which, after it was completely looted, was given to the flames.

"On Saturday the Germans assassinated several more victims; among others two young married people—they had not been married more than a month. They had gone

into a meadow to milk their cows, and were shot down like rabbits.

"On Sunday, at one o'clock, a captain of artillery—a brute, he was—was shouting for people, brandishing his revolver in their faces, and ordering them to bury the dead. He wanted ten men, then and there. A few were found; the curé, the notary, Delvaux, an old retired priest, M. Fourgon, etc. They proceeded hastily with their mournful task, for they were allowed little time. The curé was sent to the houses lying apart from the village, to inform the people that the Germans were going to bombard and burn the village, and that they must leave.

"On returning, our pastor, who bore everything courageously and spoke words of comfort to his unfortunate parishioners, was rearrested, with his aged confrère; the two priests passed the night with a cord round the neck and one round the ankles, tied to a stake in the meadow where the barbarians had established their bivouac.

"In the morning we were set free; but an hour later we were arrested again, to the cry of 'Prisoners, all prisoners!' It was a heart-rending spectacle; on every road you saw the Germans bringing in people overwhelmed with misery and fatigue; the old men and the helpless dragged themselves along, supported by the more able. It was eight o'clock. The presbytery was set on fire, after it had been quickly and violently looted. Then we started. There were seventy-two prisoners. On the way they were made to bury the bodies of the horses, swine, dogs, etc., killed by bullets or dead from lack of food during those days of terrorism. The Germans more particularly forced M. le curé to carry the most offensive remains. It was evening before the prisoners received a little food. They passed the night in a meadow. In the morning they were taken to Hornay, where they were released.

"Many were immediately retaken and shut up in the church. Others were sent to Rouvieux. The first were then taken, with their hands tied behind their backs, to the Chartreuse in Liège. Some passed three weeks there; others, less fortunate, although there was nothing to explain the difference of treatment, were deported—there were ten of them—to Germany."

This is not all. Cruelty, exercising itself upon this absolutely innocent population, was insatiable. Every

day, for a fortnight, more houses were burned. The total number destroyed by fire amounted to seventy-seven. Looking from the cross-roads, near the forge at which the massacre took place, the scene is a striking one. Standing out against the sky are the outlines of blackened ruins, like ranks of skeletons rising on every hand. Again, along the road from Louveigné to Remouchamp there is nothing to be seen on either hand but ruins.

On the 15th the Germans murdered two young men who were quietly walking through the village.

Here is the list of the inhabitants massacred, with their approximate ages. The majority left widows and orphans.

Adam, Alfred, 52 years.
 Sluse, Joseph, communal
 councillor.
 Sluse, Joseph, 45 years, car-
 penter.
 Sluse, Léon, 17 years.
 Kansy, Joseph, 33 years.
 Dethier, Arnold, 80 years.
 Delhase, Joseph, 33 years,
 butcher.
 Delhase, J., 30 years, far-
 mer.
 Collette, Marcel, 25 years.
 Kerf, Louis, 35 years.
 Harmant, Martial, 28 years.

*Méan-Dethiers, Hélène, 40
 years.*
 Thonon, Joseph, 29 years.
 Bonnesire, Hadelin, 30 years.
 Dejong, Joseph, 30 years.
 Dejong, Albert, 28 years.
 Dejong, Georges, 17 years.
 Collard, Lucien, 24 years.
 Grandry, Eugène, 37 years.
 Cornet, Victor, postman.
 Ancion, Camille, 25 years.
Delrez, Geneviève, 25 years,
wife of Martial Harmant.
 Defaaz, Joseph, 32 years.
 Deenil, 70 years.

And four others not identified, doubtless strangers to the commune.

Or a total of twenty-eight victims.

Victor Cornet, postman, was pierced with bayonet-wounds before he was shot. Mme. Méan, who was infirm, was asphyxiated in a cellar. The three Dejongs were brothers. Delhase, butcher, was killed by sabre-cuts,

Young Léon Sluse was put to death at Theux, after having been tortured all along the road thither.

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On the 9th of February, 1915, the Germans opened an inquiry at Louveigné, seeking in vain to discover an act of aggression on the part of the inhabitants.

CHAPTER II

BEFORE FLÉRON

THE martyred villages of the right bank of the Ourthe had suffered too from the rebound of the attack on Embourg and Boncelles. The latter fort was some seven or eight miles distant, and the assaults upon it, being repulsed, had cost the besiegers enormous losses.

It was a distant reflex of the shattered wave. But before Fléron we shall see this wave on its first rebound. German pride, and the frantic desire to accomplish a swift invasion, became exasperated by the firmness of the defence.

Woe to the innocent who found themselves within reach ! They served as living shields during the next attacks ; and, finally, those who had not fled fell victims to the Germanic fury.

On leaving Liége, the road to Germany ascends for a distance of five miles until it attains, at the fort of Fléron, an altitude of 860 feet ; it then goes forward, across the Herve upland, passing, on the left, Retinne and Mélen, and on the right the wide valley of the Magne ; it then inclines towards the Vesdre, and the tract over which Romsée, Magnée, Forêt, Olne-Saint-Hadelin and Soumagne lie scattered ; it then runs through Micheroux, the hamlet of Bouxhe, Herve, at an altitude of 980 feet, and Battice, at an altitude of 1,090 feet ; and it is to this culminating-point, whence Germany is visible, that we shall lead the reader, there to await the hordes of *Kultur*.

After the first shock they will spread blood and fire on every hand. The villages we have named will count some 800 houses burned and more than 600 inhabitants—let us use the word—murdered, among whom there will be a hundred old men, forty women, and a score of children.

BATTICE : A VILLAGE ANNIHILATED

Battice offers a strange peculiarity : its territory, which is very extensive, surrounds on all sides that of the town of Herve, which is of very small area—less than 450 acres. The principal cluster of houses forming the village, the bezel of the ring, is situated at the crossing of the roads which run respectively from Liège to Aix-la-Chapelle and from Verviers to Maestricht. It was like a fragment of a city enshrined in the verdure of the fertile Hervian countryside ; there were smart-looking houses, breathing of wealth and comfort ; the place itself had a gay and stylish air ; the population was friendly and refined. This prosperity and refinement were due to the influence of the situation and the neighbouring towns. The market of Battice was reckoned equal to that of the little enclosed town of Herve.

Of all this blossoming of life, what remains ? A funereal landscape of ruins standing forth against the imposing background of the Hautes-Fagnes, which extend themselves in the distance along the German frontier.

To visit the dead village, on emerging from the gulf of ruins that was Herve, I climb the highroad to Aix. All along the road are more ruins—ruins of spacious houses, villas, and farms, burned to the foundations. Save for a few children, turned beggars, or some German motor-car, it is a desert. Here, however, comes a young girl, well-dressed, her features and her

carriage betraying a certain distinction. A bizarre contrast : she is carrying, under her arm, some rough boards, the ends of which are charred—the relics of some act of incendiarism, destined to feed the household fire. Modestly, she slackens her pace, and gazes timidly around her. She hesitates, then, making an effort : “ Monsieur,” she says, “ may I ask . . . for charity ? ” And her cheeks, rosy as apples, grow yet rosier. Poor people ! . . .

The village comes into sight ; the coquettish villas, their façades ornate with balustrades and stairs and grilles ; the hotels, the communal offices, the church : nothing is left but the tottering walls which stand out against the sky with their grisly fangs and yawning eyes. All lies open to the rain, wind, and snow. Sometimes a gable crumbles, raising a cloud of white dust. The pleasant folk who lived here have disappeared ; they have found refuge in Holland, or Liège, or neighbouring villages, or the grave. Children sometimes stray through this that was once their home, begging alms of the rare visitor.

In the direction of the railway-station a few buildings were spared, to serve as the lair of the masters of incendiarism ; they are still standing, and there, in their cynicism, the Germans have established the *Kommandantur* of the district.

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The destruction of Battice was a terrible surprise. The inhabitants had no particular fears, except of the projectiles from the Fléron fort, which they looked to see falling on this culminating-point of the road to Germany. As for the troops, they would pass, and that would be all. Why fear them ? So, when they appeared, they enjoyed a certain *succès de curiosité*. But this ingenuous confidence did not last long. Coming directly from the frontier on the 4th of August, at two o'clock,

the Germans, after firing on the empty railway-station, began to break in doors and shatter windows in order to steal, although their demands had met with no refusals.

At twilight three men returning from Verviers, one of them an inhabitant of Battice, lingered a little, to look at the troops. The Germans arrested them as suspects. They were about to shoot them. Informed of the facts, the curé arrived in haste. He explained to the major in command that these passers-by, who out of curiosity had approached a body of troops, were obviously not aggressors ; one of them, Gorissen, belonged to Battice ; he was known to the curé as an honest lad, peaceable, and belonging to one of the most respected families of the place ; his own curé was willing to make himself responsible for his innocence.

The major objected that these men—who were overwhelmed by what had happened—had an unpleasant expression. As for Gorissen, he should be tried. Here was a ray of hope. The trial consisted in reading to the unhappy man a statement—goodness knows what—while the soldiers clubbed him with their rifles and revolvers. All three were shot.

From that moment the greater portion of the population, losing all confidence, abandoned its household goods.

On the following day the German army passed almost uninterruptedly. But the thunder of guns was heard from the fort of Fléron.

On Thursday the 6th of August, repulsed by the Belgian troops and decimated by the fire of the forts, the Germans fell back upon Herve and Battice.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon, in the Rue de la Station, the majority of the inhabitants were on their thresholds ; their serenity restored by the first Belgian successes, they gave the fugitives what they asked. These latter, haggard and fearful, or gloomy and infuriated by the humiliation they had suffered,

and the prospect of returning under fire, cast envious or malicious glances at the houses.

Suddenly some of them pointed at a young man who, in a café, was paying court to his *fiancée*. It was Jacques Halleux, a quiet, respectable youth. Without any reason, the Germans fired at him. Struck by a bullet, Halleux was killed outright. Two of his friends, M. Denoël and his son, escaped up the stairs; the father was wounded by two bullets.

Jacques's father, who lived in the neighbourhood, hearing the firing, went to hide at the back of his courtyard. From his hiding-place he saw a little dog, which always accompanied his son, running towards him; and the dog's muzzle was bloody. M. Halleux examined it, and, finding no wound, experienced a horrible anxiety: might not this blood be his son's?

The Germans broke in. Hunted between shots, he hid himself in a ditch, then in a tree, and, after hours of anguish, finally escaped under cover of the darkness. But his hair had turned white; he had aged by ten years.

After the shooting, the young girl was found lying motionless on the body of her fiancé. For several days she was believed to be insane.

However, the Germans continued to commit atrocities; the 165th regiment in particular gave rein to its fury. Pillage, murder, incendiarism, went hand in hand. Rockets, jets of benzine or petroleum, sticks and lozenges of incendiary composition, rapidly spread the flames. The whole of the beautiful village was burning like a torch on the heights, spreading terror through the countryside. Those unfortunate persons who fell into the hands of the soldiers were put to death.

Let us take the case of the Hendrickx family—two brothers and two sisters who held a farm on the road to Herve. One of the brothers was ill, and one of the

sisters. A Sister of Mercy was nursing them. On the arrival of the murderers the women tried to escape by a window at the back. The soldiers fired on them; the religious was not hit; Anna Hendrickx received a bullet in the head; her sister Joséphine, leaping from the window, fell on a heap of faggots which leaned against the wall. The Germans fired at her and set fire to the faggots. So she perished. The sick brother was burned in his bed; dead, perhaps, or dying when the Germans arrived. The Sister of Mercy carried the wounded woman away from the flames.

The surviving brother was at the time in the house of a neighbour, M. Raphaël Iserentant. There the inmates took refuge in a cellar; Iserentant, his wife Hubertine Collette, Lambert Garsoux their brother-in-law, Hendrickx, and the servant Jeanne Thoumsin. Driven out by the flames, they sought to escape; the assassins pushed them back and shot at them; their charred remains were not recovered until two weeks later.

Then there were the Lecloux, a brother and sister—old people who in all simplicity went to look at the Germans; both were shot.

Louis Wilkin, who lived in a little house near the railway-station, took refuge in a farmhouse with his wife. A Prussian officer gave him a pass so that he might go to La Minerie in search of bread. He returned, carrying the bread under his arm, and conversing with his wife, when some soldiers who had taken possession of his own house fired on him. He was killed outright, furnished though he was with the safe-conduct of the Prussian officer.

Ten men were put to death that evening, drawn up in a meadow, as were the 200 victims of Soumagne, on the same day, at the opposite extremity of Battice; and as were all the men of La Bouxhe on the morrow.

Here is the list of the persons assassinated at Battice :

Gorissen, 31 years.	Pierre Jean Pinette, 82 years.
Lallement, of Herve.	Victor Kevers, farmer, 53 years.
A slaughterer of Bilsen.	Gustave Beaujean, 44 years.
Louis Midrolet, pork-butcher, 38 years.	Evrard Malvaux, physician, 42 years.
Gilles Ruette, farmer, 60 years.	J. Grivegnée, farmer, 47 years.
Raphaël Iserentant, farmer, 57 years.	Félix Servais, drayman, 40 years.
<i>H. Collette, wife of Iserentant, 61 years.</i>	Louis Wilkin, navvy, 40 years.
Lambert Garsoux, independent, 72 years.	Michel Lecloux, 54 years.
<i>Jeanne Thoumsin, servant, 25 years.</i>	Jean Ridel, miner, 50 years.
Eugène Hendrickx, farmer, 31 years.	Nicolas Habay, 48 years.
Pierre Hendrickx, farmer (possibly dead before the massacre).	Fr. Loncin, road-mender, 41 years.
<i>Joséphine Hendrickx.</i>	Antoine Loncin, son of the foregoing.
Joseph Baguette, farmer, 46 years.	Jacques François, miner, 35 years.
J. Deliège, carpenter, 58 years.	Jacques Halleux, painter, 25 years.
Mathieu Lecloux, farmer, 36 years.	Émile Liégeois, independent, 40 years.
Eugène Lecloux, 61 years	Henri Xhaufaire, farmer, 46 years.
<i>Marie Lecloux, his sister, 65 years.</i>	Émile Xhaufaire, farmer.
	Duikarts, of Battice.
	Grétry.

Housebreaking preceded or accompanied the incendi-
arism. A few days later three inhabitants, who had
taken refuge in the neighbourhood, obtained from the
German commandant an authorisation to return to
Battice in order to search for various objects which
might have been spared by the flames. At the railway-
station they saw a train completely loaded with furni-
ture; they recognised in particular a dog-cart belong-
ing to one of their neighbours. The commandant at
Battice immediately ordered them to return whence

they came. "I laugh at your safe-conduct," he said. "If you don't get out at once, I'll have you stuck with your backs to a wall and shot."

Why did the Germans burn this village? Was it simply to slake their thirst for vengeance after the bloody check which they had experienced before the Fléron fort? No; we must regard that as an incidental cause only. Without a doubt the village was condemned beforehand, as were so many others situated at a certain altitude along the line of march, or in the close neighbourhood of fortified places.

There are signs of such premeditation. For example, as early as Tuesday the Germans had asked the occupiers of the Hôtel de Quatre-Bras whether there was not in Battice a farm known as Ruwet. They were shown a farm of that name, and it was spared in the conflagration; it was the only farm which was not burned. Now, a German was the owner of a farm of that name—but it was not the farm in question. . . .

As for the unreasoning movement of spite and anger experienced by the troops as a result of their first reverse, it cannot suffice to explain such excesses, for on the morrow, and on succeeding days, the Germans were at pains to rekindle the conflagration, in order to complete the destruction of the village. And even on their first arrival the soldiers had said, while the villagers were giving them food: "*You here, all *kafut*!*"

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Of the acts of brigandage which have accompanied the war, none have been the object of legends so plentiful as those of Battice. We are sufficiently familiar with the allegations of the German Press, repeated, at the outset, by certain of the Dutch organs; they are so ridiculous that one may well neglect them; but the effrontery of the German newspapers and the

benevolent credulity of the journals of the two countries in question are such that it is permissible to accord these absurdities the honour of refutation.

The Germans pretended in the first place that a M. Fraikin, an architect, living in the Rue de Herve, fired from his window on German soldiers. When an alibi was proved in favour of M. Fraikin, the German papers reported that the curé of Battice had lured the Germans to the church, and then, unmasking a machine-gun, had opened fire on the congregation. Later they pretended that he had fired on the troops from the top of the church tower. Finally, the burgomaster, haranguing a German major, and wishing him welcome, was said to have suddenly drawn a pistol from his coat and to have killed the major !

As for M. Fraikin, it is sufficient to say that on the 6th his house was empty, as were the adjacent houses ; he himself had taken refuge in the village of Bouxhmont. Moreover, it was not in the Rue de Herve but in the Rue de la Station that the shooting began.

The character of M. Voisin, the curé, a doctor of theology, a student, peaceable and prudent, sets him out of reach of the accusations which have been brought against him. At the moment when the shooting began he had just left the village, at the request of the major in command, for the hamlet of Bouxhmont, in order to invite the fugitives to return to Battice, and to give them the assurance that they would run no risk of any sort.

The soldiers saw the curé leave the village ; twenty or thirty persons could testify to his presence in Bouxhmont. Just as he had finished reassuring his flock, several of them were arrested and shot in connection with a futile incident : a horse had escaped ; soldiers were searching for it ; so they seized all those who declared that they had not seen it.

If the curé had really been guilty, the Germans would

not have allowed him to move about freely at this time and afterwards.

As for the burgomaster, M. Rosette, an old man of 72, he was not in the village when the invaders arrived, but in the hamlet of Les Bruyères, nearly two miles from the centre of Battice. Thither, three weeks later, the Germans went to arrest him in order to force him to surrender the communal funds. Let us add, by the way, that they kept him nine days a prisoner, forcing him to spend three days and nights bound upon a chair, many times announcing and postponing his execution.

When fresh troops arrived, M. Voisin was much sought after; the Germans had re-edited the story of his aggression from the church tower, and wanted to shoot him. He had to live in hiding, in a hamlet where he celebrated mass, which the faithful attended in secret. Finally, in order to escape falling into the hands of the Germans, and on the advice of a Catholic officer, he fled to Holland.

I have thought it necessary to insist on the happenings at Battice, because they form one of the very rare cases in which the Germans have given precise details as to the accusations which they bring against the Belgian population. And what is even more significant is that after having named the supposedly guilty persons, they left them at liberty and assassinated innocent persons, ruining and annihilating a whole village. Iniquity, says the Bible, out of its own mouth destroyeth itself.

THE DESTRUCTION OF HERVE

It was on the morning of Tuesday the 4th of August that the approach of the Germans was announced at Herve. They had, it was said, crossed the frontier at Baelen. Thence, following the highroad from Aix-la-Chapelle to Liège, they halted at Battice.

At half-past one the four first Uhlans appeared at the entrance of the town of Herve. Then a first motor-car arrived, at the Malakoff bridge. As they passed, the officers in the car killed a boy of seventeen with a shot from a revolver. There was no motive for this murder.

Presently the army advanced. It was two hours in passing. Conversing with the inhabitants, an officer of the 165th informed them :

"We have come from Magdeburg. After two days and two nights travelling we reached Lontzen last night."

Lontzen is a few miles the other side of the frontier. So it follows that on the day before the ultimatum was sent to Belgium (at seven in the evening, on the 2nd of August), Germany was already pouring her armies upon the Belgian frontier.

The population, greatly impressed, offered refreshments and all that the soldiers desired. This regiment, the 165th, which was afterwards one of the cruellest, lodged at Herve ; others continued their march upon the forts of Liège.

Major Bayer, accompanied by two officers and a few soldiers, went to the house of one of the vicars. He was courteous in his manner, regretting the war, and complaining of the state of his health. He expressed his apprehensions as to the fate in store for Belgium.

Between eight and nine o'clock that night the colonel sent for him to go to the Hôtel de Ville ; the major requested the priest to accompany him. There they found the burgomaster, M. Iserentant, surrounded by soldiers, and one or two other "notables." The colonel appeared, and, assuming an infuriated expression, he harangued them violently in German. The major translated his speech into French. "Since we entered this country our troops have been fired on. It has been done again, in a corner of Herve. The laws of

war authorise reprisals: burning of houses, shooting of men. You will remain our prisoners."

The burgomaster was astonished, and protested against the vague accusations, which he believed without foundation. Also he offered to warn the population; his suggestion was accepted.

The colonel entrusted the burgomaster and the vicar with this mission. Accompanied by Major Bayer and six soldiers, a trumpeter, and a lantern-bearer, they hastened through the town. Until one o'clock in the morning they passed on the warning, and the threat that the town would be burned on the least act of hostility.

Obviously the townsfolk were a thousand miles from any thought of an attack upon the armed forces of Germany. Moreover, all the houses were occupied by the troops.

Despite their protests, the burgomaster and the vicar were still detained. Going through the town, the former had entered his own house to get some clothing and a little food. He found some superior officers installed in his house; they churlishly expelled him. The two captives had then to act as guides to the Germans, who wished to buy some horses. In particular the Germans visited the house of a M. Roger, who kept a livery stables; they arrested him as a French (*sic*) spy, as well as seven other townsmen, because some of them, from a first-floor window, had made signs to some terrified inhabitants, who were taking flight, to take refuge in their houses. These signs were "signals to the enemy."

At eleven o'clock at night a portion of the troops received the order to march upon the forts. At half-past two the rest were also summoned to the attack. At the moment of departure the soldiers fired thousands of rifle-shots at the houses in Potiérue, and at those in the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville and the Rue Jardon—that

is, at the very houses in which they had just received a generous hospitality. Not the slightest incident had occurred to provoke this fusillade. A woman by the name of Halleux was grievously wounded in her bed, and a coal-miner, Jean Mathonnet, an absolutely unoffending person, who was walking a few steps from his house to accompany his lodgers, was mortally wounded. A priest went to pick him up, but Mathonnet died in his arms.

The Germans had formulated no complaint.

In the meantime the guns of the Fléron fort were thundering terribly. The population, alarmed and dejected, proceeded to hide in their cellars.

On Thursday the village of Battice was seen burning on the heights. The fresh troops which passed through the town alleged that the townsfolk had fired on their comrades. "*Man hat geschossen !*"

From that time gloomy forebodings haunted the minds of the Belgians. All day long the burgomaster was subjected to cross-examination and threats.

It was Thursday the 6th when the first incendiary crime was committed at Herve. Some soldiers set fire to a house ; the officers requested the inmates to attest that the fire was caused by a shell from Fort Fléron !

Friday morning was quieter. The German troops, shattered by the forts, returned to the town. Ambulance posts for their wounded had been established at the college, the hospital, the Convent of La Miséricorde, and the premises of the Sisters of Providence.

During the afternoon the burgomaster and M. Cajot, the sheriff, were taken out of the town as hostages, to the place known as " la Cour Lemaire," where the staff was established. There, before their eyes, the Germans shot five dwellers on the Battice road, all perfectly honest and peaceable folk.

This fivefold assassination, being known at Herve,

augmented the terror. Numbers of inhabitants fled the town. The remainder suffered all kinds of aggravations. Now all the doors had to be closed ; now they had to be opened ; men were ranged against the walls, their arms in the air, and were constantly threatened with death.

Finally, however, the officers announced that as a result of an armistice the German troops would be permitted to resume their advance, provided they passed at a certain distance from the forts. Consequently the population would be subjected to no more severities ; it might now feel reassured. This they asserted most positively.

On the other hand, certain officers who were more humane, being concerned for the people who had taken them in, warned the latter confidentially : " Leave the town ; the danger is extreme."

This was also the opinion of that officer, Graf von X——, who, during the evening, reproached an ambulance attendant (we can give his name) with leaving the wounded in the town.

" I understand ! " said the ambulance man ; " they are going to shoot us ! "

" Who told you that ? "

" You are a noble," said the Belgian ; " your word of honour ought to mean something ; I ask you . . . "

The officer, disconcerted, became confused ; then, turning his head away, he said :

" Poor Belgium ! . . . We Germans . . . we know nothing but our orders . . . "

Horried, the Belgian begged him to take pity on an upright and absolutely innocent population.

During the evening the Germans were searching everywhere for General von Emmich ; they hinted that the people of Herve were responsible for his disappearance. . . . They searched the houses, announc-

ing the most horrible reprisals. People prepared themselves to die, confessing or making their wills.

Saturday the 8th of August was a terrible day. In the morning fresh troops appeared—infantry, cavalry, artillery, arriving by the Aix-la-Chapelle road. These troops, excited, no doubt, by the atrocious calumnies which the German Press was systematically disseminating, invaded the whole town like a horde of barbarians, firing thousands of shots and throwing incendiary rockets. Attacked by a kind of frenzy, the troopers burst into the houses, dragging out the inmates, ranging the women and children, with arms upheld, along the house-fronts, and leading the men away. Nothing was to be heard but detonations and the terrified cries of women; the butchers struck them and spat in their faces. Mme. Hennaut, the wife of a doctor occupied in attending to the German wounded, was dragged along with her five children, under a rain of blows and insults.

Bodies were scattered about the streets. Those inhabitants who were able to escape went to earth in the cellars. Others were hunted and shot down. One young man—nervous and malformed—escaped death by hiding himself in an empty tomb in the cemetery. He remained there from two o'clock in the afternoon until four in the morning, when he had to leave his hiding-place because the wind was driving burning débris into it.

M. Molinghen, a blind man, was bound and left lying in the road. There was a blind woman in the Selenne family—the wife. Her husband and her son were murdered beside her. The criminals then stole these poor creatures' cattle.

This incendiarism and these atrocities were chiefly the work of the 39th regiment of infantry reserve.

In the midst of these horrible scenes a priest went up to the troops. They refused to hear him; he then

went to the hospital, where there was a German military doctor who was suffering from appendicitis. The sick man had risen, and, fearing to be unrecognised in case of a massacre, had donned his uniform.

The priest, who was known as "the big vicar," and of whom everyone has spoken to us, spoke to the German.

"For four days we have been tending your wounded. Intervene, in the name of pity!"

"But what can I do?"

"Save the people at least, and contrive that they may be taken in by the charitable institutions!"

The German doctor allowed himself to be convinced; he attested in writing—making three copies—that the inhabitants of the town of Herve had treated the troops in a friendly manner, and he demanded that those who should take refuge in five establishments mentioned by name should have their lives spared. Presently this document was exhibited to an officer who was passing at the head of a body of cavalry; he shook his head and passed on.

However, a Sergeant-major Schlisser, of the 39th, on being assured, upon oath, that no one had fired, undertook to calm the tempest. He first of all obtained an undertaking that the inhabitants might remain in their houses, in security.

In the meantime a troop of cavalry arrived, and the priest was harangued by a young puppy of an officer who rode at its head. This young scoundrel entered the room in a fury, bawling:

"The whole town is to be burned. The inhabitants are firing even from their burning houses. . . . Is this what your religion teaches you?"¹

The priest was seized and placed between two horses; he was forced to pass through the town at a

¹ Old timbers when burning give off frequent detonations which excited Germans might imagine to be shots.—TRANS.

run, and was in constant danger from the horses, which were terrified by the flames. Rifles were pointed at him. Suddenly a motor-car arrived, coming from the line of the forts. At a sign, the troop halted to receive some communication. The priest swiftly profited by this respite, and escaped through the premises of the Co-operative Society, which were in flames.

Having regained the town, he busied himself in getting the population to make for the places of asylum agreed upon. But at the end of the Rue Jardon a company of infantry arrested him and led him away with others who were destined to be shot. However, an officer came out from the Convent of La Miséricorde.

"There are here," he told the priest, "a number of German wounded; see if there are any Catholics among them."

The priest went in. Two soldiers escorted him, but remained on the threshold, with bayonets fixed. Having discovered that all the wounded men were Protestants, he escaped by a back door in the corridor leading to the garden, and climbed the wall. He wished to reach the burgomaster, who had remained in his house, and was in danger. But presently the cry was heard: "*Halt! Handen hoch!*" Again he was arrested by the soldiers of the 39th, who were busily firing the houses. Rifles were levelled at the captive.

An old woman, by name Wergifosse, went by with a bewildered air, carrying some articles of bedding. "Unhappy woman, don't go that way; go to the hospice!" cried the priest. At that moment a cracking sound was heard; it was the cornice of the neighbouring house, which, breaking away with a crash, threw out a whirlwind of sparks. While the soldiers were hastily looking after their own safety, the "big vicar" escaped for the third time.

He ran to the burgomaster's house, and finding him

in great danger, persuaded him to go to the hospice with his family ; then, with the sheriff Cajot, he went in search of the officers and obtained their authorisation to fight the conflagration. Assisted by a few willing helpers, they went to fetch the fire-engine from the Hôtel de Ville, and succeeded in cutting off the fire in the Rue Jardon and the Rue de la Station.

However, the danger continually increased ; shots were being fired at the houses. The " big vicar " urged the townsfolk everywhere to follow him. Women and children in front, the men following, the population went downhill towards the hospices, which were soon overflowing with people.

They presented an indescribable scene of confusion—a litter of articles of every kind, and people in a state of distraction. The burning portions of the town continued to blaze.

During the whole of Saturday murder and incendiarism marched hand in hand. In the midst of these barbarous scenes a Mme. Hendrickx threw herself on her knees before the Germans, raising a crucifix ; they killed her. In the Rue Jardon they led to death an old man, an " innocent," and young people of from 13 to 17 years.

Here is the list of those deaths which it has been possible to verify in the population of Herve. The majority of the inhabitants having fled, and others having been dragged away by the invaders, it is not possible to say whether this list is complete. The ages are approximate, the registers of the population having been burned.

Lecloux, Nicolas, 53 years.

Lecloux, 24 years, son of the foregoing.

Lecloux, 21 years, ditto.

Lecloux, Mlle., 51 years.

Dieu, Louis, 60 years.

Dieu, son of foregoing, 25 to 30 years.

Dechêne, Jean, 55 years.

Dechêne, Dieudonné, his son, 28 years.

Lardinois, Guillaume, 70 years.

Iserentant, Léon, 65 years.
Hendrickx, Mme., 40 years.
 Beyers, Joseph, 43 years.
 Beyers, Pierre, 29 years.
 Grailet, Joseph, 56 years.
Grailet, Mme., his wife, 50 years.
 Lallemand, Léonard, 27 years.
 Toussaint, Grégoire, 30 years.
 Deliége, Albert-Joseph, 50 years.
 Lejaer, Diendoné, 36 years.
 Mathonet, Jean, 38 to 40 years.
 Simar, Fernand, 30 years.
 Pirotte, Joseph, 36 years.
 Winants, father.
 Winants, son, 27 years.
Christophe-Diet, Mme, 47 years.

Christophe, Joséphine, 20 years.
 Cabaudy, 18 years.
 Cabaudy, 16 years.
 Cabaudy (all three grandsons of Thonon Englebert).
 Demoulin, Léon, 35 years.
 Marbaise, Léon, 55 years.
 Lahaye, Victor, 35 years.
 Fransen, Jean, 42 years.
 Defooz, Joseph, 50 years.
 Sellenne-Blochons, Nicolas, 70 years.
 Sellenne, Joseph, 26 years.
 Thonon or Thomas Englebert, 70 years.
 Maassen, Alois, 30 years.
 Liégeois, Emile.

Finally, at the Cour Lemaire, below Herve, five inhabitants of Battice were shot: Habay, Thoumsin, Ridelle, Grétry, and another.

By a sad fatality, the majority of the victims were extremely respectable people and beloved by their fellow-townsmen. Not one of them was arrested under suspicious conditions; they were seized at random and shot without motive, sometimes in the midst of their daily occupations; some were killed while escaping from their burning homes. Grailet and his wife were shot down while busy milking their cows. The two Beyers, employed by the Agricultural Co-operative Society, had spent their whole time in providing the Germans with all they required; they were murdered mercilessly. At the house of Émile Liégeois the Germans rang the door-bell while speaking reassuring words; when he opened they killed him, and his sister, now recovered, also received a bullet in her body. Mme. Diet and her daughter were found asphyxiated in their cellar; several men were shot

before their wives and children; Alois Maassen left five young children, and a sixth was born after his death.

Iserentant and Lardinois, two kindly old men, had heard that the bodies of the farmer Degueldre and his son were lying in the dust, in the middle of the road, at La Bouxhe, on the hill close to Herve. They conceived the charitable idea of taking two coffins thither. At first the Germans let them do so, confining themselves to jeering at them; but when the old men began to carry the bodies home, they fell upon them. The skull of one was fractured by blows from the butt-ends of rifles, while the other was almost decapitated by bayonet wounds.

Meanwhile, on this same day of Saturday the 8th of August, all the men of La Bouxhe, with one or two exceptions, and whole families, were put to death. The terrible story of this massacre will be read later on.

On Sunday the 9th the conflagration was still raging at Herve. Soldiers were rekindling it on every hand. The Hôtel de Ville was burned with all its contents; official registers and archives and the flag of 1830 were lost in the flames. The fire was still violently raging on the night of the 9th.

However, placards prohibiting pillaging were posted by order of the commandant, Graf von Bettendorf. The soldiers tore them down. They broke open the safe of the Agricultural Syndicate (trade-union) with blows of a pick-axe. The commandant was warned. "I believe you," he said, "but what can be done?" Having permitted all things on the preceding days, he was now powerless to prevent anything.

A General von Kluck or von Gluck (can it have been the well-known army leader?) installed himself, with his staff, in the villa belonging to M. Philippart, the prettiest house in Herve. The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, the Emperor's brother-in-law, was present

The officers were on the veranda. The hostages stood by the door. The duke was walking round the table at which the officers were seated.

"I am," he said, "related to your King, and I have good friends in your country. But if our army has been fired on, reprisals are necessary. . . . The resistance of the Fléron fort constitutes a useless act of barbarity on the part of the commander. Perhaps he wishes to die like a soldier? Well, he will die. Useless sacrifice!—What is your opinion?" he asked of a priest.

"I am a priest," replied the latter, "and I am not competent; but the commandant ought to know his duty."

"And what do you think of Belgium, who is bringing such misfortunes upon herself?"

"It is a matter of our national honour, prince; better that we should all die rather than lose that."

"A fine sentiment," said the duke; "but it is only a sentiment."

General von Kluck did not speak a word.

On Monday the 10th the officers proposed to the justice of the peace, M. de Franken, that he should visit the forts of Fléron and Evegnée as *parlementaire*, and invite their defenders to surrender. The judge declined this unpatriotic mission. He was then driven out of the town in a motor-car, and for an hour and a half was made to witness the continuous passage of the armies.

"They have been going by for days, from all parts," he was told, "and they stretch back beyond Aix-la-Chapelle.¹ At least tell this to the commandants of the forts; they will understand the uselessness of their resistance."

The officers then led him toward the Evegnée fort, displaying the white flag. They passed a car carrying

¹ The Germans prevail by numbers: *Numero gaudent* (Tacitus)

a Belgian officer, a prisoner. He, they said, was the commandant of Evegnée.

The car then made for the Fléron fort. The commandant, Captain Mausin, introduced himself to the *parlementaires*. The German officers made the judge relate what he had seen. Meanwhile, one of them examining the fort, Captain Mausin sharply requested him to turn his head. The Germans asked him what he intended, considering the vastness of the invading force, to reply to the invitation to surrender.

"My reply is categorical," said the commandant. "It is no! Gentlemen, your mission is terminated."

The car departed, and the cannonade was resumed and intensified. The Fléron fort was riddled with shells, thousands fell upon it, but it held out three days longer.

On Monday a great number of the inhabitants of Herve escaped in the direction of Verviers.

On Tuesday the 11th the victims were buried. General von Clermont took the priests as hostages. The first German train left at eight o'clock; the railway served to transport the movable property stolen in Herve into Germany. The soldiers looted the cellars and got drunk. In one place they were seen to pour all kinds of wines—Bordeaux, Burgundy, champagne—into a bucket; into this they dipped bowls, and drank.

They justified their old reputation thus. La Fontaine writes:

I'd rather Turks our country gained
Than see our own Champagne profaned
By German drinkers; for, alas!
Too deep, too wide the bowl they pass:
Our nectar needs a different glass.

Drunkenness was general. Intoxicated Germans were firing all over the town; they even fired on one another.

On the 12th of August—Wednesday—the incendi-
arism was resumed. Pillage, commenced on Sunday,
became general. The scene was one of unspeakable
savagery; nothing came amiss to the looters, who
loaded waggons and motor-cars with furniture, plate,
linen, and clothing; these vehicles disappeared in
the direction of the frontier, and returned for further
loads. At the railway-station, trucks and vans were
loaded with booty. Officers emptied the safes in the
Hôtel de Ville and the post-office.

On the 13th the pillage and the scenes of violence
continued. There was a reign of terror. A Mlle. L——
became insane. Other persons betrayed symptoms of
mental derangement.

On the 14th officers in motor-cars were seen assisting
in the sack of the town. The burgomaster's house was
burned; Sheriff Cajot's house was pillaged among the
rest. The sergeant already mentioned attempted in
vain to check the brigandage.

On the 15th, the festival of the Assumption, there
was no mass in the church. The houses at the Rond-
Point were pillaged.

On Sunday the 16th the disorder was at its height.
Drunken soldiers drank even cognac from the bottle.
Disputes and brawls occurred among them. They
wanted to shoot the inhabitants; they released them,
then rearrested them. Some townsfolk were thus
many times prepared to die: among them were MM.
Bondin, Pierre Demoulin, etc. In the house of M.
Borboux, a retired pharmacist, the uncle of the deputy,
they stole the silver and all kinds of articles, then
amused themselves by sticking down the flaps of
envelopes in order to render them useless, finally
depositing ordure in the mantelpiece ornaments and
the china flower-pots.

The inhabitants having no food left, the Germans
buried what they could not consume rather than leave

them any. They were begged to provide some food for the sick in the hospital; the request was met by a brutal refusal. "Work!" they told the starving townsfolk. "Work for your living!"

On the 17th, further pillage. A townsman named Lechanteur, who had lodged some Hussars and treated them well, was tied upon a table by them, while all night long they tormented his wife before his eyes.

On the 18th four houses near the station were burned. Pillage, especially by the 159th regiment.

On the 19th fresh troops went through; the lower part of the town was pillaged.

On the 20th more regiments appeared, and the thieving and destruction continued. The inhabitants were compelled to clear the streets, which were obstructed by ruins, as these impeded the passage of the troops.

On the 21st houses at Le Thiége were sacked and burned.

On this day vagrants, strangers to the town, joined the looters, encouraged by the Germans.

On the 23rd and 24th, the same scenes of disorder.

On the 25th a certain C——, a local character, got drunk in the company of the Germans, and procured women of ill-fame for them. Pillage still continued.

After this long period of brigandage there were not, in the whole town of Herve, fifty houses which had not been completely pillaged.

More than three hundred had been destroyed by fire, and presented a frightful spectacle of devastation. Nothing was left, as a rule, but the four outer walls, and within them a heap of débris mingled with twisted girders, stoves, iron bedsteads bent out of shape, etc., etc.

The work of destruction attained incredible proportions. Not a motor-car, not a bicycle, but was stolen. All the cellars were emptied. In the houses which

were not burned, the bandits, having sent away everything of any value, tore pictures and photographs, broke or ignobly fouled what they could not carry away, mixing excrement into the jars of butter, soiling sheets and blankets with excrement, and so forth. We will not speak of other crimes. . . .

In several cases it was possible to prove that the thefts were committed by men having special technical knowledge. Thus, the surgery of a medical man was looted with obvious science: the thief had selected all the instruments of value, and all the new apparatus; of a thermo-cautery, for instance, only the platinum points had been taken. Even the artificial teeth were stolen.

A hundred and eight head of cattle were sent into Germany, as well as quantities of provisions.

In one single day the brigands loaded five pianos into vans at the railway-station. In the stationers' shops the smallest articles or knick-knacks appeared to please them.

German officers and civilians, having stopped their motor-cars before a fashionable shop, were seen to emerge with their arms full of sticks and umbrellas. Other cars, stopping before private houses, were loaded with hampers of wine, and were off to the frontier.

During this general pillage, the Germans were dancing to the strains of the piano.

When the *juge de paix* was taken to Battice, so that he might witness the passing of the German troops, he was offered stolen wine. As he refused, "Oh," said an officer, "perhaps it is a trifle indelicate—but after all . . ."

"In a country where there is so much good wine," said a general, whose name I could give, "the least our soldiers can do is to take it."

And they did not stint themselves. They got drunk, then gave themselves up to every imaginable

kind of clownishness. As the weather was hot, some stripped themselves naked and indulged in every species of buffoonery. Their gluttony knew no limits. One sub-lieutenant, the commandant's secretary, drank the choicest wines from morning to night; then, as a night-cap, he provided himself with two bottles of port. He was a true phenomenon.

The commandant, a reserve officer, was a judge. "Why," he asked the hostages, "did the Belgians hate the Germans?"

"If you have been told that," replied a hostage, "you have been deceived. In the intellectual world, on the contrary, Belgium was well-disposed towards Germany, because we believed it to be a country in which order prevailed; while the French Government, by its attacks upon liberty and religion, had alienated many sympathies. In short, we had no feeling of hostility for our great neighbours on the east and the south. In any case, that is not the question; if the French had violated our neutrality the Belgians would, just the same, have risen against them as one man."

"Ah!" said the commandant, "I did not think that."

"As far as we Belgians are concerned," added the hostage, "let the French remain in France and the Germans in Germany—that is our feeling."

"And unfortunately," said the judge, "we are here in Belgium."

"Yes, unfortunately."

Let us add that a German captain declared that "all this pillage was shameful." But alas! for a few honest men, how many ignoble blackguards!

The little town of Herve, lately so flourishing, was thus, without a shadow of excuse, given over to vandalism for ten consecutive days. Of all the modern portions nothing is left but ruins. The old, poorer quarter alone escaped the conflagration, but

it was pillaged. The inhabitants are dispersed or ruined. Of 4,500, some 3,000 have returned. They are living in one another's houses and in the public establishments. In February and March 1,500 had fallen to the care of the "revictualling committee," which met for hours every day, contending with ever-recurring difficulties. Let us do homage to the devotion of these few citizens, who, without respect of parties, act as one man in fighting famine and relieving these poor people who have been so sorely tried.

The Germans do not seem to have any comprehension of the scandal and shame of their violence and cowardice. At Herve, as elsewhere, they had themselves photographed amid the ruins, and often forced the inhabitants to pose beside them.

However, in the long run, the opinion began to prevail, among the German civilians who made excursions into Belgium, that the population was innocent. From that time forward the sight of the horrible ruin displayed on every side became a perpetual reproach. In January, accordingly, the military authorities presented to the town an order signed by Dr. Vollmer, in which the owners of ruined premises were required to rebuild them or to raze the walls and fill up cavities. A term of a fortnight was given them in which to decide; in default of which a Dutch company would undertake the work, recruiting Belgian labour and assuming ownership¹ of the materials.

The townsfolk shrugged their shoulders, disdaining to reply, and there the matter rested.

Yes or no, are the invaders barbarians? ¹

¹ The proximity of the frontier was often disastrous to the little town of Herve.

In August 1465 troops burned part of the town, but the Liège Government hanged the chief authors of the crime.

In 1650 Herve was maltreated by the Nassaus. A Captain de Penneberg was so insolent, and his soldiers, always in a state of

LA BOUXHE: A SCENE OF EXTERMINATION

After passing through Battice and Herve, the fatal highroad from Aix runs through La Bouxhe, a dependence of Mélen. The hamlet consisted of some thirty houses, strung along either side of the road, and almost flush with it. They were for the most part little farmhouses, in which lived, in profound peace, a simple folk, who gained their livelihood by working in the fields. Now one sees only ruins. The torch of the incendiary has even sought out the humble cottages that stood, in isolation, hidden amid the orchards.

Wandering with a disconsolate mind through this solitude, I found at last, in the open country, a few women, dressed in black, performing what would have been men's work—the carrying and spreading of manure. Their heads bowed, their eyes lost in a vision of hopelessness, they hardly replied when addressed, and their gestures were lifeless.

Here was accomplished the most tragic episode of the advent of Teutonic *Kultur*. Here, with utter injustice, were clubbed to death, or stabbed, or shot, all the men of the hamlet; here whole families were butchered—for example, the Benoît family, the father, three sons of 19, 18, and 16, and a daughter of 12; the Cresson family, the father, the mother, a son of 16, one of 13, a daughter of 11 and one of 7;

drunkenness, committed so many excesses, that the town guard took up arms and administered a reprimand.

In December 1815 the Hanoverians occupying Herve molested the population. On the 15th of January, 1816, Burgomaster Lemaire having protested against their requisitions, the commandant challenged him to a duel. The burgomaster replied, "It is a cowardly action to challenge with the sword one who is not a soldier. If you will fight with cudgels I will be your man."

Suggestive records, these: punishment of criminals, legitimate defence, liberty of protest; the comparison is not in favour of our own times.

the Lorquet family, a father and four sons. And the Brayeur family, and the Weerts, the Wislets, the Weyenbergs, and others. . . .

One hundred and twenty civilians fell at Mélen, seventy-two belonging to the commune—these were nearly all of La Bouxhe—and forty-eight from the surrounding district.

Truly, in order to search into these horrors and record their details, often by probing sorely wounded hearts, one must summon up all one's resolution, and impress on the mind the duty which one has undertaken to defend the honour of the victims, and confront the hypocrisy of the murderers.

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Some soldiers of the 165th found a lodging in La Bouxhe on the evening of the 4th of August. Thoroughly refreshed, several asked the men of the village to make up a card-game. Next morning the first attack on the Fléron fort was delivered, and was violently repulsed. Returning in an evil temper, the Germans were imperious in their demands. At eleven o'clock at night, after surreptitious consultations, the inhabitants were ordered to go down into their cellars; according to the Germans, serious events were in preparation; it was necessary to be under cover.

About half-past three in the morning a brisk fusillade broke out. The inhabitants supposed that a battle was in progress. But the Germans entered the ground-floor of the various houses, shouting, "*Draussen, schlechte Französe!*" (Out, wicked French!).¹ And as the men crossed the threshold they were shot down at point-blank range. Thus fell the Ancions, the Daigneux, Jacques and Prosper Delfosse, Nicolas

¹ It is interesting to note that while many regiments were primed with tales of the Belgian *francs-tireurs*, others believed that they were going to fight the French, and on crossing the frontier believed that they were in France.—TRANS.

and Mathieu Gérard, Joseph Brayeur, Clément Barnard, Arthur Deltour, and Léon Jacob. The last to come out, Léon Falla, threw himself on his knees, imploring pity for his wife and children. At that very moment he fell over, shot dead. An officer went down into the cellar, where there were eleven women and children; striking these with the butt of his revolver, he drove them out. In the road, where many houses could already be seen in flames, soldiers shouted to them in French: "Bad French women, you, alive into the fire!" The threat was not put into execution on that occasion.

After this first series of murders, the soldiers all but disappeared until Saturday. On that day, about five in the morning, there was a fresh fusillade. The soldiers drove the inhabitants before them, with blows of their fists and their rifle-butts, towards a meadow on the north side of the road. Others were led away toward a brick-field. Some fled, but were fired on from a distance. After an hour of waiting in the meadow the butchery began. It was indeed a butchery. The victims were standing; they were shot down, and then the wounded were "finished."

Neither on this day nor on Wednesday was any definite accusation brought against the villagers. Even the usual "*Man hat geschossen!*" was not uttered. There were horrible scenes; one has not the heart to record them. The list of the victims' names will tell more than any narrative:

Ancion, Étienne, 28 years.
Daigneux, Jean, husband of
 Joséphine Ancion, 30
 years.
Chanteux, Joseph, widower
 of Catherine Ancion, 34
 years; left five orphans.
Brayeur, 45 years.

Brayeur, Marie, née Weyenberg, 38 years, wife of the foregoing.
Brayeur, Anna, their daughter, 12 years.
Benoît, Bernard, husband of
 Adèle Grosjean, 50 years.
Benoît, Bernard, 19 years.

- Benoît, Lambert, 18 years.
 Benoît, Mathieu, 16 years.
Benoît, Marie, 12 years.
 Bernard, Clément, 50 years,
 shot and the body carbonised.
 Corman, Clément, 23 years.
 Corman, Camille, 17 years.
 Corman, Arthur, 14 years.
 Cortenraedt, Pierre, husband
 of Joséphine Delfosse, 35
 years.
 Cresson, André, 59 years.
Cresson, Marie, née Franck,
40 years, wife of the fore-
going.
 Cresson, Guillaume, 16 years.
 Cresson, Gilles, 13 years.
Cresson, Thérèse, 11 years.
Cresson, Catherine, 7 years.
 Dedoyart, H., 51 years.
 Defooz, Guillaume, 20 years.
 Defooz, François, 18 years;
 their father, pierced by
 two bullets, survived.
 Degueldre, Olivier, husband
 of Elisa Lambert, 50
 years.
Degueldre, Marie, 18 years,
daughter of Olivier, shot
and her body burned to
ashes.
 Delfosse, Jacques, 47 years.
 Delfosse, Prosper, husband of
 Catherine Gilles, 36 years.
 Deltour, Arthur, husband of
 Julia Bernard, 31 years.
 Derquenne, H., shot as he was
 about to milk his cows.
 Doyen, Émile, 52 years.
 François, Jacques, husband
 of M. Meyers, 33 years.
 Franck, François, 67 years,
 keeper, shot while mak-
 ing his rounds.
 Franck, Servais, his son, 33
 years.
 Gerard, Nicolas, 25 years.
 Gerard, Mathieu, 23 years.
 Falla, Louis, husband of
 Barbe Chèvremont, 43
 years.
 Houbeau, Jacques, husband
 of Mme. Spalgens, 53
 years.
 Jamsin, H., 36 years.
 Jacob, Léon, 18 years.
 Joris, Sebastien, husband of
 — Colson, 47 years, shot
 and his skull broken open
 by blows from rifle-butts.
 Julémont, Jacques, husband
 of Marguerite Preharpre,
 22 years.
 Leclercq, Leopold, 72 years,
 shot but survived.
 Leclercq, Toussaint, 20 years.
 Loncin, François, husband of
 Joséphine Lejeune, 43
 years.
 Loncin, Antoine, 17 years.
 Lorquet, Jacques, husband
 of Mme. Lejeune, 57
 years.
 Lorquet, Victor, husband of
 Cornélie Linck, 28 years.
 Lorquet, Jacques, 20 years.
 Lorquet, Albert, 17 years.
 Lorquet, Fernand, 14 years.
 Letesson, Jean, married, 59
 years.
 Letesson, Henri, husband of
 Françoise Dubois, 55
 years.
 Lecloux, Michel, 50 years,
 shot at Battice.
 Lousberg, Jean, bachelor,
 body burned to ashes.
 Mosbeux, Jean, 59 years.
 Mosbeux, Pierre, 52 years.

Pinet, Pierre-Jean, shot at Battice, 82 years.	Vanwissen, Léon.
Pirenne, Pierre, husband of — Belleflamme, 45 years.	Weerts, Grégoire, married, 48 years.
Piérard, Jean, 59 years.	Weerts, Corneille, 19 years.
Piérard, Charles, 23 years, son of Jean.	Weerts, Dieudonné, 16 years.
Piérard, Lucien, 18 years.	Weyenberg, Jeanne, née Closset, 58 years.
Remy, Denis, 58 years.	Weyenberg, Nicolas, 60 years.
Renard, F., married, 62 years, killed with the rifle-butt and the bayonet.	Weyenberg, Maurice, 15 years.
Rouschops, Pierre, 35 years.	Wislet, Louis, 46 years.
<i>Rouschops, Marie, née Kusters, 42 years, wife of the foregoing; their child of 5 was saved, but had two fingers almost severed.</i>	<i>Wislet, Marie, his wife, née Dupont, 41 years.</i>
Scieur, Joseph, husband of M. Beauwens, 63 years.	<i>Wislet, Marguerite, 20 years, shot and her skull smashed open with the rifle-butt.</i>
	Wislet, Louis, 8 years.
	Xhauffaire, Henri, 45 years, husband of M. Henvaux, shot at Battice.

This list of the eighty-one victims of Mélen-la-Bouxhe comprises nine inhabitants who were taken away and put to death elsewhere.

Let us repeat that La Bouxhe was also watered with the blood of forty-eight unhappy victims who were brought from neighbouring villages, that they might be placed in front of the troops when the latter marched against the forts.

While they were murdering, the barbarians also indulged in theft and incendiarism.

The unhappy Marguerite Wislet fell a victim of a number of German brutes, after which they killed her and smashed her skull open.

Three farms at José, in the commune of Battice, lie near La Bouxhe. The Germans went thither each day to receive—gratuitously—eggs, butter, milk, and meat. Now, on Saturday, they burned two of these farms and killed the “finest man in the world,” so we were told—M. Joseph Baguette. In the third farmhouse they broke everything—absolutely everything. An

octogenarian, whom we mention also in the Battice list, advised his neighbours: "Run, you others; I am stopping behind; what can they do to me at my age?" Half an hour later he was dead.

A man of La Bouxhe, who has escaped, Henri Defooz, father of two victims, Guillaume and François, was wounded and feigned death. He was searched, like the rest, and his money—2,000 francs—was stolen from him; but he did not stir.

A one-sided inquiry was made into the massacres of La Bouxhe, at the Kommandantur of Liège, on the 16th of February. Seventeen witnesses were summoned, most of them women, since there were practically no men left. The Germans tried to induce them to say: "We are not absolutely certain that civilians did not fire; it is possible that they did so." The investigators were very insistent as to the behaviour of the soldiers before the massacre. They asked if there had not been disputes between them, particularly in respect of card-playing, for on their arrival the Germans had forced their hosts to play cards with them. It seems that the witnesses were firm and explicit. Henri Defooz, who escaped death, testified as to the incident above related.

The inquiry merely served to prove—if that was necessary—that the Germans had no grievance against the population. They were reduced to seeking for some sort of doubt, however slight, so that they might invoke it to excuse this horrible instance of the application of a system of warfare which may be described as infernal.

The majority of the victims received summary burial in a meadow, which skirts the highroad on the north. There one may see, amid the grass, two long streaks of earth. Others are buried in gardens or meadows opposite. No one is allowed to place any emblem, any token of homage, on these graves. That

would be to recall the crime ! But these ruins—these stains in the grass—this mournful solitude—do not these alone cry to heaven for vengeance ?

A HALT AT SOIRON

On the evening of the 4th of August the Germans (Chasseurs) entered the château of the Baron de Woelmont ; the lodge-keeper, who had refused to open to them, was shut up in his lodge.

The invaders made themselves at home, laying hands upon everything that took their fancy ; they sampled the wines until they were drunk. Those who had not been able to enter the château remained in the park, apparently ill-pleased.

A shot rang out during the evening. Thereupon those who were feasting in the château ran out and began to fire. The two companies remaining in the park returned their fire. There was a sort of battle, so that the German troops encamped at Olne hurried up ; eight were killed or wounded.

The Germans did not forget to say that the lodge-keeper must have fired. They dragged him out of his cellar, with two other men, and shot them. These men were : Arthur Hannon, 32 years, married ; Léon Gillard, 38 years, married ; Léonard Pirard, gardener, 25 years.

All three were in the service of the Baron de Woelmont. Another inhabitant, Jean Decloux, a butcher, 43 years of age, was also put to death.

THE SIGNALS FROM THE BELFRY OF OLNE

On Tuesday the 4th of August the invaders, coming from the frontier by way of Rechain and Soiron, appeared at Olne, a beautiful village pleasantly situated on the heights overlooking the valley

of the Vesdre. They were the 20th and 35th regiments of the line, and some chasseurs of the 5th. They were accorded a generous hospitality; if anything, their welcome was even too cordial.

However, by Wednesday, early in the morning they already seemed out of temper. Perhaps the incidents of the preceding night, at Soiron, had something to do with their mood. They wanted to remove the Belgian flag which was floating from the spire of the church; they ascended the belfry, but did not succeed in doing as they wished—it was too dangerous.

Having breakfasted copiously, they advanced towards the forts. In the afternoon they were seen hastily returning. The guns of Fléron had swept them out of the Forêt countryside. At their head they brought their wounded; among them a major and another officer. The troops followed at a running pace. They were crushed.

Meanwhile some soldiers had again ascended the belfry, and had at last removed the flag, but with difficulty, so that a good deal of shaking and flapping preceded the removal. This detail is of some importance. It cost four inhabitants their lives.

Some time later the chasseurs came hurrying up; they rushed to the church and began to break down the door. The curé brought the key; they covered him with their rifles and led him away, holding their revolvers to his temples and shouting: "Someone has been making signals with the flag! You are a traitor; you will be killed." He explained, in German, what had happened. The chasseurs would hear nothing; they searched the whole church, pretending that soldiers or "civilists" were hidden there. They found nothing suspicious. No matter: they were going to shoot somebody. A surgeon of high rank came up. The soldiers vanished, while the surgeon said: "We shall not take the wounded to the hospice

at Soiron. We shall prefer to set up a field hospital here, in some farmhouse."

At this moment the vicar of the parish arrived, M. Bernard Rensonnet, and the communal secretary, M. Pondcuir. The curé related, rather jovially, what had just occurred. He had not taken the threats of death seriously, for he had not yet come to know the Germans, and nothing was as yet known at Olne of the murders committed at Soiron.

At this moment the soldiers reappeared from the other side of the church, almost running; their expression was infuriated. Some villagers called out: "There they are again!"—"Let us go into the presbytery," said the curé; "there is certainly danger." But the secretary and the vicar did not follow him, unable, no doubt, to credit the possibility of a purposeless attack.

They were seized by the collar just as they were entering M. Pondcuir's house. The neighbours could not see what was happening; the Germans forbade them to look out of the windows, pointing their rifles at the houses.

Meanwhile, about 5 o'clock, an old man, Mathieu Chainard, aged 69 years, crossed the road. He was fired upon and fell dead. A young man, Gérard Niset, aged 21 years, came forward to see what was happening, and was killed.

The village was struck with terror. On Thursday morning the bodies of the vicar and the communal secretary were found. Of the latter's head only the lower portion and one ear was left. M. Pondcuir was a man justly respected, already well advanced in years. The vicar of Olne, a model of gentle kindness, was 32.

To all appearances Olne would have been the scene of further crimes. M. Paquay thought of proposing to the military surgeon that the wounded should be

installed within the commune, at the École des Sœurs, where they could be nursed in safety, as the fire from the forts would hardly be directed upon the village. He also gave assurance of the loyalty and the correct attitude of the villagers.

As a result, the wounded were brought in ; among the officers were Major Schüts of the 20th and Lieutenant Wasserfal. " This locality," declared the major spontaneously, " will henceforth be protected."

In the evening 15,000 men arrived ; the village and its approaches were choked with them. A major announced : " If a single offence is committed against us, the curé will be hanged and all the rest massacred. Elsewhere wounded men have had their ears and noses cut off. So whole communes have been wiped out."

Presently vague rumours were current of the horrible massacres of Soumagne and Saint-Hadelin.

A week went by in comparative quiet.

On Thursday the 13th the heavy artillery arrived and was installed in all directions. Teams of sixteen horses were seen. The worthy burgomaster, M. Dahem, was arrested : " There will be firing to-night ; I foresee it. If a single shot is fired, you and the curé will be hanged and the rest burned or shot ! " Both were obliged to go from house to house with this announcement.

But at Olne, as elsewhere, no one could have had any idea of attacking the Germans.

Nothing happened, and Olne escaped the terrible fate of Saint-Hadelin. But would not the malice of a single soldier have sufficed to unloose the fatal rage of this army of frantic and violent men ?

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT-HADELIN (OLNE)

At the foot of the heights of Olne the Magne runs through a delightful valley ; on the two banks are

scattered the houses of the hamlet of Saint-Hadelin ; on the right bank were the schools, handsome buildings which to-day are mostly in ruins ; on the left a sort of lofty promontory projected, with perpendicular sides, on which stood the church, a building of great antiquity, and behind it some spacious dwelling-houses, in a good state of preservation, which also spoke of a remote past.

If there ever was a peaceful spot it was this picturesque hamlet, hidden away in a fold of the hills, and away from the frequented roads. Well, the Germans discovered it, and they made of it a place of massacre and horror.

The inhabitants of Saint-Hadelin ingenuously trusted the soldiers. War was the conflict of two armies, nothing more.

Yet as early as the 5th of August there had been acts of violence in the neighbourhood ; it was learned that there had been victims at Forêt, and it was said in some quarters that young men had been butchered in the fields near Soumagne.

At the cross-roads where the road to the church turns aside from the road to Olne, a shell from the Fléron fort fell at half-past four on Wednesday afternoon, killing six German soldiers and wounding half a score ; the majority of the latter were unhappily Poles. They were carried into the outbuildings of the house on the other side of the road, and a Red Cross flag was hoisted. But as the Germans installed a battery under cover of this emblem, the fort, with terrible precision, riddled the houses and set fire to them ; then a shell burst right upon the improvised hospital. The distance between the fort and the hamlet is just under two miles.

In the meantime the soldiers were becoming turbulent ; they pillaged the Co-operative Stores, as well as the Maison Gaillard, where 300 bottles of wine were

emptied. People began to foresee that the troops would soon become violent.

Part of the population took refuge in the church and in M. Jamme's old weaving-shed.

However, the invaders moved over to the other bank, thinking to obtain cover from the fire of the forts. On the way they attempted to set fire to the houses of MM. Charneux, Dewonck, and Dumont; they threw inflammable material into the houses, but the fire went out of its own accord. Having come to the schools, which face the open place planted with beech-trees and therefore known as the "Faweu" (*fagi*), they forced the schoolmaster to give up all that he had in the way of provisions, but they reassured him as to what might happen in the night; they then took up their position in the Faweu and along the road.

The Fléron fort continued to fire. At 11 o'clock a shell fell with a crash in front of the school, killing a horse and wounding several men. Upon this the Germans became furious. They entered the house of the schoolmaster, M. Warnier, and arrested him, with all his family, as also the keeper, Jean Naval.

"They have fired," said the Germans. "Who has warned the fort of our presence here?"

M. Warnier replied: "The fort is two miles from here. No one could have warned them."

But they would listen to nothing. With an accompaniment of insults and brutalities, M. Warnier was pushed along towards the little chapel close by. His wife followed him, a young child in her arms, pleading and beseeching. She was driven back by blows of the Germans' rifle-butts. Her face covered with blood, she continued to plead, but in vain.

Her husband was shot before her eyes; then, in the midst of a scene of unspeakable savagery, she witnessed the murder of her children. Her two boys fell dead; her young daughters were next to be shot

down. Bertha lay under the body of Nelly, who was mortally wounded ; for fifteen minutes she heard her dying struggle for breath, and felt her die. Grievously wounded herself, and with a broken arm, she was conscious of the whole hideous drama. Motionless, she heard the cries of Mme. Naval, who fell fainting as the Germans were about to shoot her husband, Jean Naval, while their little boy, only five or six years old, pleaded with them : " Mister soldier, don't hurt papa ; he didn't do anything ; he's so good."

But the Germans have no bowels of compassion. They shot three more of the inhabitants of Forêt, whom they brought to the Faweu : André Crahay, Paul Bailly, and Jean Matz. These three men were found with their hands tied behind their backs with chains such as are used to tether sheep and goats. Bailly, in sabots and shirt-sleeves, had been surprised at his work. All three, who had been under arrest since the morning, had all day long undergone the torments of a Calvary.

Then the assassins broke into the house of the Desonays. The family consisted of Mme. Desonay, aged 66, a paralytic, her son Henri, and her daughter Joséphine. These latter, seeing that houses near by were being burned, brought their mother downstairs. As they reached the ground-floor the Germans broke the door open and fell upon them. The mother and daughter were shot and " finished " with the rifle-butt, while the son, rolling, wounded, under a bench, escaped with his life. Of the two women only some charred bones were found amid the ruins of the house.

After these atrocious crimes the Germans returned to the weaving-shed ; they drove out the women, and, in spite of their tears and supplications, they dragged the men away with them. Others, brought from Ayeneux, were added to the lamentable procession. They were all led towards Reissonsart.

Some people of that hamlet came forward in all simplicity, bringing provisions—such, at least, it was proved, was the case with Gillet, Dhanen, Dethier, Maguet, and the Dewandres. All were upright and peaceable men; Maguet was the model of the village, a man of generous and worthy character; while the Dewandres were handsome young men, noted for their good hearts and obliging nature. They were added to the rest, and now there were a hundred persons awaiting death. The execution was carried out by small batches, at the spot known as the Ash-Tree.

One of the doomed men, M. Polet of Ayeneux, a retired schoolmaster, a man of high character, was revolted by the cowardice of the executioners. When he was ordered to take up his position for execution, the old man refused with disdain; he was shot on the little hillock on which he stood, in an attitude full of dignity and courage.

Survivors report that before the shooting began Jacques Maguet, turning to the whole group of prisoners, recited in a loud, firm voice the act of contrition, which all repeated, sentence by sentence. Then, when his turn had come, and he was being pushed, with others, toward the place of execution, Maguet raised his hat and shouted: “Vive la Belgique!” “Vive la Belgique!” repeated his companions, as though electrified. And the patriotic cry was raised again.

“Listen to your companions cheering!” said an officer, who stood some distance away; he was greatly moved. But the demonstration merely increased the rage of the other Germans; they began to bawl insults at the Belgians.

“Ah!” said one of the survivors, “when we heard that shout, *Vive la Belgique!* we felt a shiver run through our whole being; we plucked up courage,

feeling that we, too, like our brave soldiers, were dying for our country."

The massacre was about to continue when an alarm was given; a cavalryman, coming up at a gallop, brought an order that the Germans were to depart immediately. Thirty-three victims had fallen. The four last who were ranged in line by the heap of bodies were put back with the rest of the prisoners, and they were rapidly driven off in the direction of Magnée.

It was then four o'clock in the morning. For sixteen hours, that is, until eight o'clock in the evening, they remained in the old lanes which run between Saint-Hadelin and Magnée. They were forced to push the German guns toward this latter place, which lies between the Fléron and Chaudfontaine forts. Finally, at Magnée, they were released without explanation. They were told: "Go straight back to your homes." But those homes were only a mass of smoking ruins.

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We have succeeded in learning of only one act of mercy. In the night, during the course of this march to death, one of the captives, wounded in the foot, could hardly walk, save by leaning on a stick. His stick was torn away from him and thrown into the furnace of a burning house. He followed with much pain and difficulty, the Germans beating him. Noticing one soldier who looked more human than the rest, he spoke to him: "I have six young children—that's my trouble! I ought to go on living."

The soldier replied, under his breath: "Slip aside—that way."

The captive did as he was told, and escaped.

When we saw them the survivors were still very greatly impressed by the extraordinary fury of those Germans who had sustained the fire of the forts and

the Belgian troops which were placed in the interval between the forts. They were no longer men, they said, but demons. This word, alas! has been heard in other places that have been drenched with blood by an unforeseen and almost incredible barbarity.

But the murders at the Faweu, the murder of the Desonay women, and the massacre by the Ash-Tree, at Riessonsart, were not the only tragic events of that night of the 5th of August. In searching or pillaging the houses, the Germans found a revolver, and elsewhere a small carbine hanging on the wall. On this account, without troubling to discover that these weapons had not been used, the Germans then and there shot Joseph Tixhon and Henri Maguet. Then, entering the Dewandre farmhouse, near the Ash-Tree, they killed Pierre Dewandre, his two sons Julien and Henri, and their kinsmen, Joseph Delsaute and Louis Germay.

Another farmer, M. Daenen, hearing cries, and the firing of rifles, came out to see what was amiss; he was killed on his door-step.

Meanwhile, throughout all this neighbourhood incendiary rockets were thrown upon the houses. The women, half-dressed, escaped, carrying or dragging with them their half-naked children. Nothing was to be heard but cries of terror mingling with the guffaws and the insults of the barbarians.

It was in the midst of these disastrous scenes, by the light of the burning houses, that the martyrs of the Faweu fell.

Previously, at the spot known as Vieux Sart, where there is an ancient quarry, and whither some twenty of the inhabitants of Ayeneux had already been taken, the officers had held a sort of deliberation. Without making an accusation, without a word of inquiry, they condemned all these people to be shot.

Several bodies were found carbonised among the fallen beams of houses destroyed by fire. In the case of Grandry, junior, his head was divided from his body ; it was possible to identify him only by elimination, a fortnight later. Two bodies, those of Henri Hubert and Jean Willot, were discovered at the Ash-Tree, sunk into the mire.

Of twenty-nine men living in the neighbourhood of Le Frêne, twenty-three were massacred.

And this is not all. On the 6th of August some civilians whom the Germans had been dragging about with them, now forcing them to work for them, now using them as a shield against the Belgian fire, were finally shot, clubbed to death, cut down, or bayoneted. Thus, on the spot known as the Heids d'Olne, there fell, among others, some inhabitants of Saint-Hadelin who were Germans by origin.

The indignities which the victims suffered are recorded. At the factory the Germans forced them, by covering them with their rifles, to applaud, to jump all together, etc.

During the Thursday the attacking army fell back from Fléron ; there was a formidable rout. For a moment it seemed as though the country was rid of it ; but on Saturday some 15,000 men came up from the Vesdre by way of Soiron.

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The document which we now reproduce, which was published in the form of a mortuary letter, contains the list of the inhabitants of Saint-Hadelin who fell on the night of the 5th and on the 6th of August.

PARISH OF SAINT-HADELIN (OLNE)

In remembrance of the solemn service celebrated on Monday the 9th of November at half-past ten, in memory of

the victims of the massacre of the 5th and 6th of August, in the parish of Saint-Hadelin.

Jean Naval.
Joséphine Desonay.
Nelly Warnier.
 Jean Matz.
 Georges Delrez.
 Victor Warnier, senior.

Edgard Warnier.
 André Crahay and the widow
Desonay.
 Victor Warnier, junior, of
 Saint-Hadelin.
 Paul Bailly, of Forêt.

All killed on the 5th of August on the Faweu.

Jean Willot.
 Denis Naval.
 Henri Maguet.
 Henri Dewandre.
 Guillaume Leclercq.
 Joseph Grand'ry.
 Pierre Dethier.
 Félicien Boeur.
 Henri Hubert.
 Gilles Hautvast.
 Joseph Hautvast.
 Victor Polet.
 Joseph Strauven.
 Joseph Delalle.
 Toussaint Hansez.
 Laurent François.
 Laurent Gillet.
 Jean Naval.
 Pierre Dewandre.
 Joseph Delsaute.
 Jean Legrand.
 Léonard Grand'ry.
 Paul Dethier.

Alphonse Boeur.
 Joseph Tixhon.
 Gaspard Hautvast.
 Jean Backer.
 De Charneux.
 De Robermont, of Liège.
 Victor Hansez.
 Jules Saive.
 Jacques Rahier.
 Jacques Maguet.
 Julien Dewandre.
 Jacques Germay.
 Noël Grand'ry.
 Augustin Sequaris.
 Léonard Lamarche.
 Victor Hubert.
 Edouard Daenen.
 Jacques Hautvast, of Saint-
 Hadelin.
 Fernand Maguet, of Ayeneux.
 Toussaint Hansez, of Bouny
 (Romsée).

All killed at Reissonsart on the 6th of August.

Albert Schweiz.
 Blaise Grasner.
 Hubert Blum.
Betty Schweiz.

Antoine Dalhem, of Saint-
 Hadelin.
 Mathieu Klein, of Fléron.
 Wilhelm Hasenklever.

All killed in the Heids d'Olné, on the 8th of August.

Denis Naval-Rogister, of Magnée, killed in the Heids d'Ayeneux, the 6th of August.

Mathieu Closset, of Saint-Hadelin, killed at Bouny, the 6th of August.

Pray God for the repose of their souls.

(Certain invocations follow.)

As a result of the publication of this letter the curé of Saint-Hadelin had to appear at the Kommandantur in Liège, where he was asked if he was its author. He replied in the affirmative. Then he was questioned :

"What do you mean by ' massacre ' ? "

"A general killing, of course."

"You did not mean to say ' butchery ' ? "

"No, I did not mean to ; however, one could call it a butchery."

"You wished to express your hatred for Germany."

"Not at all ; I wished to honour the dead and to obtain prayers for them."

"Then you feel no hatred ? "

"Oh, yes ! The guilty men should inspire a profound pity ; but their acts, their behaviour, give rise to hatred. How should it be otherwise after what we have seen ? "

I quote this dialogue as it was reported to me by a survivor of the massacres. An interesting character, this villager. Seated by the corner of the hearth, he rhythmically drummed on the flat flue of the stove, and continued :

"You know, he's no end of a chap, our curé. I'd ask you to go and see him, but you wouldn't find him, except on a Saturday afternoon or a Sunday. On other days, the moment mass is over, he's off doing the business of our revictualling committee, and he's the soul of it. What with searching, and inquiring, he manages to find good provisions, and to get them exceptionally cheap. They are re-sold here at cost price ; people come to buy them from five miles round. The things are on sale at the presbytery ;

you'll see, as you go in, a heap of cases and bales and bottles. And the copper scales! A parson-shop-keeper, eh? The curé's sister, a pleasant, lively body, she's at the counter. In these times this revictualling service is a tremendous advantage to us and the folks round about, I can tell you. And they still manage to help the unfortunate—and there are plenty of them, as you may imagine!"

"Then," I said, "you haven't given up heart after so much misfortune?"

"Why, no; one has to accept one's trials, and get into harness just the same, doesn't one? Of course the gaps here are enormous. And painful! But, you take it from me, our Walloon character is coming to the top already. People make game of the Germans—thick-headed and pretentious, nervous and violent all at once."

"Ah, you hit them off nicely!"

"Every dog has his day!" he said, laughing. Then, serious again, he asserted, emphatically:

"They've gone so far it will be to their own loss. Justice will be done. God will save Belgium. The future is before us. . . . Our children will grow up, and when the account's made up there's only one thing the enemy will have destroyed for good . . ."

"And that?"

"His own honour!"

PASSING THROUGH FORÊT

Forêt crowns a height which faces Saint-Hadelin. It is an ancient village, of a pleasant aspect, of little importance in itself, but farther on, by the Vesdre, there are some populous fragments of it.

The Germans passed swiftly through the neighbourhood of Forêt on the 5th and 6th of August. It was

a savage invasion; the great family château of Mlle. Fabribeckers was completely pillaged; even the pictures were cut from their frames. M. Delvaux' farm was burned, and his two sons murdered without motive, without even a pretext. The house of the demoiselles Dessain and the Wuidart farm were also burned. The following inhabitants were put to death: Antoine Brisko, *15 years*; Joseph Delvaux, *30 years*; Victor Delvaux, *23 years*; Jules Soury, *45 years*; Joseph Matz, *23 years*: these victims perished at Forêt. Besides these the following: Jean Matz, *35 years*; Paul Bailly; André Crahay, veterinary surgeon; and a servant of M. Bailly's, were taken to Saint-Hadelin and assassinated on the spot known as Le Faweu, with the numerous victims belonging to that hamlet. Lastly—

The Rev. Oscar Chabot, curé of Forêt, a priest of noble character, aged *37 years*, Joseph Crahay, a farmer justly respected, aged *59 years*, and Roland Henri, a worthy old servant of M. Crahay's, passed through a veritable Calvary; they were taken before the forts, in order to serve the besiegers as a living shield. Finally, they were put to death at Bouny.

M. Crahay was the father of another victim, the veterinary surgeon shot at Saint-Hadelin. This latter, who was settled in practice elsewhere, had rejoined his parents, in order, as he thought, the better to ensure their safety.

The presbytery at Forêt was, like the majority of the houses, pillaged and left in confusion. The bandits found there and opened the strong-box of the church.

Before the schoolmaster was shot he was placed upon the Belgian flag, which was hauled down from the belfry, and the Germans tried to make him trample on it.

. . . | . . .

It has been said that a Belgian uniform jacket was found in the house of an inhabitant of Forêt. Perhaps it may have been a jacket discarded by some Belgian soldier, who was seeking to disguise himself as a civilian, and so escape from falling into the enemy's hands. Whatever the explanation, this would be a strange pretext for killing a dozen upright and peaceable villagers !

MAGNÉE : MURDER BY MACHINE-GUN

Magnée is a little village lying between the fort of Fléron and that of Chaudfontaine, at a distance of twenty minutes only from the former. It is quite close to Saint-Hadelin and Romsée.

On the night of the 5th of August, or, to be precise, at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the Germans came to the lime-kiln of Magnée from Forêt and Saint-Hadelin.

They committed crimes of brigandage all along their line of march. Precise data, collated not without labour, enable us to follow them step by step.

First of all they burned the Beckers' house and two others. They killed Jacques Gathoye, who, as his own house, near the Fléron fort, had been burned, had taken refuge with his relative, Jules-Joyeux Beckers. This latter, carrying two pails, went out to milk his cows in the pasture ; he too was shot, as well as Jean Naval. Their bodies were thrown into the deep ditch which borders the road. Then the Germans burned the houses of Joyeux and Naval.

After these exploits the troops continued to climb towards Magnée. A little higher up the road they burned the house of M. Delhaye, who was absent ; and they completely sacked the house of two old bachelors, who, hidden under a bed, escaped death.

The devastators drew level with M. Spirlet's farm.

The farm-servant, Huysmans, hearing the noise, looked out of the window ; a ball struck him under the left eye and killed him. Some distance farther on the invaders came to the Neurays' farm ; they set fire to the hay and straw and fired some fifty shots into the windows. The inmates, hidden in a cellar, did not stir, although the smoke which found its way everywhere threatened to suffocate them.

Thence, continuing up the hill, the Germans fired at all the doors and windows. They broke violently into the houses of M. Denis and M. Jaminon, dragging the two men outside, driving out the other inmates, and setting fire to M. Denis' house. Their officers having gone on, other officers came up, and demanded : " What have these two men done ? " The soldiers did not know ! . . . Denis and Jaminon were released ; they tried to extinguish the fire. Human lives were thus at the mercy of the slightest fortuitous circumstance. Farther on the master-incendiaries set fire to the Lambrechts' house.

And now behold them in the centre of the village. It was four o'clock. They were waiting for the artillery, which was coming up behind them. Then the troops passed on ; they were the 20th and 35th regiments. Some made off westwards, to Romsée, where others had already commenced their atrocities. At the head of the 35th regiment a priest and other captives were observed. They were the curé of Forêt, the Abbé Chabot, and some of his parishioners. Near the spot known as Soxhluse they were shot. The priest fell with his face to the ground, his knees in the gutter ; his breviary lay close to his right hand.

Behind the regiments soldiers were leading a group of civilians.

Near the church they entered Mme. Fassotte's house. Her son-in-law, M. Alexis Clerdin, her son, Jean Fassotte, farmer, Lerho, a miner, Barbet, employed on the

Fassotte farm, and Camille, servant to Mme. Mercier, a widow, had taken refuge in a cellar. "Come out of that!" shouted the Germans. They came up, and offered the soldiers food. They were placed in a row before the rails of the farmyard and all five were shot.

Camille alone survived; a ball pierced his body. Later, the curé went to pick him up, and attended to him. (He is now recovered.)

Then that portion of the troops which had advanced in the direction of Soxhluse came under the Belgian fire. Thirty-five Germans were left on the field; the rest precipitately retired. At the same time, those who were advancing toward Chantrenne, in the direction of the fort, were also received by a murderous fire. Having lost considerably, they retraced their steps, and fired on the houses, and at the cows running in the fields!

Returning to Magnée, they knocked on the door of the house occupied by the Jacqmin family. Three young men, Pierre, Victor, and Mathieu, the models of the village, we are told, were there praying with their mother, who was a recent widow. They hastened to offer baskets full of bread and butter. They were thrust aside; the mother was taken away; then her sons were led out and shortly afterwards were shot in a meadow. Poor mother! Driven to a neighbouring village, she knew nothing of the fate of her sons until her return, three days later. On the way back she met a woman who did not know her, and who began to speak of the horrible things that had happened, remarking: "The most unfortunate is that Mme. Jacqmin, whose three sons they killed." One may judge of the mother's despair. Her fourth son escaped, being at a neighbour's house.

Near the Jacqmins' house the criminals entered the beautifully appointed house of Captain Jacob, who had left for the front. Finding a soldier's *képi* in a port-

manteau, they pillaged the whole house, breaking everything, in particular numbers of curious or artistic objects. They also pillaged the small houses in the neighbourhood. They asked where the curé might be found. "Your priest," said these brutes, "has thrown grenades and has made people fire at us. He must die. Where is he?"

The pillage continued. In the midst of this frightful disorder a paralytic was suddenly attacked by an access of insanity; he hanged himself at the foot of his bed. Thereupon a young woman of the family, the wife of a Belgian soldier, who was in an "interesting condition," fell fainting from the shock and died.

The pillagers rendered useless all that they could not carry away. It was so at the home of the Jacquins, amongst others; this was a farm which grazed fifty cows; the stores of butter were thrown away.

Returning again to the village, they burned the houses of Jean Leruitte, Hubert Gouders, and the widow Joset, who had fled.

The curé, for whom they had been asking, was hastening through the village, urging his parishioners to save themselves by flight from certain death. A man of German origin, Duytch by name, remained; his gentle compatriots killed him without regard to his nationality, as well as his wife and his son, a youth of eighteen; they pillaged the house and set fire to it.

A certain Jacquinet, married only a few months earlier, not realising what was happening, arrived by a country lane, smoking a cigar; it was a sheltered lane, but the moment he emerged from it he was covered; he fell dead, his cigar still between his fingers.

Then the soldiers encountered a very poor old man, Jean-Louis Gérard; him too they murdered.

Now and again shells from the forts came to chastise the Germans in the midst of their crimes.

Returning toward the church, they burned the

houses of Pierre Martinus and Hubert Chèvremont ; the two families were taken to Olne. It was the same with the families of Jean Monseur and Joseph Guérin. All these people left with their hands tied behind their backs, the cords being atrociously tight. They were intended to protect the besiegers from the fire of the forts.

More houses were burned—those of the Moreau-Cokaicots, Jacques Delbouille, and the demoiselles Gathoye—two old ladies of whom one was in bed after a serious operation ; they were dragged out of their house and into a meadow.

Near the church the Leruittes' house was burned ; and the five sons were taken, bound, to Olne. In the house of a poor old man named Beaufays the Germans set fire to the furniture ; Beaufays phlegmatically dragged the burning furniture into the road, and his cottage was saved.

The incendiaries went downwards through the village ; they gave the Merciers' house to the flames, and arrested Bastin, his wife, and his two sons. The wife, who was ill, could not keep up with them ; she was thrown brutally on to the caisson of a gun, and the unhappy family, expecting nothing but death, was taken to Olne, where it passed the night on the bare ground.

Meanwhile the soldiers were eating and drinking with avidity. "What would you expect?" said an officer, to whom an old man made some complaint ; "when one fights one becomes like the wild beasts!" But these troops had not even fought.

Now they came to the house of M. Jean Woidart, the communal secretary, a venerable septuagenarian who was seriously ill ; they dragged him from his bed and sought to make him walk to Olne. The unfortunate old man could not keep his feet ; they abandoned him in the road, at Le Bai Bonnet. Someone brought

him home ; he was given the last sacraments. He kept on repeating, in a hollow voice : " Is this a war ? What a war ! " An hour later he drew his last breath.

The curé, M. Vuidart, went into a house to attend to some wounded men. Suddenly, above the bed of one of the patients, a shrapnel shell from one of the forts pierced the wall, hurling rubbish in all directions and singeing the hair of those in the room. At that very moment a hundred German cavalymen had just gone by ; a shell burst, and one of them almost entirely disappeared. A few fragments of flesh were gathered up, some scraps of clothing, and some buttons, and these pitiful remains were buried under a little earth.

The curé, having dressed his patients' wounds, left the house, his hands stained with blood and tincture of iodine. He was arrested. " You can see plain enough that he's an assassin," cried a captain ; " look at his hands ! Seize him ! "

The curé explained matters.

" Very well, you will do for a guide," he was told.

He was led away. People relate that the shrapnel from the fort was raining upon the road : the soldiers lay down in the hollow lane ; the curé was forced to stand upright. Farther on the soldiers struck him across the face with their ramrods. The Belgian troops fired on them. " You hear," he was told, " there are the ' civilists ' again ! Isn't it so ? "

" I do not know who has fired. Obviously they must be troops."

" Or the ' civilists.' Say yes ! "

" I repeat, I cannot see who is firing."

" Very well. You will be shot. Quick-march ! "

The curé, who lived with his aged parents, thought of them now, and begged in their name that he might be released. They did release him later, in the neighbourhood of Frayon. In the evening he climbed up through the woods to Magnée. There he found himself

almost alone. During the night the devoted priest was taken from Hensay to Fléron, condemned to death, and again released, the fort having been taken. Then, for two months, he was made a hostage every night, while his days were devoted to the superhuman task of procuring food for a multitude in distress. When we passed through Magnée we were told that the poor curé, who is, it seems, a man of weakly constitution, was in bed, seriously ill as a result of this exhausting strain.

During the siege of the fort nearly all the population of Magnée took to flight. Every morning a formidable array of artillery was brought up toward the village; the fort ravaged the position, whereupon the Germans went down into the valley once more. In the evening they came up again and fired during part of the night. This went on for ten days. The fort received thousands of shells.

As for those villagers who were taken away to Olne, they served, with others, to protect those troops who marched against the Chaudfontaine fort. At each approach the Belgians had to place themselves, in serried ranks, in the van, while, thus protected by them, the chivalrous Germans went forward one by one, in very open order.

ROMSÉE : BETWEEN THE TWO FORTS

Romsée is a village of modest proportions, which, like Magnée, lies a little to the south of Fléron and to the north of Chaudfontaine.

Here again those inhabitants who had not fled had taken refuge in their cellars to escape the shells. On Thursday the 6th of August, at 3 in the morning, the Germans arrived, on their way up to Fléron. The fort welcomed them by a rain of shrapnel, and the Belgian troops by a hail of bullets. The invaders

avenged themselves on the villagers, who were dragged from their places of safety; men were shot amid the lamentations and the useless supplications of heir families.

Men were killed at random; one was shot as he was opening his door to the soldiers who were knocking upon it; another was killed in the midst of his family; another on the public highway. Women and children were taken captive and led away in the direction of the Chaudfontaine fort.

Here is the list of the inhabitants assassinated on this disastrous morning:

Gilson, Mme., widow, née Marie Wegimont, 62 years, and her 3 children.

Gilson, Marie-Elisabeth, 30 years.

Gilson, Jean-Joseph, 25 years.

Gilson, Jean-Paul, 18 years.

Magis, Noël, husband of — Jacquemin, 57 years.

Magis, Noël, 18 years.

Hansez, Toussaint, 74 years.

Hansez, Victor, husband of — Lahaye, 40 years.

Hansez, Joseph-Toussaint, 18 years.

Pirson, Jean-Jacques, husband of — Chevremont, 55 years.

Pirson, Jean-Louis, 18 years.

Craenen, husband of Pirson.

Chevremont, Louis, husband of — Westphal, 47 years.

Frisée, Henri, 41 years.

Frisée, Mathieu, husband of Fassotte, 43 years.

Demarche, Jean, husband of — Frisée, 43 years.

Leclercq, Martin, 66 years.

Japsenne, Jean, husband of — Leclercq, 30 years.

Halleux, Jean-Jacques, husband of — Daisonmont, 66 years, keeper.

Hazée, Julien, husband of — Halleux, 38 years.

Boulanger, Pierre, husband of — Letixhon, 66 years.

Bartsch, Henri, husband of — Becho, 37 years.

Ziane, Jean-Émile, husband of — Wara, 36 years.

Lequarre, Nicolas, 40 years.

Vaessen, Louise, wife of Baiwar, 32 years.

Croais and François, lodging with the Delignes, shot at Olne.

Gigot Fernand, killed at Forêt.

The curé of Forêt and two of his parishioners.

The Gilson family, mother, sons, and daughter, were shot just as it seemed to them that they were not safe

in the Hansez' house, and were about to take refuge elsewhere.

The three Hansez were grandfather, father, and son.

The Magis lived in the last house in Fléron; they were brickmakers, also keeping a café, and enjoyed an honestly earned competence. The five adjoining houses, built on land belonging to Romsée, were their property. The family were installed in the cellar. The Germans were breaking in doors and windows and seizing the men. "Kill! Burn!" cried the officers.

The Magis spoke a little German; they demanded "Why?" The wife insisted upon an answer from the officer, who shrugged his shoulders and replied by the customary stupidity: "Madame, it is war."

The Germans placed before the first house in Romsée M. Magis, senior; the eldest son, aged 18 years, a pupil at the Normal College, who had just come home for the holidays; the younger son, a boy still in knickerbockers, and the old serving-man, Boulanger. The women they drove away. At the moment when five soldiers stepped forward to commit the crime, an officer pointed to the little boy, exclaiming: "Too young!" The child was thrust aside, and the soldiers fired on the serving-man; then on the son, before his father's eyes; finally on the latter. All three fell, one upon another, on the threshold of the first of the houses belonging to them. The neighbours, overwhelmed, furtively watched the commission of this abominable crime.

The houses were plundered; the soldiers stole all kinds of liquor, cigars, money, etc. They then fired incendiary rockets at the houses; the flames were soon raging. The flames reached the bodies. In the Magis' own house they set fire to the furniture—a writing-table, a piano, etc.—but the fire died out spontaneously; the house was saved. The café is

open to-day ; you may see the blackened furniture, the broken doors, and women in mourning.

Sixteen more houses were plundered and then burned in the Soxhluse quarter.

The authors of these courageous exploits were the officers and men of the 35th regiment.

Meanwhile the Fléron fort, which had commenced to bombard them on the Wednesday, was punishing them terribly. The coal-miners' dispensary, in charge of the sisters, doctors, and ambulance attendants of the village, was filled with German wounded, who received attention there. All the neighbouring houses, too, were soon overflowing.

The curé, and those inhabitants of the village who were enrolled in the Red Cross, went out to bring in the wounded ; they were fired on. Then, just as they were dispatching a request, seconded by a German doctor, that they might fulfil their charitable task without being molested, they were arrested and led into the meadows, in which numerous detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were deploying. The staff, too, was there, hesitating, infuriated by the terrible effects of the fire from the fort. The members of the Red Cross were harangued and accused of treachery and espionage. Now their hash was going to be settled ! However, a sudden order resulted in the dispersal of the troops, by which they profited to escape along the railway.

All that day was a terrible one for the people of Romsée. They had to march in front of the guns, lest the Belgians should fire and dismount them. And while these people were thus exposed, the brave Germans were looking to their own safety. In Rue Namont they hid in the cellar of one house and the ground-floor of another. But the Belgian shells found them out, killing six in the first house and eleven in the second.

Hundreds—four or five hundred, we are assured—fell on Thursday morning. They were removed in waggons and taken down into the valley. Seventy surrendered. In the afternoon four officers were killed; one of them Lieutenant Putkammer. Others were wounded; one of these, a major, declared that it was he who had blown the church belfry to pieces by shell fire because he thought he had seen signals being made from it.

In the Romsée cemetery are buried five officers and forty German soldiers; also the brave Commandant Duchêne, with ten Belgian soldiers. He was an admirable officer, and his death greatly affected his soldiers, who had absolute confidence in him. The villagers have told us of the splendid conduct of these soldiers; they penetrated, by very small detachments, the most advanced positions, and even those occupied by the enemy; fired, and disappeared, only to reappear at other points, in this way supplementing their numbers by their extreme mobility.

Meanwhile, what had become of the people led away in the direction of Chaudfontaine? With their hands cruelly bound behind their backs, they were thrust in front of the German artillery, which fired between them. They had to stand upright, while the Germans lay down. Consequently the fort did not dare to fire in that direction, lest the Belgians should be killed. At certain points the Belgians were able to lie down, but then the fire recommenced; in this way five were killed, among others Mme. Baiwir, *née* Louise Vaessen.

Thus this treacherous and cowardly procedure is in common usage among the Germans.

Other villagers passed the night in the rain. On Friday afternoon they were taken to Liège, and released in the Place Saint-Lambert.

At Romsée the bombardment continued [to rage all Friday. The Germans were still suffering serious

losses. They were seen removing wounded men who had had a foot or an arm carried away.

Then the siege was prosecuted. On the 11th the large-calibre guns arrived. On the 13th there was an accidental explosion in the magazines of the Chaudfontaine fort, which then surrendered.

At last the mourning population was granted a comparative peace.

However, on the 20th of August a German soldier, who was contradicted by others, pretended that he had heard a rifle-shot. The troops began to burn the houses once more ; the burgomaster and a M. Bernard were arrested. A week earlier they would certainly have perished.

During the siege of the fort M. Dessart, the director of the Wérister coal-mines, gave asylum to hundreds of fugitives from the neighbouring villages. He received a threatening visit from the Germans, who wanted him to surrender these people to them. Only one argument was able to dissuade them—it was, that new coal-mining machinery, costing about a million francs, was on its way from Germany. Otherwise what further carnage might there not have been !

THE BATTLE AND MASSACRE OF THE 5TH AND 6TH OF AUGUST AT RETINNE

The 27th and 165th regiments of the German army attacked the interval between the forts of Evegnée and Fléron during the night of the 5th of August. They came by way of Bouxhe-Mélen and Micheroux, where they had burned a great number of houses and killed some two hundred civilians.

On Wednesday, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Germans were reported to be 800 yards from Retinne. They were attacking the outposts of the garrison of the Evegnée fort.

The interval between this fort and Fléron was defended by a trench 540 yards in length, in the hamlet of Surfosse.

At nine o'clock at night soldiers of the 9th, 12th, and 14th regiments took up their position in the trench, with two machine-guns. A small detachment occupied the communal offices. There were only a few companies in all, for the Belgians had only 1,500 men at their disposal for the three intervals: Pontisse—Barchon—Evegnée—Fléron.

At half-past eleven a German advance-guard arrived in the village, burned two farms and three other houses, and proceeded to throw back the Belgian sentinels and the small detachment of Belgian troops toward Liery and Queue-du-Bois. At this moment the Belgian soldiers in the trench began to fire, at first by word of command, and then at will.

The Germans, abruptly checked, delivered a counter-attack; some rushed upon the trench, in front of which they were held up by barbed-wire entanglements, while others took cover behind the houses. The firing continued here until half-past two.

The Germans then installed machine-guns and two larger pieces of artillery in a farmyard facing the communal offices; but these had no effect on the Belgian troops in the trench. About half-past three the firing slackened, and by four it had completely ceased.

The Germans had about sixty killed and two hundred wounded. The Belgians, overwhelmed by numbers, had to fight a rearguard action, retiring down the valley of the Bidelot towards Saive and Xhavée; they had not lost a single man in the trench; but a hundred of their number having taken the Miermont road, a little too far to the right of the Saive road, they were surrounded and made prisoners. A corporal was killed; he was the only Belgian soldier to fall

at Surfosse. The German dead were buried at the place known as Tempiet, and the wounded were carried to the church, which the enemy had turned into a receiving-hospital. The Surfosse trench being abandoned and the road to Liége open, the invaders began to sing and to cheer, while their trumpets sounded.

The German troops then began to advance, at the double, along the road to Liége, but at Liéry they were again checked by the Belgian artillery, a dozen guns and some machine-guns having the range of the place. The fighting here was very deadly. The Belgian artillery was supported by the guns at Fléron, and some Germans were buried under the ruins of falling houses.

The enemy having great difficulty in advancing, the German general, von Wussow, ran ahead of his troops in order to lead them on; his head was shattered by a bullet; and a colonel, two commandants, and a lieutenant fell at the same time. Eighty Germans were killed at this point, and 150 wounded; the Belgians lost twenty men, of whom one was a lieutenant, and only five wounded. Finally, the Belgian artillery, overwhelmed, withdrew towards Liége, but not before a major, a captain, a sub-lieutenant, and ten soldiers had been taken prisoners by the Germans.

The German general, von Wussow, Colonel Krüger, Commandants Hildebrandt and Ribesalm, and Lieutenant Vogt were buried together at Liéry, on a hill overlooking the road. The German and Belgian soldiers were buried some in the cemetery of Retinne, and some at Liéry; the wounded were taken to the church and the Queue-du-Bois receiving-hospital. In the church there were 300 wounded soldiers and 10 officers. Twenty-five German and Belgian soldiers were buried a little farther on, at the spot known as the Campagne de Bellaire.

The German army advanced upon Liége by way of Queue-du-Bois, Bellaire, and Jupille, where further engagements took place.

Meanwhile the Germans had taken with them fifty civil prisoners, aged from 50 to 60 and even 70 years. At Liéry they were placed before the guns; they were forced to run before the Germans, who pricked them with their bayonets if they did not go fast enough.

One man had to make the journey from Retinne to Liége without boots; shockingly mishandled, he died some weeks later. Another, 70 years of age, helpless with fatigue, had to be abandoned by the wayside. The prisoners were taken to the Chartreuse, where they passed the night; on the following day they were taken to the Place Saint-Lambert, where they were released.

When the German troops left Retinne a rear-guard arrived. This rear-guard burned fifteen houses and killed forty civilians, of whom twenty-six belonged to Retinne, on the vague pretext that someone had fired on the Germans. Here are the names of the civilians assassinated at Retinne:

Louis Hornay, independent, 72 years.	Jean Habran, miner, 44 years.
Joseph André, schoolmaster, 45 years.	Noel Watrin, 36 years.
Octave Hornay, accountant, 35 years.	Melchior Delseemme, farmer, 54 years.
Julien van Oorschot, 24 years.	Servais Mertens, 48 years.
Maurice Englebert, school- master, 26 years.	Armand Wilkin, miner, 33 years.
Nicolas Dalhem, machinist, 49 years.	Widow Moreau, 63 years.
Lambert Dalhem, machinist, 42 years.	Prosper Guérin, 25 years.
Guillaume Dor, butcher, 34 years.	Lambert Debare, 17 years.
	Germain Debare, 17 years.
	Pierre Decortis, 53 years.
	Clément Julémont, miner, 45 years.
	Dieudonné Albert, 28 years.

Denis Lequarré, clerk, 39 years.	Louis Bensberg, 13 years.
Barthélemy Trillet, 55 years.	François Charlier, 36 years.
Mathieu Trillet, farrier, 50 years.	Jean Duts, 40 years.
Guillaume Thonnart, 28 years.	Jules Bosson, 40 years.
Hubert Poumay, 62 years.	Michel Warnier, 30 years.
Théodore Cuitte, miner, 40 years.	Lambert Denoël, 62 years.
Joseph Decortis, independent, 47 years	Pierre Denoël, 38 years.
Guillaume Bensberg, 40 years.	Joseph Denoël, 18 years.
François Bensberg, 17 years.	Pierre Brayeux, 60 years.
	Guillaume Monseur, 50 years.
	Englebert Monseur, 32 years.
	Ernst, 45 years, of Queue-du-Bois.

Four persons were accidentally killed by the shells from the Fléron fort :

<i>Marie Baltus, 74 years.</i>	Barthélemy Christophe, 60 years.
<i>Barbe Collard, 64 years.</i>	
Guillaume Hentjens.	

Women and children imprisoned in the farmyard and the cattle-shed of the Grailet farm, at Liéry, were forced to kneel, and rifles were repeatedly aimed at them in order to terrorise them.

Five days later the German artillery arrived at Retinne to bombard the Fléron fort. Again the inhabitants were shut up in the church and the school, and were incessantly threatened with death by shooting. During this time many houses were plundered.

The Germans used the belfry of the church as an observation-post, while the church was used as a hospital. The fort respected the belfry because it was surmounted by the Red Cross flag.

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On the 6th of August, the day of the fighting in Retinne, the curé, at six o'clock in the morning, was about to enter the Belgian hospital which had been established in the Grailets' house at Liéry. The

Germans were heard haranguing him in the following terms: "You are the chief culprit. It was you who incited the people to fire on us. And you preached against Germany. We Germans are honest fathers of families; you Belgians are pig-dogs. You will be shot!" Another German said, "He must be hanged!" And a third, "We must burn him!"

They pushed the priest, with several other residents, into the gutter. The curé, who spoke German perfectly, interceded for them. He succeeded in calming the soldiers. He was then made to stand up, with the others, and after their hands were bound behind their backs they were led to the cellar of the Lequarrés' house. They had to step over the dead bodies of those who had been shot in order to reach it.

In the evening five wounded German officers were taken to the presbytery, and 300 wounded to the church. These had to be nursed and tended for a week; they were then sent to Liége and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Nevertheless, the principal inhabitants were still imprisoned on several occasions, and subjected to threats and terrorism.

Only the intervention of the German-speaking priest of whom we have already spoken prevented the execution of all the men living in the neighbourhood of a house in which five bombs had been found. Now, a German guard had been stationed in that house. This was admitted. Nevertheless, this house and two others were completely pillaged. Everything was stolen; the furniture was packed into furniture-removal vans from Aix-la-Chapelle.

MICHEROUX: "YOU ARE IN LUCK!"

Micheroux, a hamlet recently promoted to form a commune, lying on the highway from Aix to Liége,

was visited by the Germans on the 5th and 6th of August, simultaneously with the adjoining localities of La Bouxhe and Soumagne.

At Micheroux Station, as at La Bouxhe, at four o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 5th, the intruders broke upon the doors; they stated that they were tired and hungry. It seems a strange fashion of introducing oneself. They were provided with rest and refreshment.

The men of Basse-Micheroux were bound and taken to the church at Fécher-Soumagne; all the houses were given over to pillage, then to the flames.

At Micheroux the Germans did not accuse the Belgians of having fired, but they jeered at them: "Ah! Belgium won't let us pass!"

Women and children were driven out with the utmost brutality. A woman in child-bed was dragged from her bed and thrown into the road.

At Micheroux station Mesdames Fassotte, merchants, had established a very well organised ambulance. There wounded Germans were tended from the outset, and their officers expressed their satisfaction. But presently these ladies were taken to the church at Fécher. On their return they found that their house, with six others which belonged to them, was nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. Such is the gratitude, the "*danke schön*," of *Kultur*.

At four o'clock in the morning the Prussians aroused M. Tailleur and his two sons, who kept an outfitter's shop. They fortified themselves and rested. A captain arrived, who congratulated the Tailleurs on their humanity, and added: "Not a pin shall leave this house." Shortly afterwards the Tailleur family were driven out of the house, and on their return the following day they found nothing but a heap of ashes.

One grows weary of resuscitating all these details, but they must be brought to light, in order to scotch

that Teutonic militarism which, in its crazy pride, makes itself responsible for its soldiers, regards their word as incontestable, and values "the life of a single one of them above the existence of a whole city."

A certain number of the inhabitants of Soumagne were put to death on Micheroux territory. They were: Joseph Flagothier, Thomas Knops, H. Vandenberg, Antoine Englebert, Mme. Gorrès, Hubert Gorrès, and his two-months-old child, and another child, Armand Mathieu, all named in the list already given.

Of the actual residents of Micheroux were shot: Laurent Boulanger, shoemaker; Jean Kramer, miner; Henri Demsot, gate-keeper; Michel Schrors, farmer; Elsa Goebels (a child). The following were burned to ashes in their cellar: Mme. Troisfontaine, widow, *née* Catherine Pauly; Mme. Troisfontaine, *née* Jeanne Thonnart; Adrien Troisfontaine, her child; Jean Troisfontaine, her child.

Other inhabitants were seriously wounded. Everywhere the troops plundered, pilfered, looted.

A few days after these events an inhabitant, a native of Germany, whose address we possess, spoke to his sometime compatriots as follows: "You kill more civilians than soldiers. That is not war."

"True," was the reply; "but if we had carried out our orders to the letter not a living person would be left where we have passed, nor one stone lying upon another."

On the 5th of September an officer returning to Germany passed through Micheroux. "It is precisely a month," said he, "since we passed this way; yet we have left you two good streets. You are in luck!"

And even now German civilians who have lived in Liège for years state that if their armies are compelled to leave Belgium they will not leave one stone upon another!

SOUMAGNE : THE CARNAGE AT FÉCHER

This village lost more than two hundred of its inhabitants on the 5th and 6th of August—victims of the hatred aroused by the Belgian resistance. Most of these victims belonged to a group of hamlets of which the principal is Fécher, lying not far from La Bouxhe.

Arriving in Fécher on Tuesday evening, the Germans commenced "reprisals" on Wednesday, at four in the morning. Some farmers, who had been required to drive their cattle into Liège the previous evening for the provisioning of the town, had been unable to recross the line of the forts, owing to the advanced hour. As they returned, in the morning, they were shot. Such, for example, was the fate of the brothers Nicolas and Pascal Pirard.

Thrown back from La Clé road (Fléron to Herve) by the Belgian troops, the Germans vented their anger upon the people of the surrounding villages. At Fécher they forced them to come out of their houses, vaguely alleging that someone had fired. They broke in the doors with hatchets. The inhabitants were driven into a meadow, where all had to seat themselves, with their hands above their heads. The Germans filled the hall of the Co-operative Society, which was serving as a temporary church, with prisoners; they raided the houses of inoffensive people in the neighbourhood, without a word of explanation, and led them away to the hall. There the population of the village remained, imprisoned and without food, the women and children weeping. Rifles were pointed at them; the raised arms grew weary and fell, and the result was blows of the clubbed rifle.

A captain was appealed to: "You see perfectly well that these people are innocent; why do you detain them? They are hungry, starving."

"That's not our business," replied the officer.

In the afternoon the whole flock was driven into the new church, which was almost completed, but had as yet no windows. Two old men, who were paralysed—MM. Wilkin and Palla—had to be carried thither. On the way it was seen that the hamlet of Les Viviers was all in flames. The sound of rifle-shots was heard.

A thousand persons were crowded into the church, under the muzzles of the German rifles.

One woman was thrust in livid with terror ; on her arm, which was pierced by a bullet, she carried a dead child.

Between three and four o'clock thirty-two men, their hands bound behind their backs, were brought from the hamlet of Les Viviers. A shell from one of the guns at the fort had crossed the road at the rear of the column, dividing the latter in two ; at this the Germans greatly quickened their pace. The thirteen hindmost captives, among them the burgomaster, being thus separated from the main body, seized the opportunity to escape behind a hedge ; a young boy, who had managed to untie himself, took a pen-knife from the pocket of one of the men, and their cords were soon cut ; all fled, escaping death.

The sixty-nine remaining prisoners were taken into a meadow not far away ; it is known as the Fonds Leroy. There they were ranged in a line. Soldiers were drawn up facing them, three deep ; they were so placed that those behind could fire between those in front, and on the word of command the sixty-nine innocent men were stretched on the ground.

A certain number were only wounded. Simulating death, they were afterwards able to escape. It was observed that these were those remotest from the captain, who stood at one end of the ranks, which permits us to suppose that those soldiers who were

least subject to his supervision wished to reduce their share in this odious massacre.

Let us return to the church. There the terrified population passed the night, some standing and others lying on the ground, suffering the pains of fatigue, and cold, and fear, and hunger.

On Thursday morning, the Germans having been violently driven off the Micheroux plain by the fire of the fort and the Belgian infantry, the reign of terror was redoubled in severity. The guards at the church were reinforced, and arrangements were made for a fusillade. Women fainted.

But the order was countermanded ; a use was found for the captives ; they were to serve the Germans as a living shield upon their march.

ON THE BRIDGES AND AT THE CHARTREUSE

The men were placed in the middle of the church ; their wrists were bound with such violence that two months later many still bore the marks of this cruel mishandling.

Then—forward ! Amid the tears of the women and children, the men were led out, four abreast, to the number of 412. The first who emerged through the door of the church was struck down by a rifle-bullet. No one knew why. The women were told that they were free. At one o'clock in the afternoon the men were led away from their village ; at first they saw, lying here and there in the road, the bodies of their fellow-citizens ; they counted seventeen. It was a sad departure. Some of the old men were helpless ; they were carried by the young men. And where were they being led ? Towards the fort ! So the captives, sickened by such cowardice, were to protect the Germans from the Belgian fire !

It was nine o'clock at night before these unfortu-

nates, having for eight hours zigzagged about the lines of defence, reached the Chartreuse, an undefended citadel between Liége and Fléron. There they passed the night, still without shelter and without food. In the morning they were allowed neither to wash nor to satisfy the needs of nature.

At six o'clock they went down towards Liége; they were now, with others, to cover the entry of the German army into this city, which has neither walls nor any other defence within the forts. The bridges over the Meuse might be blown up; so the captives were forced to advance across them. Only after the lapse of a quarter of an hour did the Germans dare to venture upon them. The general, with his officers, was present at this cautious entry, and at length they heroically ventured themselves behind and in the midst of this lamentable crowd of starving, terrorised villagers. And it was this general who afterwards telegraphed: *We have taken by assault the fortress of Liége.*¹

The Belgian soldiers among the prisoners were paraded for a long time about the city; of the civil prisoners, some were taken up-hill back to the citadel, where, after twenty-seven hours' detention, they at last received a little food, thanks to the intervention of the burgomaster, and at the expense of the city. In the meantime a further pretence of shooting them had been carried out. The scene was perfectly staged and acted, except for the word of command, on which the rifles were lowered instead of fired. And the terrorisers did not even accuse these people of any offence!

The other captives were still posted on the bridges; there they remained, under the pelting rain, with their garments dripping; and there they were kept without nourishment from Friday until noon on Tuesday. The townsfolk, prevented from approaching by the

¹ Von Emmich.

Germans, threw them a little food from a distance. One of these unfortunates contrived to untie himself; he leaped into the Meuse, where he perished.

Here is a painful detail: on their arrival in the town the captives were suspect in the eyes of their compatriots; Liège, completely isolated for three days, knew nothing of all that had happened—the pillage, the murders, the incendiarism. It was supposed in the city that the war was being conducted normally, army fighting against army, and nothing more. The sight of these people, seized in their homes early on Wednesday morning, in undress or half clothed, in slippers or sabots, many bareheaded, with unkempt locks, had astonished them. Among them were persons of every class, and, which was the only thing that mattered, they were one and all innocent. "They really seemed," one of them told me, referring to the people of Liège, "to take us for vagabonds or brigands."

Some were released when they had served to safeguard the approach to the forts and the bridges; and how many, on their return, found their homes burned or pillaged, when they had not to mourn the loss of kinsfolk! Others, taken at hazard, were detained at the Chartreuse for forty-five days. They had much to suffer; they were maltreated, and they had to sleep, when they could sleep, on the dung of the stables, a prey to vermin. They were given crusts of bread on which legions of flies kept settling.

After some time, in order to justify these torments, the Germans began to fabricate legends respecting these unfortunates: some were supposed to have attacked the German army; others had robbed the wounded. And these, in consequence, were terribly maltreated. Standing upright for weeks, tightly bound, they received, from time to time, mouldy bread which was forced between their teeth; what drink

they had was poured from a cup into their mouths. Others were sent into Germany. Finally, there were those who disappeared, and none knows whether they are still alive.

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The women, who remained at Fécher while the men were in Liège, lived in a state of terror. Some unhappy women dwelt in hiding, in mortal apprehension ; others fled. Some there were, distracted and despairing, who sought to drown themselves. They were pursued, driven back with blows of the rifle-butt. " Kill us, then ! " they cried. One threw herself into the water, with a child.

And at various points the killings were resumed. Despite an aversion and a surfeit of horror and disgust which produce an absolute nausea, we must yet enumerate these deaths, in order to honour the dead and to avenge their memory ; we must mention certain episodes of this day and night of horror ; we must, for the enlightenment of humanity, exhibit, like a drunken helot, the destroyer of peace, and wealth, and life, and honour, the German at war.

THE DEAD

The massacre of Soumagne was carried out at several points. Sixty-nine, as we have seen, were shot in the Fonds-Leroy ; nineteen in the Chession meadow ; others in the direction of La Bouxhe.

Many exhumations took place. By this means 77 bodies were at first identified ; then, in a second trench towards La Bouxhe, 33 more were found, of which 4 could not be identified ; in another trench, 23, of which 3 were not identified ; in a pit to the left of the road from Wergifosse, 5, including a woman and two young girls ; in the cemetery of Fécher, 5, one of

which was not identified ; by the side of the lane running from Bartholome's farm, 4 ; in the Neuray meadow, 4, etc.

We have been able to collect about 160 names, but from what we are told the list is far from being complete.

The massacre was particularly ferocious in the Neuray meadow, where eighteen victims fell. The wives of the doomed men were allowed to follow them ; some were weeping and pleading ; others, well aware that all was over, bade a despairing farewell, or spoke a word of supreme encouragement, to those about to die. It is declared that the executioners had the cruelty to shout to these women : " Is that him, your husband ? Well, then, look ! " And then they fired.

It was observed that those who fell with their faces to the ground were unrecognisable ; so that many could not be identified, even when seen before their first burial.

The majority were dead on Wednesday the 5th. On Thursday the villagers insisted that they should be authorised to render them the last honours ; in particular it was alleged that the moans of those who had not yet succumbed could be heard from a distance. But the Germans refused, and harshly kept the families which implored access to their dead at a distance.

Finally, on the Friday, the necessities of hygiene compelled the Germans to give the authorisation demanded. All were quite dead then, but there were signs that several had not died at once, but had suffered. . . .

Ackerman-Dubois, Ch.
Albert, Dieudonné.
Bauduin, Gilles.
Becker, Leonard, jun.

Becker, Léonard, son.
Becker-Gilson, Mathias.
Benoît, Lambert.
Benoît, Bernard.

Bettenhausen, Jean.
 Beyer-Julemont.
 Blaise, Gardier Desiré.
 Bosson-Paulus, Julien.
 Boulanger-Denoël, L.
 Bourguignon, Gérard.
 Bourguignon, Louis.
 Bourguignon, Victor.
 Bourguignon, Victor, jun.
 Brayer, Isidore.
 Brayer, Joseph.
 Brayer, Pascal.
 Breuer, Joseph.
 Califice-Delfosse, D.
 Carré-Meyers, Joseph.
 Carré, Nicolas.
 Charlier, Jacques.
 Collard, Jules.
 Coonen, Hubert, father.
 Coonen, Laurent, son.
 Corneille, Daniel.
 Damisot, Henri.
 Daniel-Gilson, Corneil.
 Debart, Lambert, father.
 Debart, Germain, son.
 Debois, Hubert.
 Debois, Victor.
 Debois, Paulus.
 Debois, Salomon.
 Decortis-Brunal, Joseph.
 Decortis, Mathieu.
 Decortis, Jacques.
 Decortis, Pierre.
 Dedoyard, Egide.
 Dedoyard, Vandermissen.
 Deflandre, Charles.
 Defrêcheux, Fernand.
 Degueldre-Mosbeaux, B.
 Deley (of Verviers).
 Demollein, E.
 Denis, Marcel.
 Denoël, Julien.
 Denoël, Pierre.
 Denoël, Joseph.
 Derquenne, Simon.

Dolne, Adolphe.
 Dubois-Marron, Hubert.
 Dubois, Jacques.
 Dubois-Lovinfosse.
 Dubois-Brayer, Jacques.
 Dubois-Chefneux, Denis.
 Dubois, Jean, jun.
 Dubois, Mathieu.
 Englebert-Monseur.
 Erkelen, Cornelis.
Ernoultis, Mme.
 Fays-Dubois, Adolphe.
 Flagothier, Joseph.
 Frusch, Guillaume.
Felman, Mme. (widow).
 Garray, Hubert, father.
 Garray-Doyen, Mathias.
 Garoy, Joseph.
 Gérard, Mathieu.
 Gérard, Joseph.
 Gérard, H.
 Gérardy, Joseph.
 Germay, Pierre.
Goebels, daughter (10 months).
Gorrès, widow.
 Gorrès, son, 3 months.
 Grommen, Egide.
 Grommen, Gilles.
 Hopa, his wife, and 4 children.
 Honderbein, Jean.
 Jérôme-Theunissen, Léon.
 Jongen-Walther, Joseph.
 Julémont, Clément.
 Julémont, Jacques.
 Knops, father.
 Knops, Léonard, son.
 Koch, Arthur.
 Koch, Joseph.
 Krämer, Jean.
 Krämer, Valentin.
 Krämer, Nicolas.
Krämer, Mme. (wife).
Krämer, Mlle. (daughter).
 Krämer, Marcel (10 months).
 Lardinois-Lardinois, Jean.

Lardinois, Guillaume.	Pirard, Pascal.
<i>Lefin, Mme.</i>	Raedemacker, Jean.
<i>Lefin, her child.</i>	Raedemacker, Louis.
Lehance, Dubois, Henri.	Raedemacker, Nicolas.
Lejeune-Rentier, Laurent.	Raedemacker, Léopold.
Lejeune-Servais, Hubert.	Reip, Joseph.
Lejeune, Joseph.	Renier, Joseph.
Liégeois-Delhez.	Rotheudt, Jean.
Maessen.	Rotheudt, Joseph.
Maessen-Girden.	Rentier-Vertsraelen, F.
Masson, Eduard.	Schyns, Gaspard.
Mathieu, Armand.	Schyns, Hubert.
Mawet-Koch, Joseph.	Schreuers, Michel.
Miès, Jean.	Servaty, Hubert.
Monseur, Guillaume.	Theunissen.
Neuray-Chèvremont, Jean.	Trillet, Nicolas.
Neuray, Rener H.	Trillet, Arnold.
Paul, Jean.	<i>Troisfontaines, Mme.</i>
<i>Paulus, Mme. (widow).</i>	Vaessen, Jean.
Pauly, Lavinfosse, H.	Vandeberg-Carré, H.
Paulus, Jean.	Vanwiddigen, Jean.
Pauquay, Hubert.	Vons, Alphonse.
<i>Pellman, Mme. (widow).</i>	Warnier-Decortis, Jacques.
Peltzer-Pauly.	Warnier-Bréant, Michel.
Pevée-Plaive, Guillaume.	Winant, Alfred, of Herve.
Piérard, Lucien.	Wislet, Jean.
Piérard, André.	Xhenneumont, Mathias.
Piérard, Charles.	Xhenneumont, Walther.
Piérard, Nicolas.	Xhenneumont, Barthélemy.

As in other places, a certain number of German names will be seen on this list. They are the names of German immigrants or sons of immigrants, occupied in Belgian industries ; but they found no mercy at the hands of their compatriots.

ATROCITIES

What frightful scenes were witnessed while the horizon, in all directions, was ablaze with fires, and the crackling of rifle-shots rent the air !

Dying fathers witnessed the death of their sons. So

it was with Beckers, whose son Léonard was only 17 years of age; Bourguignon and his son Louis; Coonen and his son Laurent; Debois and his three tall lads, Hubert, Paulus, and Salomon; Denis Dubois and his son Jean; Denoël and his boy of 16; old Garray, a man of 73, who was forced to run before a shower of blows, to fall beside his son, who himself was a father; Monseur, and his son-in-law Englebert; and the old and infirm Knops, and his son Léonard. Then there were the Lardinois; the Neurays; the Paulys; the three Piérards; Raedemacker, 68 years of age, with his sons Nicolas and Louis (a third was with the army); the Rotheudts, who were German; Trillet and his son Arnold; the two brothers Warnier, both married; Xhenneumont, and his two sons Walther and Barthélemy.

Gérard's wife was present at the execution, and saw her husband die; for six weeks she was in a condition of stupor.

Hubert Dubois-Marron was seriously ill when torn from his family; he left an ailing wife and six young children.

Simon Derquenne, an old man, supported his three little grandsons.

The list contains the name Defrêcheux. The victim who bore it, a pharmaceutical chemist at Micheroux, was the great-nephew of the celebrated Walloon author.

Mme. Ernoudts, beside herself with fear, threw herself and her two children into a reservoir; the children were taken out alive.

Mme. Gorrès, a widow, is mentioned. This is the tragedy of her death: A German, the old woman had found room in her house for her two married daughters, as well as Schreuers and Vandeberg. The Germans drove them out, and proceeded to kill the two men close at hand. One of the daughters being lame, the

grandmother took her child from her in order to aid her in her flight ; but at the corner of the lane both woman and child were killed.

Besides her two daughters, Mme. Gorrès had a daughter-in-law, who had children. The butchers threw this young mother on the ground and struck her violently ; the unhappy woman, distracted, threw herself into the water. She was rescued, and found refuge in the church.

Mme. Felman, a widow, and a German, was killed in her cellar ; her body was left in the burning house.

Two Kochs are included. They were the sons of a widow who at the same time lost her two sons-in-law, Mawet and Gérard. How many children were made orphans !

The Krämers—Germans again—furnished six victims. The child of ten months was killed in his mother's arms ; she herself had her arm pierced by the bullet.

Mme. Paulus, a widow, died of fright.

M. Troisfontaines, after the murder of his wife, lost his reason. He ultimately recovered.

Many of the victims were old men ; such were the Germans, Becker and Honderbein.

Jean Paulus had not been long married.

Like Léonard Becker, Pierre Germai was only 17 years old ; he survived the fusillade. Grievously wounded, and seeing another young fugitive, who was dragging himself along by imperceptible degrees, and who invited him to follow, he replied : " Impossible, I am suffering too much." But he was able to crawl as far as the hedge, where he was found, dead, two days later.

Adolphe Fays' brother, who was wounded, escaped owing to the fact that three dead bodies were lying upon him.

Many victims had young children ; among others,

Jacques Dubois, who left six young orphans. Guillaume Pevée also had a large family.

MM. Rentier and Miès were killed as they were passing in their carriage. Rentier was a sort of saint; his whole life was given to beneficent works.

Jean Koch was thrown from the top of a declivity, and it was three weeks before his body was found.

While the men were being led to their death, Henri Neuray, 65 years of age, could walk only with great difficulty; he could not keep up with the rest. The savages beat him so violently that one of his legs was broken. Then his companions carried him.

Louis Raedemacker, 68 years of age, was shot with his three sons. Daniel Corneille was paralysed; his son, 16 or 17 years of age, who was wounded, dragged him to one side after those who were still moving had been pierced with the bayonet; he, too, had been so treated, but he survived. The poor boy was terribly hurt: in the right thigh was a wound nearly three inches long; there was another wound in his left thigh and one in the ankle; the fibula was shattered; and at the outset, in the fusillade, he had received a bullet through the loins; and so he lived for some days, lying beside the dead, sucking grass and weeds for all nourishment. Found at last in a frightful condition, he recovered.

Victor Dubois was almost an octogenarian; Califice, too, was quite an old man.

Jacob Rotheudt was a soldier of 1870; at the moment of execution he divulged his German nationality, and exhibited his German soldier's certificate. The soldiers considered the case. "Tatata!" cried an officer, and, making an end of hesitation, he gave the word to fire.

Victor Debois was killed by a shell; his death must not be debited to the Germans.

We have not entered in this list certain inhabitants of the district of La Bouxhe which lies within the bounds of Soumagne. Such were the Wislets: Mme. and Mlle. Wislet, both handsome women, were attacked by the barbarians and defended by M. Wislet. Him they killed, and his wife also; we have already described the atrocious fate of their daughter.

Olivier Degueldre and his daughter also belonged to Soumagne.

Many of the inhabitants, grievously wounded, were for a long time nursed in the schools by their fellow-citizens, who, while accomplishing this charitable work, more than once ran the risk of enlarging the obituary of Soumagne.

Martin Lovinfosse disappeared on the 5th; it is supposed that he was killed in some lonely spot, or burned.

Louis Renier was the son of Mme. Frusch-Deltoir, the widow of M. Renier, who married, as her second husband, M. Frusch, the burgomaster of Soumagne. Louis was only 17 years of age. It is said that his tongue was torn out, and that he was then killed with the bayonet.

Another victim, Guillaume Frusch, was the burgomaster's brother.

While Hopa was led away towards Liége, his wife remained with the five children. All five were found, burned to ashes, in the remains of their house. It seems clear that this monstrous crime was intentional. "I was being taken away by the Germans," says a witness. "It was dark. As we passed the Hopas' house, the officer gave his men the order to fire and enter the house. Then I heard the shrieks of the women and children, while someone said: 'Set fire to the place!' So the criminals knew!"

It was the same with the neighbouring house, the Lefins'; and there, too, the father had been carried

off. The mother remained with the child; they perished in the flames.

The centre of Soumagne, apart from a few houses burned, was exempt from these horrors. However, the Germans visited it on the 9th. The open space between the church and the communal offices was full of troops, and the inhabitants trembled for the surrounding houses. But a shell from one of the forts—Fléron or Chaudfontaine, lying some three miles distant—broke a hole in the side of the church, while a second shell burst right in the middle of the Place, killing seventeen Germans and wounding a large number. A few minutes later there was not a soldier left in Soumagne.

But was not the 5th of August alone sufficient to soil with an indelible stain the history of the German invasion, which was already, in itself, so hateful?

FLÉRON: BESIEGED BY MASTERS OF THE ART OF BLACKMAILING, MURDER, AND INCENDIARISM

Fléron, the chief town of its canton, was a prosperous community, and was admirably built, lying to the west and a little below the fort which bears its name.

The resistance offered by this fort would furnish a glorious page in the history of the war; but to write that page is no part of our task. Still, in the recital of the horrible deeds accomplished by the Germans over a radius of five miles, the effects of the activities of this fort must now and again appear. Harassed by sorties and decimated by gunfire, the enemy, turning on the suburbs in his rage, traced a circle of blood and fire round the tiny obstacle which dared to brave the incessant afflux of the Germanic forces.

It may be imagined that Fléron had to bear its full share of suffering.

At the opening of hostilities several inhabitants lost their lives. Joseph and Jean Joyeux and Jacques Gathoye, being forced to evacuate their houses, which were too near the fort, had taken refuge with relatives at Magnée. The Germans shot them on the night of the 5th of August.

One Valentin Krämer, of German origin, was taken to Retinne and thence to Soumagne, with his two sons and his daughter. We have seen that all were shot down; one of the sons, who fell wounded amid the corpses of his companions, was the only one to escape death.

Others assassinated were Hubert Jacob, Antoine Varlet, day-labourer (of deficient intellect), Hubert Blum, and Mathieu Klein; these two last perished at Ayeneux.

We have already recorded the death of Noël Magis, in the massacre of Magnée, and that of his son and his old serving-man. Finally, Prosper Lejeune, independent, seeking escape, was killed with blows of the clubbed rifle.

The people of Fléron are firmly convinced that these eleven persons were absolutely innocent.

A twelfth inhabitant of Fléron was put to death because he was caught despoiling the dead after a battle. And this man was—a German.

During the second week the Germans began to set fire to houses within sight of the fort. It is to be noted that a certain number of the artillerymen who were defending the fort were natives of Fléron and the surrounding district. The besiegers hoped to impress them; they definitely expressed their intention of continuing their work of destruction if the fort did not surrender.

One hundred and twenty-two houses were destroyed ;

but many were struck by German projectiles, and by the fort; also a great number were criminally and intentionally given to the flames by the German troops.

Needless to state, before burning these houses, they plundered them. Then inflammable liquids were projected into the houses by means of an apparatus with a nozzle.

However, various houses which were plundered from top to bottom escaped the flames. Of this number were the houses of M. Randaxhe, notary, Dr. Willems, MM. Grayet, tobacconists, Jehasse, brewer, Nicolas Gathoye, merchant, Montfort, corn-chandler, Rasquinet, café-restaurant-keeper, etc. In the last-named establishment, after copiously drinking of the wines and liqueurs in the cellar, the pillagers opened the pigots and allowed the remainder to run off.

The Germans are stated to have stolen 4,500 frs. from M. Montfort's premises, and 125,000 from those of M. Jamsin. At M. Bormann's they destroyed, by fire and pillage, property to the value of nearly 200,000 frs.; and at the establishment of M. Serwir, a large timber-merchant, the loss was about 150,000 frs. The Hôtel de Liège was sacked from top to bottom, the cellars being emptied first. At Mmes. Kevers' establishment—they were wine and spirit merchants—the troops spilled 2,000 litres of liquor which they were unable to drink.

On the highway descending towards Liège nothing was to be seen but drunken soldiers; there they sat, drinking from the bottles, which they would half empty and then send spinning with a kick. Nowhere were officers seen to interfere with a view to stopping this debauchery and brigandage.

Everywhere safes and strong-boxes bore the assault of these singular besiegers. They could not manage to force the safe at the brewery, but they opened, among

others, that of the Maison Romsée, having first carried it into the courtyard.

During the siege they told the inhabitants: "The fire is too violent; leave your houses; you can return in two hours." Then, once the inhabitants had gone out, the plundering began, followed by incendiarism.

One single accusation was made afterwards; it was that someone had fired from the house of the pharmacist, Jamsin. Now, M. Jamsin had taken refuge at Beyne-Heusay, and his house was closed.

Finally, the Germans, to bring about the surrender of the fort, began to terrorise the population. They shut two hundred people in the church, and kept them there all night. They bullied the priests who intervened. When the vicar reached the church they were heard to grumble: "There's one of them we shall have to shoot."

The vicar, being warned, went up to them, and, showing them his armlet, said: "You forget that I am nursing your wounded."

They let him go, but after mass eight men came to arrest him. They led him towards the fort, making this threat: "If they fire from yonder you will be shot." The fort, seeing a priest surrounded by soldiers, did not fire, and the vicar was released; after which the garrison of the fort, taking him for a spy, arrested him, but released him when they had discovered their mistake.

Every day German *parlementaires* presented themselves before the fortress; they announced that they were about to employ shells of great calibre, shells of 42 centimetres, and then asphyxiating shells. The garrison merely laughed at them. However, on the 14th it was suddenly decided to surrender the fort. During the last twelve hours it had received 3,000 shells, and as many had fallen on the surrounding meadows. It was feared that the powder-magazine

would explode. On the other hand, the German artillery having without exception taken up positions behind cover or out of sight, the fort could no longer fire to any purpose. Despite all that was printed in the German illustrated papers, the cupola was not fractured. Of the 400 men of the garrison and the 100 soldiers who held the interval, and had taken refuge in the fort, the losses were very few; two sentinels were killed, one man was drowned, and ten were wounded.

But the valiant warriors who were swarming everywhere about the suburbs, and had not dared to deliver an assault, had killed hundreds of pacific citizens.

HEUSAY

Heusay lies a little below Fléron, on the way to Liége.

The Germans installed themselves in the house of Mme. Meyers, who was absent, in that of M. Delsemme, and in that of the director of the coal-mine. They looted the contents of the cellars, and left their excrement in the rooms. What they stole they sent by waggon into Germany. One evening they had a piano sent to the school, with some women of ill-fame. M. Delsemme's champagne was taken thither. M. Delsemme had recently lost his wife and his sister; the Germans dressed up in the dead women's clothing, donned their hats, and, thus decked out, gave themselves up to all kinds of buffoonery in the garden. (Identical scenes were observed at Ligny.)

The burgomaster, M. Dejardin,¹ and the curé were made hostages. The curé had given asylum to his colleague from Magnée, who, as we have seen, had suffered terribly in his own parish, which was drenched

¹ The Socialist deputy. He courageously fulfilled his obligations in these perilous circumstances.

with blood and flame. On the 13th of August the Germans arrested the two priests and made them ascend towards Fléron, which was burning. With 200 others, they were kept for the night at Fléron, shut up in the church, and were informed that they would be shot in the morning. If the fort did not surrender, everything would be burned ! Soldiers who knew no French repeated the phrases which they had learned by heart : " The ' civilists ' have fired. You will be shoot (*fousilés*). "

A superior officer turned up in the morning, and, seeing the prisoners, who had been brought out of the church into the road, he addressed the officer in charge : " What ! " he bawled, in German, " you are still here with that lot of people ! You ought to have shot all those ! "

Major Schemnitz, of the 38th regiment, went up to them and informed them : " In an hour you will be free ; but you, curé [of Heusay], and seven others will be shot. " The curé of Magnée would not desert his colleague. " We came together, we shall die together. " And the curé's sister refused to leave him.

Schemnitz was a terrible fellow ; his soldiers trembled before him.

A formidable array of artillery—the pieces were both heavy and numerous—was thundering against the fort from all directions. Nevertheless, the Germans were still burning houses in order to impress the besieged garrison.

Finally, it was announced that the fort of Fléron had surrendered. It was this that saved the eight condemned men.

Later, the Germans arrested MM. Jacqmin, the director of the Homvent coal-mine, Picroux, the head accountant, and the commissary of police. The director was bound, with a rope round his neck and four mines at his feet. It was pretended that a

quantity of dynamite had been found at the pit-head, exceeding the quantity declared. This was due to the simple fact that the miners had brought back from the pit the dynamite which they had not used. All three prisoners, though badly maltreated, had the good fortune to escape alive from this adventure.

The commissary was arrested because at the outbreak of the war he had conducted a search in the house of a spy.

It was a Commandant Becker, of Aix or Cologne (of the 39th regiment?), who caused Fléron to be burned. On the following day, in Liége, having quartered himself upon an inhabitant of the city, he said, at breakfast: "Yesterday, at Fléron, we lit a capital fire; we burned two timber-merchants!"

Now, though the German did not know it, his host was the partner of one of these timber-merchants. He ironically complimented the incendiary on his heroism in the war.

CHAPTER III

AROUND BARCHON

LET us now pass on to the north-eastern corner of the province of Liége—that is, to the region forming the angle between the German frontier and the Dutch frontier.

The valleys of the Berwine and its affluents form deep furrows through this country ; the hills run to a height of five or six hundred feet in the direction of the Meuse, while in the direction of the German frontier they reach a height of six hundred and fifty to a thousand feet.

The two forts in this region, Barchon and Evegnée, lying, respectively, about two and two and a half miles from the river, surrendered a week earlier than most of the remainder ; the irregular configuration of the surrounding territory making it impossible for them to reach certain valleys by which the German army advanced upon Liége.

During the first days of the war the invaders were at several points ferocious in their behaviour ; and many of them appeared to be duped by the diabolical comedy played for their benefit by their officers and some of their comrades.

After Belgium's second refusal of the German proposals, the Germanic fury displayed itself with that "cruel character" which had been announced. The small town of this region, Visé, and many villages were annihilated. Between the cradle of Charlemagne,

Jupille, and Aix, his tomb, steel and the torch were wielded in criminal hands, in the year of the eleventh centenary of his death, by the descendants of the barbarians whom his mighty sword had successfully chastised, and his tomb has ceased to be worthy of his glory. . . .

THE EXECUTIONS AT WARSAGE

On Tuesday the 4th of August, at half-past nine, fifty Uhlans, entering Belgium by way of Gemmenich, rode into the public square at Warsage, a commune lying on the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Visé. They halted before the house of the burgomaster, M. Fléchet, a senator, who appeared, and courageously protested against the entrance of a foreign army in violation of Belgian neutrality. A major replied by the reading of a printed document in which it was proclaimed that by refusing thoroughfare King Albert had declared war upon Germany. Similar proclamations were distributed among the villagers. The Germans alleged that obstacles had been placed in their path, but that they were not making war upon Belgium ; they merely wished to pass on. Numerous troops would be passing ; they must receive attention, must be furnished with provisions, etc. They demanded that the trees placed across the roads should be removed, and that a trench which interrupted the road must be filled up. These works of defence had been carried out by order of the Belgian military authorities.

An officer asked the burgomaster : " Are there Belgian soldiers here ? "—" No."—" And at Berneau ? "—" I do not know, but if I did know I should not tell you."—" Is it true that the Visé bridge is broken down ? " No one replied. " Trees must not be cut down, nor bridges destroyed ; at all costs we have to cross Belgium."

The squadron then made off towards Berneau and Visé. About half an hour later motor-cars full of officers armed to the teeth arrived in the village. From that moment there was an interminable procession of cavalry, artillery, waggons of munitions, and infantry.

Early in the afternoon Belgian aeroplanes flew over Warsage and the surrounding country. Immediately guns and rifles sent hundreds of projectiles after them, but with no result.

The German forces pushed on to the Meuse, presently reaching Visé. There they came into collision with the troops of the Belgian Third Division, which kept them in check for several days.

At four o'clock the guns of the forts began to thunder. A large body of German troops was now halted at Warsage. The Fléchet and Jacob families did their utmost to lodge the officers in comfort ; and the whole population hastened to provide the soldiers with all that they asked for. They took refuge in their cellars at night, fearing the firing from the forts and the German artillery.

From sunrise on the 5th the march past commenced ; it was incessant, but now less rapid. The Meuse was still impassable. The army heaped itself up on the right bank, and this first obstacle filled the hearts of the invaders with fury. In the afternoon two or three hundred Germans returned from Berneau to Warsage, with bayonets fixed and revolvers in hand, in a paroxysm of rage. They stated that they had just been burning and bombarding Berneau, and that they had shot several civilians there, "as they fired on the German troops and poisoned several of their wounded."

M. Bastin, a miller of Berneau, and M. Germeau, of Visé, were prisoners in their hands, securely bound ; they were presently to be sent to Germany.

The presence at Warsage of these fanatics, who had just been guilty of incendiarism at Berneau, aroused the population to a sense of its danger. Everyone redoubled his attentions to the Germans. The latter, at nightfall, went from house to house, compelling the inhabitants to extinguish all lights which would shine upon the roads. From the cellars, where they had taken refuge, the population listened, in dejection, to the uninterrupted procession of motor-cars and other vehicles, which continued all night. At five o'clock in the morning Warsage was evacuated. The troops which had occupied the village were in bivouac on the Aubel road.

The burgomaster decided to turn the schools into receiving-hospitals.

Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon the troops suddenly poured back into Warsage, firing into the windows and peppering the houses with bullets. The inhabitants, distracted, took refuge in the cellars. However, calm was soon restored, and it was learned that the burgomaster was requesting those under his jurisdiction to assemble in the public square. This assembling of the population had been ordered by a German captain.

Already there had been victims: Joseph Lebeau, 50 years of age, on hearing the fusillade, had fled into a barn. Soldiers who had seen him surrounded the building and set fire to it. Lebeau was burned alive.

Laurent Goffart, and his cousin Desiré Hensenn, being pursued, took refuge in Goffart's house. They were trying to get from the granary into a hayloft when Goffart caught his foot between two rafters. He was killed by revolver bullets. Hensenn, continuing his flight, received one bullet in the abdomen and six in the feet. Nevertheless, he escaped and recovered.

At the time of the fusillade the Hardy family had

fled from their farm and had taken refuge in a neighbouring hamlet. Presently, however, M. Henri Hardy, aged 81, wished to return home. In vain did the others seek to dissuade him; he said that at his age he would be running no risk. Scarcely had he returned when the soldiers seized him. The Germans shot the octogenarian on the threshold of his dwelling, and dragged his body into the street, where it lay for a whole day, the murderers forbidding anyone to touch it. In the evening his son carried it into the courtyard and hid it under some straw.

The body remained a week without burial. Then it was furtively buried in a garden. Later it was exhumed and removed to the cemetery.

To resume: the population was assembled in the Place, and the barbarians surrounded it, covering it with their rifles and revolvers, and shouting insults.—“What are we accused off?”—“The accusation is explicit; an inhabitant of Warsage has killed a German officer.” Then a whistle gave the signal; pillagers and incendiaries got to work. A rapid coming and going was established between the village and the German frontier. It was like a general house-removal—furniture, linen, blankets, clothing, crockery, plate, wines, were loaded on motor-cars and baggage-waggons, which came and went and came again like bees about a hive. After this a score of houses were burned. The great farmhouse of La Manerie was given to the flames.

Drinking, of course, went on at the same time. The cellars of M. Fléchet and M. Jacob the notary were emptied.

But did any civilian fire? An officer, marching with his men, had certainly fallen on the Aubel road, struck by a bullet in the back. This was in front of an inhabited villa. The villa was surrounded, searched, and burned. Now, many of the soldiers

were marching with their rifles levelled, and their fingers on the trigger ; they were nervous and uneasy, turning to right and to left ; one of these it was who killed the officer. Many inhabitants of Warsage witnessed the incident ; but the Germans would not listen to them. A little later, we are assured, Mme. C—— pointed out the soldier in question ; an officer examined his rifle, and found that one cartridge had been discharged. The man was arrested, but the pretended reprisals were not discontinued on that account.

When the pillaging commenced, the burgomaster was arrested at the moment when he was conversing, on his doorstep, with some officers who had just dined in his house. Then the following persons were arrested, at random, among those inhabitants who were assembled under guard in the square : Léon Dobbelstein, 44 years, baker ; Nestor Geelen, who had for hours that very day been watering the Germans' horses ; Léon Soxhelet, 21 years, and Linotte, 51 years.

The Place was still surrounded ; all believed their last hour had come ; women and children were crying. The sinister comedy continued. An officer announced that the six prisoners would be shot " if anyone fired again." At the same moment a report rang out. The officer condemned the six inhabitants to death. They were led away. He also announced that if the firing was repeated the whole population would be shot.

A group of soldiers guarding the six prisoners proceeded in the direction of Fouron ; but another shot was heard, and a soldier perched on a waggon of munitions fell to the ground as though hit. This was opposite the schools. Immediately the soldiers faced about, announcing that they were going to make an end of the matter. But an officer interfered, reprimanding the soldiers ; the simulation was too obvious,

Thereupon the pretended victim nimbly remounted his waggon and the detachment resumed its march.

However, in the course of their march they further arrested three brothers: Pierre Frank, 38 years, Ferdinand Frank, 17 years, and Julien Frank, 18 years, and, in the same house, their brother-in-law, Lucien Lambert, aged about 28 years. Next came Joseph Leuten, 17 years, Jean Teheux, 50 years, and Nicolas Dumont, 60 years, and Geurden, 60 years. The two demoiselles Grenson, of Berneau, visiting or taking refuge in the house of their uncle at Warsage, were standing on the doorstep; they, too, were taken. They had fled from Berneau because that very morning the Germans had killed their father and wounded their mother and brother.

In the country the prisoners were forced to stop, so that they might watch Warsage burning. The rest of the inhabitants, less closely supervised, escaped into the woods, many reaching Holland.

From Fouron the prisoners were taken to Mouland. They were struck with rifle-butt, because they did not march in rank very well. As they were passing a brook the Germans threw their prisoners' headgear into it; as they were crossing a field of beet the soldiers tore up the roots and threw them at the prisoners' backs and legs. On the way the party met some troops which were coming from Germany. Officers and soldiers abused the captives: "*Schweinhunde!*" A superior officer shouted, as he passed them in a motor-car, "*Cochons!*" Thus encouraged, the soldiers began to cry: "Death to them! Shoot them now, at once!"

There were cavalymen among the guards. They made six of the prisoners stand in line and ordered them to bend their heads. Then they struck them on the neck with their sabres, making a pretence of decapitating them. Finally they shot them. These were the three brothers Frank, Lambert, Teheux,

and Leuten. The burgomaster demanded, pointing at Teheux : " Are you going to shoot that man, who is simple-minded ? " An officer replied : " What has that got to do with me ? "

This was between five and six o'clock in the afternoon.

The other prisoners were warned that their turn would come in half an hour. Later, they were informed that their execution would be postponed until the morrow.

In the meantime three more civilians had been brought up : M. Marcel Keerf, of Fouron-le-Comte, M. Bruyère, burgomaster of Berneau (an octogenarian), and M. Pousset, of Mouland, inspector of works, retired. All were made to kneel, and to pass the night in that position. If, at an end of their strength, they allowed themselves to fall back on their heels, they were forced to rise again, being kicked, or struck with a rifle-butt, or a spur. One soldier paid particular attention to Léon Dobbelstein, endeavouring, several times over, to pluck out one of his eyes with a hook-shaped piece of iron. For a long time afterwards M. Dobbelstein displayed a blue and congested orbit. One soldier, who was said to have lived six years in Belgium, ironically advised the victims to address themselves to the Holy Virgin, praying that she would come to deliver them.

The demoiselles Grenson were not maltreated ; they were given blankets for the night.

The burgomaster, M. Fléchet, was not forced to kneel ; he had succeeded in imposing on the butchers by speaking of the eminent German personages with whom he had formerly gone hunting—among others, the Emperor, before his accession to the throne. Thereafter the Germans, in speaking of him, called him " the hunter."

M. Pousset, of Mouland, 60 years of age, being unable

to remain any longer on his knees, rose to his feet. He cried: "Kill us, instead of maltreating us like this!" He was then struck with the clubbed rifle.

An old man from Berneau, being struck, protested in an access of indignation. Seven or eight men threw themselves upon him and stamped upon him until they believed he was dead. "First *kaput!*" they cried. Half an hour later he made a movement. Then they tied him to a cartwheel and struck him with clubbed rifles. Then a horse was brought, and was lashed until it kicked the unhappy man.

During this torment an officer who was passing said to the soldiers: "Are you not ashamed to maltreat a defenceless old man like that?" Directly the officer had moved away the tortures were resumed, and death put a term to these atrocities.

In addition to numerous sentinels fifty soldiers kept on moving around the group. "They had come to look at the prisoners." They spoke now to one prisoner, now to another: "You, I saw you fire." When they spoke to Dobbelstein he replied: "I have spent the last few days in cooking bread for you." Three men promptly fell upon him and unmercifully beat him.

The unhappy victims had received neither food nor drink since their arrest. One of them, in extremity, complained of thirst; the soldiers began to drink before the prisoners' eyes, without giving them even a drop of water. In the morning the Warsage prisoners and other groups of civilians, who had been arrested in the same manner, and scattered about the countryside, were made to march across country in order to show themselves to the army, doubtless in the hope of exciting the latter. They were then forced to kneel at a short distance from the road. When the march-past of the troops commenced, the executions were proceeded with.

The scaffold consisted of a bar of iron, attached to

the trunks of two young poplars. Pulleys had been fixed to this. The executioners took Marcel Keerf of Fouron to begin with. The rope was passed round his neck, and, passing it through a pulley, the savages raised and lowered their victim seven or eight times, banging his head against the gibbet at each upward leap, and so till he died. All the prisoners, placed between two ranks of soldiers, were forced to observe this horrible spectacle.

So died Marcel Keerf, Nestor Geelen, Léon Soxhelet, and three others, who did not belong to this group, and whose names we have not been able to procure.

These hangings lasted as long as the passage of the troops. The survivors were driven to Bombaye. From Mouland to the latter place they had to run through the pouring rain. The soldiers pricked them with their bayonets. The three old men—M. Dumont, M. Bruyère, burgomaster of Berneau, and M. Pousset—could not run as fast as the rest. What became of them? That is a mystery; they were never seen again.

The two young girls had been released. M. Fléchet was sent home as Keerf was being hanged. He escaped, no doubt, through making the most of his relations with eminent Germans. Previous to his own release he had obtained that of Geurden, because the latter was a Dutchman.

Almost the whole population of Bombaye had been driven out into the fields, where the Germans placed a guard over them. The prisoners brought from Berneau became confounded with them. The curé of Bombaye having emphatically made himself answerable for his parishioners, all were liberated, but on condition that the commune of Bombaye delivered to the troops all it possessed in the way of provisions: bread, bacon, meat, butter, eggs, etc. The troops took so much that they were unable to consume it all. On one single

farm five pigs lay rotting in a meadow, for the inhabitants were forbidden to touch them.

Many inhabitants of Warsage were killed on the ensuing days. We may mention in particular Joseph Frambach and Pierre Vieillevoie, 58 years of age.

What regiments committed these crimes? It is said that the regiments from Bonn and the Cologne district abstained from them; among others, the 25th and the 53rd are said to have been irreproachable—at all events, here, but we shall meet with the 53rd at Wandre. There were great numbers of Uhlans and Hussars about Mouland and Richelle. The 23rd infantry regiment was brutal in its behaviour; the 73rd was worse, and the 16th unspeakable.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BERNEAU

Berneau lies between Warsage and Visé, quite close to Holland. This little village is to-day absolutely deserted. But if you ask the Dutch at the frontier about the advent of the German troops you will receive a first impression. "The invaders," they will tell you, "behaved, close by us here, like maniacs. They pillaged, got drunk, then quarrelled among themselves and fired at one another; presently we saw the flames devouring the villages. Every night the sky to the south was red. The guns made our windows rattle, and hundreds of Belgian families fled over to us, terror-stricken."

Going from the frontier to Berneau one sees, to the left of the highway, a group of some thirty young poplars. Two of these are connected by a bar of iron: the gallows. . . . It was here that the horrible scene was enacted which we have just described.

In the neighbouring meadow the remains of a cemented trench and a little earth cover the bodies

of two victims whose cadaverous odour had revealed their presence.

In other meadows beside the road streaks of clay form the only indication of graves which may not bear any token of regret; and other graves from which rise crosses bearing faded wreaths. The first are those of Belgian victims; the second are those of Germans, perhaps of murderers; they bear inscriptions in Gothic characters which signify: "Dead for the Fatherland"; but the dead men fell in a brawl in which drunken men fired upon one another.

Here is the village: it consists only of desolate ruins. Apart from two or three houses which were occupied by the Germans, everything, absolutely everything, was burned. No human face to be seen; only a few emaciated cats cross the road, going from one ruin to another.

A large and handsome house, now also in ruins, stood on the right of the road; here the Andriens lived, two brothers and a sister, Mlle. Andrien, who was shot as she was leaving the house, carrying a large sum of money in bank-notes. The Germans searched and despoiled the body. Her two brothers are said to have been sent to Germany with other prisoners. At all events, they disappeared.

Inhabitants of Berneau who took refuge in Holland relate that on the night of the 4th of August the shots fired by drunken German soldiers were attributed by the latter to the people of the village. Now, the population of the village numbered 450, and many had already thought it prudent to fly, while the Germans were thousands strong. No one can have dreamed of attacking them. But a pretext was needed, so that the pillagers might get to work. Having stolen and ransacked everything, the troops set fire to the village, with rockets, and incendiary pastilles, and apparatus throwing jets of petroleum. . . . Yes, they were well equipped!

Almost everywhere one finds the same cycle: drunkenness, pillage, incendiarism, assassination.

And now, what is the German version? Here is the translation of a page of a note-book which is in our possession; it was picked up near the cemetery of Rhées (Herstal), where many dead were buried on the 6th and 7th of August.

NOTES OF THE WAR

"On the 2nd of August left Schwerin; after twenty-two hours on railway we reach Aix-la-Chapelle. Everywhere we were received with enthusiasm.

"*4th of August.*—From Aix we march across Belgium to the Meuse, in order to occupy the bridges, but the Belgians have already blown them up. After marching twelve hours we bivouac at Berneau. The population offers us water; but at night they fired on us.

"*5th of August.*—Even in the daytime they have fired on those who went to get water. The village has been partly destroyed."

There the unhappy man's pencil was arrested. He fell on the 6th or 7th. God grant that he believed what he wrote! It is possible.

Note that the troops started from the north of Germany on the 2nd, before the ultimatum was presented. We shall note the same fact when dealing with Herve; the first troops to arrive there left Magdeburg on the morning of the 2nd of August. On that very day the German Minister in Brussels was still making reassuring declarations: "You may perhaps see your neighbour's roof burned, but your own house will be untouched." And the troops had already left Brandenburg and Pomerania for the Belgian frontier, provided with incendiary engines!

If only they had merely burned and pillaged!

But what has become of the population of Berneau? It has been scattered as the leaves are scattered by the gales of autumn. Who were the victims? Who

can say? These names, at least, are certain : Louise Andrien, Mathieu Claessens, Joseph Claessens, Hubert Kempeneers, Hubert Grenson, François Legrand, and Jean Tossings.

Out in the country the body of François Laixhey, aged 69, of Bombaye, was found, and that of another man, so disfigured that it could not be identified. The burgomaster of Berneau, M. Bruyère, an old man of 80 years, was arrested and taken into the fields, where he was maltreated. He was forced to witness the scene of the hangings already described ; after which he was led away, his hands bound behind his back, to Bombaye. Nothing is known of his ultimate fate.

The general opinion is that the Germans shot him, but we found it was impossible to obtain any precise data as to the circumstances of his death.

Last March, when the ploughing was commenced, a ploughshare uncovered the arm of a corpse which had been buried under a thin layer of earth. Some thought to recognise in this corpse the remains of the burgomaster, although one of the pockets contained a notebook of a certain Pousset, of Mouland, who was a prisoner in the same group as the burgomaster.

On the 9th of April seven bodies were exhumed near the gallows, three of which were women. Will it ever be possible to identify them ?

MOULAND

At Mouland-lez-Berneau also the majority of the houses were burned after they had been plundered. Why? No pretext was advanced. The villagers will tell you, with resignation : " They seemed to be doing it just to amuse themselves."

Those assassinated at Mouland were : the brothers

Henri and Toussaint Timmers ; André Puts, navvy on the railway ; Michel Pousset.

Others were deported to Germany : Paul Dofnay, farmer ; Jean Pieters, agricultural labourer ; Balthazar Mahiels ; Toussaint Pluskin ; Joseph Urlin, farmer.

As we leave the ruins of Berneau a wide excavation, newly dug, cuts across the high-road ; it is a railway-cutting on the line which the Germans are building from Tongres to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Following the highway, examine the ditches which border it on either side as far as Bombaye and from thence to Mortroux. You will find broken bottles everywhere. Is not this an eloquent detail ?

JULÉMONT : BLOOD AND FIRE—JUDGMENT BY PRESUMPTION

Julémont is one of the first Belgian communes to be traversed by the German Army in its march upon the forts of Barchon and Evegnée. It is now another Berneau ; not a living soul is left in it. Only two buildings have been spared by the flames : the house of the *garde champêtre* and a free school.

Here again pillage preceded incendiarism ; furniture, plate, linen, were sent across the frontier. The pretext was the same as usual : the troops had been fired on.

Rifle-shots were heard in the night. But whence were they fired ? The question answers itself. On the one hand, thousands of armed men ; on the other, a hundred families, trembling and weaponless. Only one presumption is possible : in the absence of facts to prove the contrary we can only presume that the shots were fired by soldiers. They were incited to fire ; it was to their interest to fire ; while as for the civilians, the very reverse was the truth. But the conclusion

arrived at by the Germans has everywhere been contrary to this evidence.

At Julémont, a village lately prosperous, but to-day a melancholy wilderness, the following inhabitants were treacherously assassinated :

Jean Ruwet, born in 1844.	Martin Pauchenne, born in 1864.
Pierre Beyers, born in 1847.	Jean Biémard, born in 1875.
Olivier Leens, born in 1857.	Toussaint Dethioux, born in 1887.
Hubert Frédéric, born in 1857.	Pierre Ruvet, born in 1887.
J. Lambert Fransen, born in 1858.	Pierre Arnolis, born in 1895.
Walthère Borguet, born in 1862.	Edouard Becker, born in 1900.

The rest of the inhabitants owed their safety only to flight ; these few men, some old, some only boys, were caught by the barbarians.

HERE AND THERE

We must make mention of yet a few more victims who fell under the German bullets or bayonets in the neighbourhood of Barchon.

At Saint-André, a tiny commune : P. Arnolis, of Trembleur, aged 50 years ; P. Vaarwarheck, aged about 40 years ; Alph. Biémart, aged about 40 years ; Pierre Verviers, aged about 24 years. Thirteen houses in this village were burned.

At Saive, two civilians were killed, one of them being a young girl.

At Tignée (150 inhabitants), two persons disappeared.

At Cerexhe, the wife of M. Troisfontaine, baker, with her two children and her mother-in-law, perished in the flames.

At Evegnée (270 inhabitants) the Germans burned four houses ; they killed Jean Van Weddingen and grievously wounded Jean Wertz, and his son Mathieu,

who lost his forearm ; they imprisoned for some months, in the Chartreuse, an old man of 70 years, Gilles Normand, arrested while on a visit to his nephew at Retinne. Finally, a young man of 18, Breuer by name, having gone to Soumagne, perished in the massacre there.

At Jupille they killed :

Nicolas Christophe, armourer.
Henri Depireux, iron-roller.
Laurent Depireux, armourer.
François Doyen, armourer.
Nicolas Lemaire, coppersmith.

Thomas Demeuse, carpenter.
Jean Henrard (of Liège).
Ferdinand Bourguignon (of
Bressoux).

It must not be supposed that the armourer or gunsmith (small-arms making is hereabouts a cottage industry) will necessarily be in possession of firearms. There are something like thirty-five departments of the armourer's craft ; and each worker specialises in such partial operations, the assembling of parts being effected elsewhere, in the big factories of Liège.

THE CRIME OF BOMBAYE

These murders are common assassinations, just as the sacking of houses is common theft and brigandage. When by chance the Germans happened to give some definite pretext for their violence, they were immediately confounded.

Here, for example, is an episode of their march through Bombaye, near Berneau.

Some inhabitants of this village were, without any motive, taken into a meadow, where they passed the afternoon of Friday the 7th of August in a deluge of rain ; they were kept there all night and all the following day. On Saturday evening they were allowed to return home.

The Califice-Hautvast family accordingly returned

to their farm. Famished, but happy to have escaped, they sat down to table. At this moment a shot was heard. Soldiers burst in: "*Draussen!* Out with you!"

The women wept; the men waxed indignant. "Someone has fired!" bawled the Germans; "the farm will be burned and you will be shot!"

Some of the soldiers pointed to a window on the first floor. It was from there that the shot was fired!

At this moment an old woman who had lingered on the road, realising what was happening, briskly intervened. "I saw the man who fired!" she cried. "There he is!"

She pointed to a German soldier, who angrily protested. The plucky woman, full of indignation, seized the barrel of his rifle, and, shaking it, cried: "I saw him—it was he; I saw him!" The officers, puzzled, examined the rifle; they found that the soldier had indeed fired! He confessed: it was an accident!

In the course of these narratives we more than once discover criminal imposture thus caught in the act.

Here is a detail which shows to what an extent the invasion was prepared for, down to the smallest items: The officers all knew what terms they were to employ in addressing the burgomasters and the leading residents of the communes. In one commune which we could name, on the first day of the war, the major who commanded the first troops to arrive halted before the curé and made him, in German, a speech which he had apparently learned by heart: "You Belgians are savages; you will be made to see reason. You Catholic priests are the cause of this war. You are pig-dogs. Those who offend will be shot, etc., etc. Do you understand?" A second battalion followed; the major addressed the curé in precisely the same words. Then came a third. . . .

The curé watched the passing troops and did not reply. Almost the same harangue was addressed to the burgomaster by a series of officers, so that he finally became impatient and himself completed the rigmarole, which a captain had begun to recite.

For three weeks this burgomaster was forced to lead seventy men in the direction of the fort every day, on the pretext that they were to serve as hostages. In reality the enemy forced them under threats to work in the trenches.

QUEUE-DU-BOIS : POINT-BLANK ARTILLERY FIRE.

Queue-du-Bois lies on the heights of the right bank, near the middle of the Liège-Evegnée-Fléron triangle.

The 5th of August was a day of anxiety ; the bombardment and the battles around the forts had alarmed the population. About half-past ten at night the population was aroused by cries of terror and of weeping ; the people of Retinne and the surrounding parts, flying before the invader, had arrived in the village. A certain number were given asylum in Queue-du-Bois, while the rest had to continue their flight towards Jupille and Liège.

An hour later our soldiers fell back on the village, contesting the ground foot by foot. House-roofs were shattered by shrapnel ; the fighting swept into the village high-street, which was defended with desperation ; the Belgians, however, retired, in good order, before superior forces. The Germans then invaded the village, giving utterance to "*Hochs!*" of victory which were more like the howlings of wild beasts. They began their exploits by placing at the entrance to the village, which was already damaged by the bombardment, a piece of artillery, which, at a range of fifteen yards, sent a projectile through the house of M. Fléron, the pharmacist, and the presbytery.

Other soldiers, in the meantime, assembled a group of civilians whom they shot then and there. These were :

J. Ernst, 45 years.	W. Woit, 40 years.
L. Custers, 26 years, recently married.	J. Janssenne, 67 years.
L. Wilderians, 38 years, of Saive.	L. Thône, 30 years, of Bellaire.
	J. Dols, 16 years.

About six o'clock in the morning those inhabitants who had remained in the commune were advised by the Germans to take refuge in Liège, on the pretext that heavy artillery would be employed. Immediately the villagers had gone the pillaging of their houses began.

After the pillaging a dozen houses were burned.

AT BELLAIRE

Bellaire practically forms one village with Queue-du-Bois. Passing through, the Germans threw incendiary pastilles, which burned several houses ; they also broke the windows and furniture. Several fires were extinguished by the inhabitants.

One old man of seventy, being deaf, did not take to flight ; he was shot.

A young man of Barchon, trying to escape across a meadow, was killed.

The civilians killed were : B. Sauvenière, of Barchon ; L. Hanquet-Thône, of Saive ; Jean Janssen, of La Motte (Wandre) ; and a child was suffocated in a burning house.

THE HORRORS AT BARCHON

Of the six forts on the right bank of the Meuse that of Barchon is the northernmost ; it dominates the second line of hills which run parallel to the river. The village of Barchon, near the fort, numbered 600

souls. Nothing is left but ruins ; the inhabitants are dispersed over the countryside and abroad.

Contrary to what might be supposed, its destruction had no connection with the attack on the fort ; it was several days after the surrender that the Germans drenched Barchon with blood and fire.

To reconstitute the tragedy, we had to gather data in the neighbouring villages.

After the capture of the Barchon fort on Sunday the 9th of August, the Germans occupied the village, installing their batteries there in order to fire on the Pontisse fort, which faced them on the opposite bank of the Meuse.

On the following day, during this bombardment, twelve men of Barchon were taken as hostages ; they were soon afterwards released.

So far the invaders had not had leisure to deal with the population. But on the 11th of August they entered the village and amused themselves by plundering those houses from which the inmates had fled ; they stole a quantity of wine. They entered the church and did some damage there. The population becoming suddenly uneasy, many of the inhabitants left the village.

On the 12th of August the Germans installed themselves in the Hackins' house, on the square by the church ; they dragged the furniture out of doors and amused themselves by playing the piano while the troops went by. Others entered the communal offices and broke or tore everything they could lay their hands on ; they did the same in the two schools. They showed no more respect for the cemetery. The cellars of M. Garsoux, wine-merchant, were completely emptied, despite the prohibition of the colonel in command.

On the 13th of August fresh troops arrived. They were well received by the inhabitants, who procured them all they asked for. The commander of an artil-

lery regiment gave the curé a testimonial expressing the lively satisfaction experienced by his troops and himself in respect of the treatment accorded them by the people of Barchon. Now, on the following day, Barchon was to perish.

14th of August.—Irreproachable witnesses describe this terrible day as follows : The army of invasion continued to pass through. There was a great deal of artillery. Some of the villagers returned, reassured by the Germans. These latter were encamped in the Delnooz meadow, but in the evening they became extremely turbulent. Then, about nine o'clock, terrible volleys of rifle-fire were heard about the houses ; the soldiers were scattering through the village like tigers escaped from a menagerie. They drove out the inhabitants, without mercy on the aged, the sick, or the children. The 85th regiment operated from the line of the adjacent railway, to the "Crucifix," the 165th at the Communes. This last-named regiment was even worse in its behaviour than the first ; its men killed people in their houses, on the road, in their gardens. And what acts of cruelty were committed ! The terror caused by their atrocities was indescribable. They set fire to the houses and to the church. The terrified inhabitants were held prisoners at two points—near the Factory and near the Colsons' house. They witnessed the burning of their village and the death of their kinsfolk who were shot.

Of the group of prisoners by the Factory the soldiers came to fetch five young girls whom they took to the camp. . . . In the meantime the smoke became suffocating ; sparks were falling in eddies, threatening to ignite the clothing of the captives and the straw which had been thrown around them.

The night was thus passed in consternation and anguish. Challenged with regard to their violence, the Germans replied that the inhabitants had fired on

them. The truth is that in order to have some pretext for pillaging, some soldiers had fired off their rifles; *this was observed by eye-witnesses.*

Yet other prisoners were brought up. In the morning the women were dismissed. Twelve men were bound and sent in the direction of Jupille, behind the waggons. Twelve others were destined to be shot; their graves were dug before their eyes.

What rancour, what fury, were displayed by the soldiers who passed these twelve men as they marched by, having no doubt been told that they were aggressors!

In the meantime, at the spot known as Les Communes, the Germans had killed or burned twenty-six persons. Here are the names of these victims:

Léonard Bony, 34 years.
Alexandrine Vieillevoie, his wife, 34 years.

Hubertine, their daughter, 2 years.

Gérard Mélotte, 56 years.

Armand Perrick, 25 years.

Joseph Labeye, 51 years, and his two sons.

Jean-Denis Labeye, 20 years,

Mathieu Labeye, 19 years.

Mathieu Renier, 52 years.

Thérèse Renier, his daughter, 20 years.

Olivier Renier, his son, 19 years.

Noël Outers, 70 years.

Fagard, senior, missing.

Gérard Lehane, 19 years.

François Lehane, brother of Gérard, 17 years.

Louis Lehane, brother of Gérard and François, 12 years.

Jacques Flamand, of Heuseaux.

Marie Leers, his wife, and their father, aged 94.

Ida Froidmont, wife of Th. Rensonnet.

Henri Rensonnet, her son, 25 years.

Daniel Bourdouxhe, 76 years, and Marguerite Mawet, his wife, 75 years.

Joséphine Bourdouxhe, 27 years, their daughter, married.

Her two daughters, aged 2 and 5 years.

Most of the women perished in the flames.

The twelve prisoners who were to be shot were led up to their grave, and then close to the fort, where,

during an agonising period of waiting, they heard that they would be shot on the following day if there was more firing. Finally, they were released on Monday evening, after enduring the cruellest moral sufferings. The curé was one of this group.

There were ninety houses burned in Barchon during this terrible night. The few that remained were plundered by the soldiers and are half destroyed.

Those who were killed—all innocent victims—met their death in various ways. Some were transfixed by the bayonet as they opened the door to the soldiers who were battering at it; others were killed in their gardens, or on the road, or wherever they had sought a refuge; many were caught in the flames OR WERE THROWN INTO THEM.

15th of August.—The Germans further displayed their ferocity by killing a poor man of some forty years of age who was digging vegetables in his garden. His brother, endeavouring to procure a coffin, was kept a prisoner all night and robbed of his little all. The poor mother, 75 years of age, remained in the house with her dead son, was violated by a German, and fell grievously ill. . . .

16th of August.—All the inhabitants of Chefneux were taken prisoners and were removed to Wandre. One house was burned, and four more men were shot: Hubert Vieillevoys, brewer, 48 years; Paul Delnooz, 19 years; Jean-Jacques Charlier, 52 years; Sebastien Thonon, 22 years; M. Vieillevoys's sister, greatly his senior, was dragged after him, attached to a waggon.

In the afternoon an old man attempted to re-enter his house in the hamlet of Chefneux. He was assassinated. He was Eugène Warsage, 70 years of age.

17th of August.—The Germans burned the entire hamlet of Chefneux (twenty-two houses). Since then

Barchon has contained nothing but ruins, which crumble from day to day. It is a desert.

THE ATROCITIES COMMITTED AT BLÉGNY

Blégnny is the principal division of the commune of Blégnny-Trembleur, which adjoins Barchon. The village, which lies on a height, is very well laid out, endowed with excellent roads, and served by the adjoining Liège-Jupille-Fouron railway. It owes its embellishments and its means of communication to M. Ruwet, the burgomaster, a man of initiative and full of self-sacrificing zeal. The centre of the village is—or rather was—very greatly admired; there stood several large houses of eighteenth-century architecture, some charming buildings of more modern construction, and a spacious and beautiful church, in the Pointed style. Of this nothing remains but a series of ruins, but the aspect of the whole is still impressive, proclaiming eloquently the barbarism of the invader.

Blégnny was ravaged on two separate occasions.

On the 4th of August the presence of the Germans had been reported at Richelle and Trembleur, but the population supposed that they had nothing to fear from their passage. However, on Wednesday the 5th the 16th regiment arrived, with portions of the 19th and the 23rd. They seemed to be excited. Many asked if nothing had been seen of some French patrols. . . . Already, then, they had been nourished on the legend of the previous introduction of French troops into Belgium. The replies which they received, which were of course in the negative, excited their distrust.

In the afternoon the first murder was committed, under circumstances of odious brutality. One of the most respected residents of the village, M. Joseph Smets, professor of the armourer's craft—for Blégnny, like all this district, numbered many gunsmiths, and

even possessed a school of armoury—M. Smets, I say, was at the bedside of his wife, who was in child-bed. Soldiers broke into his house, killed him on the spot, and threw his body into the road, while others, with blows of their clubbed rifles, forced his widow to leave her bed, and drove her out of the house, together with her sister, who carried the newly-born child. This act of utter savagery was absolutely unprovoked.

In another house an old man, M. Henri Bonsang, was struck by a bullet which traversed his body. Although he remained where he fell, unattended, for two or three days, he recovered.

At the same time a large number of villagers were driven out of their houses, hustled, threatened, and struck. They took refuge in the Blégny Institute, which was kept by nuns. In the evening still more arrived from all directions. An officer came to harangue them in German; his tone was ironical. He ordered them now to lie down, now to get up, now to sit. About nine o'clock they were all invited to rise—and for what? To watch the village burning. The unhappy prisoners passed the night in a state of terror, or weeping.

At six o'clock the next morning another murder was committed. The victim was an artisan, Jules Herman. He, so the people of Blégny tell me, was "the pearl of men, kind and obliging; there was no end to his devotion to others." His wife had undergone a serious operation, so he had not been able to make his escape. The family had taken refuge in a cellar; they were driven out; Herman was hunted and shot down. He left four children, all under age. His house was burned. This young family, which was in easy circumstances, is now totally ruined and has no means of support.

Meanwhile the Germans, leaving the women and children in the Institute, called out the men, to the number of 296; they were shut up in the church. On

the following day they were taken to Battice, many miles distant. It was there that the curé of Blégnny, the venerable Abbé Labeye, was so grossly maltreated. Even the irreligious were disgusted. They sought to protect him, by surrounding him ; but the Germans threw him into the ditch. He rose on his knees and prayed ; his face was buried in the mud ; he was struck and pricked with the bayonet.

Then, at Battice, seven men of Blégnny were shot. Their names are given below, with their approximate ages :

Joseph Kusters, 30 years.	Pierre Godart, left widow and
Joseph Flamand, 25 years.	orphans.
Jean Dortu, 40 years.	Gérard Renard.
François Dumonceau, sheriff,	Noël Nihant, 55 years.
78 years.	

Why these rather than others? No one knows. They were buried almost at the surface, in the bank beside the road. When his family exhumed M. Dumonceau, they found, attached to his ankles, the chain which had been employed to drag the body of this old man, who was almost an octogenarian. All had been tortured before they were put to death. In the case of Noël Nihant, lighted cigars had been pressed into his face and neck. The butchers spat in the faces of their victims.

On the 6th of August Lambert Delnooz, aged about 55 years, inhabiting an isolated farm, heard a noise, opened the door, and put his head out ; a soldier fired at him, and he was killed on the spot.

Finally, on the 7th, M. Alphonse Hendrick, married, aged about 35 years, was shot in the village.

The second series of crimes was committed nine days later. On the 16th of August the 64th regiment was

guilty of the usual atrocities. During the preceding night shots had been fired which assuredly could not have been fired by the inhabitants. In the morning the Germans placed four victims in a line against the wall of the church. They placed them in the space between the second and third buttresses on the left, where traces may be seen of bullets which struck the stone. These victims were: The burgomaster, M. Ruwet; the curé, M. Labeye; M. Gaspard Hakin; and M. Léopold Hakin.

These two last, in order to save the village from further misfortunes, had devoted their days and nights to procuring for the troops all they could desire. The curé and the burgomaster, who had both done so much for Blégny, fell one upon the other. We shall return to their death later.

This is not all. On the day before, the 15th, two inhabitants of Blégny perished at Barchon, that other scene of horrors. Their death was dramatic. The barbarians proposed to kill Henri Rensonnet, aged 23 years. His mother intervened, protested, pleaded; nothing could move the criminals. They shot both mother and son.

Mme. Rensonnet, *née* Ida Froidmont, was about 50 years of age.

It should be noted that some seventy German wounded, brought in from the Leval wood, were being cared for at the Blégny Institute. After the fourfold murder of the 16th, the church was burned. The sisters of the Institute then went to bring in the bodies. At this moment a motor-car passed; shots were fired by those in the car at the sisters, but they were not hit.

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But what crimes had the people of Blégny committed thus to draw down upon their heads the wrath

of the Germans when the latter had barely arrived from the frontier ?

And what fresh crimes were they supposed to have committed ten days after the infliction of the first "reprisals" ?

Merely to ask the question is to emphasise the improbability of aggression on the part of the civil population. Moreover, the Germans were unable to accuse anyone. From the 4th of August the little village was submerged with troops. What hothead would have dared to attack them ? There, as elsewhere, when the soldiers were drunk or wanted to pillage, they fired shots during the night.

At the very outset we were told an officer, producing a map, surrounded Blégny with a pencil-mark, saying : "That's got to disappear." We do not vouch for this detail. But in any case fifty-six houses were burned, some on the night of the 5th and others on the night of the 16th. And most of those which escaped fire were given up to pillage. The inhabitants were ordered, on various pretexts, to vacate their homes for the time being ; and, when they had obeyed, the houses were pillaged. For example, at M. Greffe's, the watch-maker's, clocks and watches were stolen. At the Lechanteurs', opposite the church, the Germans cried : "Stop here, nothing is going to happen !" And at that very moment the house was fired in several places.

Thus houses were burned and pillaged before any accusation whatever had been formulated, and on the 5th and 6th MM. Smets and Bonsang were assassinated.

It was later that the civilians were vaguely accused of having fired, and a German soldier was picked up mortally wounded.

There was nothing surprising in this, as the soldiers, whether drunk or not, were continually firing their rifles. The Blégny physician, M. Reidemester, operated on the wounded man ; having extracted the

bullet, he discovered that it was a German projectile. This fact was impressed on the officers present.

In January the Germans summoned to the Barchon fort several of the inhabitants of Blégny in order to question them as to the events of August. The first question was : " Did you see the francs-tireurs whose attacks so angered our troops ? " It will be seen that the inquiry was insidious, and it will be understood that most of the witnesses were extremely laconic. One leading inhabitant, whose name we could supply, declared the same evening that he had not dared to relate this detail : on the 5th or 6th of August, while standing on his doorstep, he saw an officer, who was alone, fire his revolver in the air and then whistle. He was promptly surrounded by soldiers, shouting, "*Man hat geschossen !*"

I am told that Dr. Reidemester was interrogated on several separate occasions during the month of February by the German Commission of Inquiry. The Commission was determined to wrest from him a declaration that he was not certain that the bullet extracted from the German soldier already mentioned was a German bullet. The physician firmly persisted in his declaration, and proved that he was familiar with the various German, Belgian, and French projectiles.

Here, as elsewhere, the accusations brought against the civilians were miserable excuses. Those officers were more sincere who, in the face of subsequent reproaches, confined themselves to the stupid explanation : " What would you expect ? It is war ! "

But no, this is not war ; it is theft and brigandage ; it is crime in all its violence and cowardice.

THE NOTES OF A VICTIM

A lady living in Blégny in August 1914, a witness of the facts, who is now a refugee in Holland, has sent

us the following pages. We shall not resist our inclination to reproduce them. They contain a narrative of one of the thousands of tragic episodes of the German invasion.

"Our curé, M. Labeye, had entered the following notes in a manuscript-book :

"'Monday, the 3rd of August, at 5 o'clock : alarm-bell. A premature warning. Tuesday, 4th of August : trenches. Arrests, wounded and killed at Mortier and Julémont. Four o'clock, cannonade. At 5 o'clock, German cavalry reported at Trembleur. A squadron of Belgians attacks them. A battery, in the fields near Trembleur, fires every five minutes, two or three shots, to which the Barchon fort replies. At 6.30 I am sent to the hospice, where I confess till 8.30. The cannonade ceases at 11 at night, to be resumed at 3 in the morning.

"'6th of August, at 5 o'clock : a German battalion is occupying the village. The Belgian troops fire on it and retire upon Barchon. Wednesday afternoon the Germans search the houses, and send the people to the church, promising them security. Then they go and arrest them in their houses, and take them to the church, to the number of 250 or thereabouts. I go to the church. All is in an uproar. Fifteen soldiers are on guard over the people. I beg those present to be calm, to pray. I go up into the pulpit and we pray. Then I enter the confessional. Almost all those present come to me. Later I am forbidden to confess or to pray, and inquiries are conducted in the church. Presently we see the light of conflagrations started in the neighbourhood. Taken outside to appear before the major I find the public square burning : the market-building, the houses of Delnooz, Dortu, Lechanteur, Greffe, Clermont, Heuchenne, Rikir, Carabin, Smets, Plieers, Duckers, Julin, Dumoulin, Verviers, Westphall, Devortille, Battise, Hackin, Custers, Bartholomé, Gueusay, Comblain, Hackin, Renard, Grandjean, Bouvier, Dauby, Fransen, Rademacker, Bouwers, Battise, Darchambeau.

"'Joseph Smets, Lambert Delnooz, Herman Hendrick were killed.

"'We pass the night in the church. Ernest Clermont is taken with a nervous attack ; so is Léopold Dortu. About 5 o'clock someone comes to make a statement : the women and children can go ; the men will remain ; they will be sent to Germany. . . . Could I have managed not to be

included in this sentence? In any case I shall not make any request; I expect I shall be only too useful if I accompany the 170 unfortunate fellows.

" ' We start. Past Golcé we are made to enter a meadow; first alarm; we suppose they are going to shoot us. I begin to pray. After an hour we resume the march. Again we go into a meadow near Battice. We are gathered together in the middle, surrounded by sentinels. We have to lie down; here we shall sleep. For food, a few sweetmeats, a few crusts; in the evening a few mouthfuls of soup given by some compassionate soldiers.

" ' I was much exposed to the bad behaviour of the soldiers and subordinate officers; they accused me of having placed a telephone in the church tower (it was installed by the Belgian Army) and of having sent soldiers thither with the orders to fire on the Germans. Then impieties were uttered against religion, against Jesus Christ and prayer. They wanted to make me admit that I could speak German. As I did not understand, they shook their fists at me, kicked me, threatened me with their rifles, bayonets, with an axe, with a dirk. . . . Once an officer spat in my face, threw my bonnet on the ground, and spat on that. Another struck me in the chest with his rifle-butt, and gave me a violent kick on the leg. A soldier pricked me three times with his bayonet and wounded me slightly. Others, in giving some apples to my companions, threw them at my head. Nothing very serious; however, they were so furious that if they had found me alone I think they would have killed me.

" ' Meanwhile they shot five of our companions: Joseph Cursters, Jean Dortu, Sodar, Joseph Flamand, and Renard. On two occasions they made us believe that we too were about to be shot. Another time they fired volleys over our heads so as to frighten us. Then they once more placed in front of us a second series of four men condemned to die, among others Noël Nihan. These unhappy creatures had been there since 4 o'clock the previous day, their hands bound, and I know they were still there the day after our departure. What became of them?

" ' On Friday, the 7th of August: at 11.30 in the morning it began to pour with rain. How should we pass the coming night? But now a captain came to inform us that we were free and must return to Blégny in all possible haste.

" ' . . . Monday, the 10th of August: there are by now thirty-eight houses burned and twenty-three damaged.

" ' . . . Thursday the 13th: a few houses pillaged, two young

men taken away. The burgomaster obtains a quantity of flour at the Argenteau mill.

“ ‘ Friday, the 14th: a few houses pillaged.

“ ‘ Friday night: the village of Barchon is burned and the curé taken prisoner.’ ”

Here follows the text of a brief address prepared for Sunday the 16th. The curé urges his parishioners not to be discouraged and to resort to prayer :

“ ‘ . . . Hold fast to God: not so much so that He may make an end of your woes, but in order that he may seal you of the number of His elect. . . . What matter though we suffer, what matter though all we possess is taken from us, what matter though we die, provided we are of this number and are triumphant with Christ Jesus in Heaven !

“ ‘ . . . My brothers, perhaps all my apprehensions are vain ; perhaps we shall again see happy days ; but even yet, if we were presently to escape from all our anguish, believe me, it is by courage, by repenting of our sins, and by prayer that we shall advance the moment of our deliverance. . . .

“ ‘ Saturday, the 15th of August: numerous searches in the church, the presbytery, the Institute. The houses of Auguste Simonis, Guillaume Perick-Ledent, and Guillaume Comblain are burned.’ ”

Here end the notes of the unfortunate curé of Blégny. The narrative supplied to us continues :

“ The curé and the parishioners of Blégny returned from Battice on Friday, the 7th of August, about half-past twelve. People were delirious with joy at their return, especially the poor creatures who had taken refuge in the Hospice and the Institute.

“ All the following week was quiet. . . .

“ Saturday was Assumption Day. About six in the evening some soldiers leave at the curé's house a note in which it is stated that if there is further firing on the village he will be shot.

“ The curé, the burgomaster, and M. Delnooz, the doctor's father-in-law, are to regard themselves as prisoners, and will be kept under guard and under observation in the curé's bedroom.

“ Supper is demanded for the officers (half a dozen) at 9 o'clock at night. They have to lodge in the presbytery,

all in one room. 'You see what my rooms are,' the priest told them.

"In the Patronage, belonging to the parish, is a whole company of soldiers.

"M. Delnooz and M. Ruwet, the burgomaster, come in at a quarter past eight and go up to the priest's room.

"The officers sit down to supper. They give orders that a good supper is to be prepared for the curé! Two sentinels stand before the door of their room.

"About 1.15 in the morning shots are fired near the house. The officers go out. . . . 'There are three more soldiers wounded,' they tell the servant. 'The inhabitants have fired.'

"An officer comes and says, at a given moment: 'They have fired again, the pig-dogs!' The servant replies: 'There are no weapons left in Blégny.'

"The officers occupied the parlour and the study, lying on mattresses. In the morning they consulted and whispered together. . . . About 5 o'clock they sent for a sister from the Institute, who knew German, to tell the curé that he would be taken away, that he must leave, because there had been more firing.

"The sister begged for mercy. The officer replied: 'It is a *superior order* which must be executed.' Then the sister asked permission for the curé to say his mass, which was granted. The priest, having shaved, went to say mass in the chapel of the Institute, accompanied by two soldiers. The vicar served. He was astonished by the curé's calm and serene bearing. The *Orate, fratres*, and the prayers after the mass were recited by him in a particularly moving fashion. After the thanksgiving he went up to the vicar in the choir and demanded absolution, without saying why; he seemed in no way disturbed. . . . He went out, returning to the presbytery; it was then about 6.15. On leaving the chapel the curé gave his blessing to the sisters, saying: 'What will you do? I shall pray for you. . . .'

"Returning to the presbytery he drank a cup of coffee, but did not eat. He told the servant: 'It is over; you too may recommend yourself to Providence. The church will be burned, and probably the presbytery.'

"Louise had cut him some bread and butter, and had wrapped up three bars of chocolate with it. She wanted to give him money, but he said: 'I do not need money. . . . If I could at least change my cassock.' He was allowed to do so.

"The burgomaster and M. Delnooz had also gone home to dress themselves—still accompanied by soldiers. They were convinced that they were going to be taken to Liège. The burgomaster had drafted a letter of defence. He returned alone, M. Delnooz having been pardoned, because—so it was said—he was the father-in-law of a doctor who had tended the German wounded.

"The curé asked if he might take a book from his study; he took his breviary and another little book. He was weeping and trembling when he was taking his cup of coffee, making his last recommendations.

"The burgomaster and the curé, accompanied by soldiers, left in the direction of the church, where they were joined by the two brothers Hakin, who had been arrested, apparently, at random.

"Having reached the church they were told: 'The carriage for Liège is about to come past . . . but you do not need to see which way you go.' And the Germans bandaged their eyes, placing them with their backs to the church.

"They were shot about half-past seven. . . . First the two Hakins were executed, then the curé, then M. Ruwet. The curé fell with his face to the ground, upon the two Hakins, and the burgomaster on the curé. The latter was killed instantaneously; a bullet struck him in the forehead, carrying away a piece of the skull as large as a man's hand.

"Immediately after this tragic scene the Germans set fire to the church. Blégny being by then under a reign of terror, no one dared to show himself. About half-past ten, when the soldiers had gone, two religious, Sister Claver and Sister Cécile, went out with a hand-cart to look for the curé's body. They were assisted by a youth named Léopold Lafaet, who was courageous enough to go to their assistance.

"The curé and the burgomaster had each his rosary in his hand.

"Observing the courage of the two sisters, the villagers gave them a helping hand; the bodies were carried to the Institute.

"Dr. Reidemester performed the autopsy. The body of the curé was covered with blood; the eyes were closed. Several bullets had entered the chest. One could see on his limbs the blows and bruises received at Battice.

"The two Hakins were so mangled that they could not be buried. They were wrapped in a sheet and carried to the Morgue.

"On Monday afternoon a colleague of the curé's, hailing

from Saint-Remy, and the vicar, held the burial-service. The two priests, wearing the cope, preceded the bodies, which the bearers carried in their arms, for there was not even a bier; they passed in front of the church, whose ruins were still smoking. A mournful procession. The Sisters followed. The bodies were buried in the cemetery."

AT WANDRE: THE 6TH OF AUGUST—THE FIGHT AT
RABOZÉE—INHUMAN SOLDIERS

Wandre lies on the right bank of the Meuse, at the foot of very steep hills, whose slopes, however, are covered with miners' cottages. High overhead, a road ascending from Dalhem follows the ridge for some distance, then descends on the south towards Jupille. Along this high-lying road stand the houses of Rabozée, a dependency of Wandre. Thence one enjoys a most wonderful view, westward over the great valley of the Meuse, and eastward over a parallel valley which reaches the lower slopes of Barchon.

It was up this road that a German army, coming from the north-east, was moving on the night of the 5th of August. The fort of Barchon was bombarding it. From the opposing heights of the Meuse Pontisse had concurrently begun to fire, but the presence of three German regiments, which had crept up round the fort during the night, created a diversion.

As the enemy, having ascended the slope, was about to enter Rabozée, the Belgian infantry, from a trench perpendicular to the road, suddenly opened a well-sustained fire. Struck by their bullets and by the shrapnel from the fort, the killed and wounded littered the road; the Germans laid them on the bank by the roadside and continued the ascent. But the fire becoming more and more murderous, they rushed in a body into a meadow on the left of the road, in order to enfilade the trench from the right with machine-guns. Now, at the bottom of this meadow a hedge

bordering the road concealed a second Belgian trench, which, until this moment, had not revealed its presence. It suddenly opened fire, almost at point-blank range. The effect was terrible.

Then, the invading army still ascending the hill in great force, fighting with the bayonet ensued. Overwhelmed by numbers, the Belgians nevertheless held their ground. There was much bloodshed, and prisoners were made on both sides.

Morning broke over the hill-top, on a frightful scene; the road and the adjacent meadows were covered with dead. The Germans removed theirs, excepting those who had fallen in a mass in the meadow raked by the fire of the second trench. These were buried where they fell. In this small space you may see the graves of 403 German soldiers. Crosses, flowers, wreaths, and spiked helmets surmount them. The Belgian burying-ground is on the other side of the road, by the end of the first trench, under a great oak-tree. It contains 135 graves.

The inhabitants relate that the curé of Saint-Remy and the Socialist alderman, Brand, of Wandre, arranged for the burial of the victims of the fight at Rambozée on the 7th of August, collecting from each body what might be forwarded to the families of the dead soldiers: papers, watches, money, penknives, etc.—wrapping these articles in the dead men's handkerchiefs, thus making a little ticketed bundle in each case. They filled several sacks with these precious relics, and deposited them at the Wandre police-station, with a register in which all the articles were catalogued. One may imagine the touching eagerness with which these relics of these young men who had died for their country would have been received by their families.

But no—the Germans lit upon this treasure, and no ideas of delicacy stayed their hands. They stole all

that took their fancy and destroyed the rest, with the register. O *Kultur*! "Men born without hearts," as a woman told us, a mother of soldiers.

After this fight there was for two hours a constant procession of German wounded; they were removed by way of the Lhoneux bottom. Hundreds were installed in the Château d'Argenteau and in the park. At the same time a great number of Germans fled along the Meuse toward Maestricht, some of them stopping at the sight of unoccupied houses, battering in the doors, and hastily pillaging the contents, or carrying off the wine. The ditches, hedges, and meadows were littered with bottles.

THE EXECUTIONS IN THE PRÉ-CLUSIN—THE MASSACRE OF BOIS-LA-DAME

Although the heights had suffered already, the village of Wandre itself, up to the 15th of August, had to suffer nothing worse than requisitions. The acts of violence commenced only on that date.

On the 15th the Germans began to pillage and to burn. During the afternoon Eloi Groute, a farmer, 55 years of age, returning from Wandre, encountered a company of German soldiers who were descending towards the village. A bullet killed him on the spot. However, in the evening, the soldiers assured the villagers that they might sleep in peace.

But at Rabozée, in the meanwhile, at the spot known as Les Quatre-Bras, some of the troops were getting drunk. During the night they broke in the doors and entered the houses, calling for the men, whom they wished to lead away. They were repeating their everlasting "*Man hat geschossen!*" The women, half-clothed, fled with their children toward the neighbouring wood.

Obviously no one had thought of firing on the Germans. Only the day before the destruction and massacre of Barchon had taken place, and these events had terrorised the population. Moreover, here is a piece of positive evidence :

A woman whose husband and son had been executed states that she got out of bed when she heard the steps of the Germans, and she saw one of the latter, whose rifle was slung at his back, furtively fire a shot. Immediately the soldiers began to pepper the houses with bullets.

Another proof : In the morning, when, at the spot known as Bois-la-Dame, the Germans pointed out the house from which, as they said, a shot had been fired, they were informed that it was unoccupied. On this they pointed to another house.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 16th some civilians were arrested near Rabozée, in the hamlet of Chefneux, to-day a heap of ruins. They were taken into a meadow known as the Pré-Clusin. Their arms were bound behind their backs. They were tied to the wire fence of the meadow and shot. These victims were : Hubert Vieillevoys, brewer, 48 years ; Stiennon, armourer, about 37 years ; J. J. Charlier, father of seven children, 53 years ; Delnooz, 18 years ; Eugène Thonon, a young man from Housse.

From other directions eighteen men were brought together in the Rue Bois-la-Dame. The curé intervened, protesting the absolute innocence of his parishioners. The Germans boorishly gave him the lie. However, his demands were so emphatic that they released two of their prisoners, who did not live in the row of houses from which they pretended someone had fired.

In the meantime the wives, carrying little children in their arms, came hurrying up ; with heart-breaking supplications they threw themselves at the feet of the

officers and men, holding them by their garments, calling upon God to witness to the innocence of their husbands and sons, and imploring for mercy. The Germans beat them back with clubbed rifles.

At half-past five they drove the sixteen remaining men into a group, and, while the priest gave absolution to these unhappy victims, they fired into the mass. The victims fell, one upon another. Several were still writhing, or uttering groans; the butchers killed them outright with revolver-shots, amid the despairing shrieks of the women and children, who were present at the massacre. Here is the list of those executed :

Jacques Couvelance, labourer, born 1858.	Gilles Lorquet, miner, his son, born 1894.
Servais Couvelance, his son, miner, born 1897.	Henri Smits, miner, born 1895.
Arnold Pirotte, miner, born 1859.	Mulders Guillaume, fireman, born 1885.
Pirotte, his son.	Remy Briquet, miner, born 1890.
Pierre Bourdouxhe, born 1890.	Remy Etienne, miner, born 1888.
Mathieu Leduc, miner, born 1879.	H. J. Lottin, miner, born 1884.
Eduard Blum, born at Berg- op-Zoom, Holland, 1885.	Jean Leenaerts, miner, born 1871.
Gilles Lorquet, miner, born 1868.	Piron.

Nine of these were married men.

Elsewhere, a company of soldiers invaded the farm of M. Hennevaux. Having refreshed themselves, the bandits drove the family out of doors and set fire to the farm buildings. They shot one of the sons, who had taken refuge in some corner of the farm; another, hidden at the bottom in the recesses of a hay-loft, was there burned alive. A third was never seen again; it was supposed that he was burned and buried amid the ruins. The fourth escaped, but not for long.

MURDER IN THE RUE DU PONT

On the 19th of August four young men of Wandre were requested, by a German company, to accompany them as guides to a point beyond the Meuse bridge. This service having been rendered they were allowed to go free. Returning to Wandre, they found themselves confronted by an artillery regiment. Without a word the men at the head of the regiment fired their revolvers at the four, almost at point-blank range. At the first shot one of them, Gheissens, made a rush for the first doorway to hand. A bullet caught him on the doorstep, struck him in the head, pierced the door, and lodged in a piece of furniture. The other three were shot by the roadside. One of them, turning round and round, finally fell in the middle of the highway. The assassins threw his body on the pavement; men and waggons continued their march.

This happened facing the *Kommandantur*, which had just been installed. The burgomaster, who was present, protested vehemently, as did the interpreter. The officers vouchsafed not a word. It was then 7 o'clock. At 9 p.m. the inhabitants were at last authorised to take up the victims. A German surgeon consented to attend to the wounded men only if escorted by two soldiers. The officers were afraid. They drew up a so-called report of the affair.

The victims of this unpardonable crime were: the fourth Hennevaux brother, killed outright; Gheissens, also killed outright; Thiwissen, Jean, aged 28, married; Grout, son of the farmer killed, and brother-in-law of Thiwissen, had his arm amputated as a result of his wounds.

On the same day Lemmens, aged 22, working in a field of beet, was shot dead.

About the same time Pierre Servais, tradesman, 44 years of age, was put to death.

Eugène Warsage, aged 71 years, was killed in front of his house; his body impeding the traffic, two Germans seized it, one by the shoulders and one by the feet, and slung it over the hedge. It was recovered a week later.

Joseph Léonard, armourer, 60 years of age, struck by German bullets, recovered from his wounds.

Finally, at Souverain-Wandre, a young lame man named Hidon, who was watching the passing troops, was killed by four bullet-wounds and by lance-thrusts.

The total of the dead was thirty-two.

INCENDIARISM

In the meantime the Germans were pillaging and burning. Thirty-eight houses were consumed by the flames, five of these being farmhouses and one a brewery. But the pillaging still went on; the notary, M. Duchêne, had his house plundered; the police-station was pillaged, and the house of Mlle. Remy, the schoolmistress. The Château Dupont, at Rabozée, was completely sacked.

To the Mertens farmhouse, where for four or five days the Germans had been lodged and fed, an officer came and ordered the men to kill and burn. M. Mertens, who understood a little German, escaped with his family across the meadows, and when he turned back he saw his home in flames. Yet he had exhibited, to these last guests, the certificates left by preceding regiments, which spoke of the generous hospitality extended to the troops by M. Mertens. Such was his reward.

At Wandre, as elsewhere, the Germans resorted to sprinklings of benzine and other "technical" incendiary methods.

A good number of the houses reduced to ashes were the homes of miners, which were situated among the

hills. These poor people, who possessed nothing but the roof over their heads, a little garden, a few fowls, and a pig or goat, yet often found happiness in this simple life, lost everything ; and the war, by paralysing industry, deprived them of their livelihood. No more work—nothing. Starving men, widows and orphans without resources—this is what the “ valiant troops ” of Germany left behind them.

The regiments which accomplished these high feats of arms at Wandre were the 53rd, the 24th, and the 35th ; but more particularly the two last.

THE PIG

Wandre then relapsed into the relative calm and the bitter resignation which constitute the utmost that any can hope for under the German rule. Among those who represented the foreign oppression in Wandre a certain Knappmann of the 23rd regiment merits particular mention. In the beginning, when the nocturnal battle on the Rabozée hillside was being so hotly and murderously contested, he concealed himself in the pigsty of a Madame Gordenne. When the woman came to feed her pigs in the morning, she discovered the German, who addressed her thus : “ Me no want fight no more, not go to war no more, take my weapons.”

“ No, thank you ! ” retorted the woman.

With which she closed the door and pushed the bolt.

Two neighbours, being warned, came to liberate the retiring soldier ; he surrendered his arms to them, and informed them that he was wounded in the shoulder ; he had, he assured them, tumbled off a waggon, and was suffering acutely.

He was taken to the Red Cross, where the physician discovered that he was absolutely sound. Nevertheless, he somehow contrived to loiter about the hospital and in the village. Later the Germans entrusted him

with the task of overlooking the cattle, which were herded in the meadows in large numbers after the beginning of the siege. And the people of Wandre used to say: "There's our Gordenne's pig—he's been promoted—he's become a cowherd!"

Later on Knappmann was concerned in the making of requisitions. People were at the mercy of the "pig," and it often rested with him whether they were or were not subjected to annoyance. In civil life, he stated, he was a law student.

One day, in the café, he began to boast. "What is left you of your Belgium? Three square yards!"

"Why," said an inhabitant of Wandre, "that's just the area of a pigsty!"

Knappmann looked at the clock, and took his departure with the air of a man in a hurry, while the company burst out laughing.

About the 5th of December the Germans began to gather up the shirkers on every side, and our poor Knappmann was sent to Liége. "He'd best look out for himself," said a villager, "this is the season for killing them!"

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Finally, we must return to the Hennevaux family. Of four sons, we have seen that one was killed in a place of refuge when the farm was burned; one was burned in the hay-loft; one disappeared, being doubtless burned like his brother; and the fourth was murdered in the Rue du Pont. Well! this was not enough for the Germans. They kept the unfortunate father a prisoner in Liége.

At the end of three weeks he was brought up for trial—a notable favour. He was defended by an interpreter, M. Graaz.

When the latter was asked: "Why did he need to tell his sons to hide themselves?" he replied: "No

doubt it was an impulse of paternal affection." The prosecuting officer gave a boorish laugh. "What is paternal affection? We don't know anything about fiddle-faddle of that sort!"

VISÉ: A NEW POMPEII

To Fr. de B——, Marcel, Charles, and Henri S——

You will remember, my dear friends, that ramble from Liége to Visé on which we embarked last year. . . . It was at the end of May. The sun was of our party; and a breeze made billows in the green corn, and rippled the surface of the grass under the newly blossomed apple trees with markings like those on watered silk.

Following the heights on the left of the Meuse we halted at the entrance to a village, where a farmhouse raised its wide square of white-washed buildings, with their high-pitched roofs of purplish slates, on the summit of which weather-cocks turned against the blue sky. Ah, that was a famous farm! There were forty horses of a vigorous race, and countless head of beautiful cattle, grazing in the surrounding pastures.

We chatted with the farmer, a wrinkled, hoary-headed old fellow. "I'm getting near fourscore years, look you!" he told us; but he was still astonishingly vigorous and jovial.

And then we went to greet the curé, whom we had often met on other occasions, in the world of social endeavour. One of his brothers of the cloth was there, from some neighbouring cure. We accepted his four o'clock coffee and bread-and-butter. When we left, his colleague, whose handsome and kindly countenance impressed you, came out of his way to put us well on ours.

You may still recall the picture of that high-road, bordered by superb elm-trees, with its indefinitely

vaulted roof of boughs. It descends, in a gentle slope, almost parallel to the river, which it insensibly approaches. Thence we could see, on the steeper hills of the right bank, a few châteaux and villas, buried in verdure, their windows reflecting the fires of the setting sun.

Finally we came to *Devant-le-Pont*, that pretty, natty-looking suburb. From the bridge itself we admired the river, so wide at this point, and so calm that it reduplicated, as in a mirror, the gardens and verandahs of the little town, which rose tier above tier on the right bank.

Well, my friends, all this no longer exists. A few weeks later, and *They* came swarming up like bandits.

The great farm is burned. The old farmer was cut to pieces by German bayonets. His son was deported, and his horses stolen. The presbytery and village of *Hermée* are burned; the curé is in exile; and his colleague from *Heure-le-Romain* was massacred.

As for the town of *Visé*, what a horrible fate! Apart from one tiny suburb and a college which served the invaders as a hospital, there is nothing left but ruin and solitude. Its five or six hundred houses, its curious old-time dwellings, its Gothic church, its fifteenth-century town-hall, its schools, its charitable institutions—all, absolutely all have perished. And of 3,900 inhabitants, how many have survived? No one knows. Six hundred were dragged away to Germany amid the acts of violence, the pretended executions, the spittings and insults to which the Teutonic race is addicted. The others, after suffering weeks of slavery, forced labour, and privation, fled to other countries.

A month after the catastrophe someone with whom we are acquainted, who ventured to pass through *Visé*, met not a living soul, excepting three soldiers; they were coming up out of a cellar, with a hamper of

wine, slung by the handles to a rifle, which two of them were carrying by the butt and muzzle.

As forme, I went through Visé in October with G——, and in January, and I met not a living soul there. I stopped short at a crossroads, and I could not avoid a feeling of terror. A silence as of death prevailed! On every side the eye encountered only the empty streets bordered by empty walls of ruined houses, standing amid heaps of debris. One who had seen the cities of antiquity as they emerged, after a score of centuries, from the ashes of Vesuvius, must have been forcibly reminded of them here. There is the same wilderness of desolate, abject ruin, but at Visé there is a more terrible air of forsaken misery. It is a stupefying experience to recall that the period when a tranquil, careless population dwelt here, under the ægis of a peace which it thought perpetual, is still quite recent. And one wonders if all that has happened, and all that one beholds, is not a dream.

War! War with Germany! The news was known on the 3rd of August. On the following night the Belgian troops blew up two arches of the bridge. On the following day, at twenty minutes past noon, the Germans entered Visé revolver in hand. Ten minutes later, precisely as in the little sister town of Herve, they committed their first crime: M. Istas, cashier at the railway-station, who was returning from dining in his own house, was shot down.

The invaders appeared at the head of the bridge. A Belgian detachment greeted them with a volley. Flight of the Germans, who returned in force. A lively exchange of shots. The fort of Pontisse dropped its shells among them. Then the troops began to make requisitions and to avenge themselves on the civilians. Eight were put to death.

Still, on the following days they recognised that the population was well-disposed and generous. Of course,

they despoiled the townsfolk of everything ; food and drink and all manner of other commodities. Then the men were arrested and led to the trenches. Despite the usages of war, they were compelled to work on the trenches, and those who had no tools had to remove the earth with their hands. The burgomaster, a professor in the University of Liège, and M. Martin, a notary, were among these last. Blows of the rifle-butt fell thick and fast on the heads of the recalcitrant.

On the Friday the Germans destroyed and razed to the ground the château of Navagne, the property of the Dessain family. They employed the materials in building a road to a point at which they intended to erect a bridge. The citizens of Visé were forced to take part in this work, and at night they were retained as hostages. They were harassed and maltreated and starved. Canon Lemmens, dean of Visé, was forced to eat with his fingers, out of a bucket, food that in itself was nauseous.

Here and there the Germans killed and plundered. Two old men, the brothers Brouha, beer-merchants, were busy in their cellar ; the Germans entered, accused them of having fired or intending to fire, and murdered them. The sons and son-in-law of the victims came hurrying up ; they were put to death.

On the 12th or 13th of August the church was burned, on the pretext that it might serve to direct the fire of the Pontisse fort, which continued to bombard the invading troops, and, in particular, had three times destroyed the bridge they were attempting to restore.

On the 15th of August a venerable old man of 76, Duchêne by name, who was seriously ill, was shot in front of the Hôtel Michaux and buried on the spot. The execution was carried out by four soldiers, each of whom fired three shots. The body was afterwards exhumed by a lady and removed to the cemetery.

When this lady applied for a permit to exhume the body, the commandant appeared to believe that the victim buried at this spot was the hotel-keeper, Michaux himself, whom he accused of having fired on the troops. The lady assured him that Michaux was above reproach, and in excellent health. The commandant started when informed that Duchêne was blind in the right eye. Here was a franc-tireur who took aim with a glass eye!

On the 15th of August, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, a regiment of Prussians arrived—Prussians of the most authentic type. They came from East Prussia—from Königsberg. They installed themselves in the homes of the townsfolk. These new guests appeared even more alarming than their predecessors.

About 9 o'clock a shot rang out. It was the signal. "*Man hat geschossen!*" Immediately there was a frightful outbreak of feigned fury and violence. The Prussians were breaking in doors and windows, pilfering; plundering, striking right and left. Even old men were shot.

Various names are mentioned, but in view of the general dispersal of the inhabitants it is impossible to draw up a list of the victims.

SIX HUNDRED EXILES

Six hundred of the inhabitants of Visé were expelled from their houses. They were not given time to provide themselves adequately with clothing or footwear. The Prussians decreed that they were francs-tireurs, and that they were to be deported to Germany as such. The women were to remain.

The pillage reached its height, and fire completed the work of vandalism and iniquity, forcing the entire remainder of the unhappy population to take to flight.

We have succeeded—and it was far from easy—in

obtaining the narrative of one of these deported inhabitants, who, at a date I will not mention, received a visit in the Münster camp.

"We were taken away on the 15th of August; there were three hundred of us, and we did not know what they wanted with us. Three hundred more were to leave the following day. We reached Gemmenich (the frontier) on the evening of the 16th. There the soldiers were ordered to load their rifles. They made a pretence of executing us. We were all seated in a semicircle, in a meadow, with rifles pointed at us. Then they suddenly forced us to stand up, striking us on the head, in the chest, with their clubbed rifles. . . . It was 9 o'clock. We were taken to the railway-station, and we left by train at 11 o'clock. We passed through Aix, Cologne, Bochum, Osnabrück. . . . I don't know what other places.

"We were on our feet, famishing, overwhelmed with fatigue, packed into cattletrucks. All the food we had was a bowl of soup given us in a station near Bremen.

"We reached the Munster camp on the 18th, at 4 in the morning. We remained in the station, still without food, until 3 in the afternoon. Finally half of us were given a little coffee, bread, and some potatoes. The distribution of food was not continued: the rest were left hungry. On the 19th, at 7 o'clock in the morning, these last received the same frugal meal in turn, but the first half were not given breakfast. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they came to vaccinate us. At 6 in the evening we had some bread. On the 20th it was the same.

"Then, on the 21st, we were installed in the stables of the camp, where there was a litter of straw which for months was never renewed. There we lived, miserably. We were terribly hungry till the 23rd of September, after which date those whose money had not been stolen could obtain sausages, saveloys, etc., at a high price, in the canteen. They shared with the others.

"In the first barracks were the townsfolk of Louvain; in the second and third, those of Visé; in another, 400 Russian students of the University of Liège, etc.

"I remember some of the Visé people died: Urbain Dodémont, Eugène Labeye, Jean Lambrecht. Several became insane.

"On the night of the 31st of August there was a sudden alarm; shots were fired; they had killed one of a party of

the inhabitants of the outskirts of Aerschot, who had just arrived. They were arrested as they were returning from their work in the fields, fifteen were executed, and the rest were sent away. They arrived exhausted, half crazy with hunger.

"On the 1st of September, at 5 o'clock, a fresh alarm. Shots fired; two prisoners fell—a Belgian under-officer, killed, and a soldier, wounded—for having stepped on a path which they did not know was forbidden to the prisoners.

"After this it was a monotonous life; we suffered morally, in particular; we were absolutely ignorant of everything; the first news of the way the war was going reached us on the 25th of October."

The following note is from another source:

"Many of the civil prisoners in Germany were released after more than six months of wearing imprisonment. Above all, they liberated those of Flemish origin; either because they wanted to humour the population of the provinces of Antwerp and Limburg, which they hope to retain, or because they hoped to cause dissension between Walloons and Flemings. The Visé people are often called to the *Kommandantur*, where they try to make them admit that civilians fired on the troops. To all their denials the commandant replies that the testimony of a thousand civilians would not prevail against that of a single officer. The Germans, however, must have been impressed by the spectacle of 600 persons of all qualities, resigning themselves to suffer a harsh captivity for eight long months, when one word would have set them free—and when the German authorities in the country say they are overwhelmed by denunciations for trifles.

"When a new inquisitor interrogated the prisoners recently he was surprised to learn that Visé was not destroyed at the time of the invasion, but that the inhabitants had been living for ten days with the soldiers at the time of the more than suspicious incident which served as a pretext for the destruction of the town."

The numerous inhabitants of Visé whom we have met in Holland are completely convinced that the Germans cannot point to a single fact as the basis of their accusations against the population. The latter was noted for its amiability, often amounting to weak-

ness. To be sure, it was profoundly patriotic, but, being, from the outbreak of the war entirely in the hands of the enemy, cut off from all assistance by the river, surrounded by troops which were swarming over the German frontier, and, lastly, aware of the cruel fate of the annihilated villages, such as Berneau and Barchon, which were close at hand, and were destroyed after a vague accusation of an act of hostility, no inhabitant of Visé could have entertained even the idea of revolt or aggression.

Here again, then, we are confronted by the abominable application of the theories of vengeance and terrorism which are current in the higher spheres of German blackguardism.

Finally, here is another incident which occurred opposite Visé, at Devant-le-Pont, and is attested by witnesses of perfect respectability, whose names we could mention.

At the beginning of September M. Roebroeck, junior, a farmer of Wonck, went with two farm-servants to reap corn on a hill. The Germans had forbidden access to these elevated points, but the three were unaware of this. They were captured by cavalymen, who tied their bound hands to their saddles, and made off at a sharp trot. They were seen to go by at Devant-le-Pont, their tongues hanging out, their eyes starting from their heads, the blood flowing from ears and nose. The prisoners were thus dragged by their executioners, without a halt, as far as Lixhe, where they were shot. Their families did not know till long afterwards what had become of them. When the victims were exhumed they could be identified only by their linen ; their faces were unrecognisable. . . .

My dear friends, you are under arms to-day ; you will be humane, but you will not forget that you are of those who avenge justice.

CHAPTER IV

AROUND PONTISSE

CROSSING the Meuse, let us see what was the fate of the neighbourhood of Pontisse, the first fort on the left bank, starting from the north. Pontisse lies about four and a half miles from Liège. Its magnificent resistance doubtless counted for something in the vindictive behaviour of the enemy. On the 6th of August, having suffered heavy losses during a night attack, the Germans had already killed civilians at Hermée. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and especially the "notables," were led away by the troops in the capacity of hostages, and were compelled to march in front of them in their movements toward the fort.

It was only from the 14th that the troops were really unloosed ; then the war assumed its *greueltaten karakter*, according to the German command.—But let us proceed to the facts.

BETWEEN HERSTAL AND THE FORT

The populous community of Herstal, which is almost a suburb of Liège, did not suffer from the blows of the invader, but certain outlying portions of the commune are fairly close to the fort of Pontisse. Thus, the hamlet of Rhées is separated from the fort only by the little Pontisse wood, and the testing-ground of the cannon-foundry. We have already spoken of the

hecatomb of Rhées, where the note-book of a German soldier was discovered, which contained a record of the departure of troops from Schwerin and the burning of Berneau.

On the 7th of August, quite early in the morning, some detachments of Belgian infantry, after fighting in the night, retired upon the fort, resuming contact with the covering troops. About 5 o'clock the last of these troops, closely followed by the Germans, faced suddenly about and marched upon the enemy forces. A desperate fight ensued. In the Rue de la Glawenne the ground was disputed foot by foot. Hundreds of Germans bit the dust, among them a lieutenant-colonel. About 7 o'clock the Belgian troops found themselves completely protected by the guns of Pontisse, and the firing slackened. Then all was quiet.

And then those inhabitants who had fled, regaining confidence, sought to return to their homes. The enemy, occupied in burying his dead, turned upon them in anger. Seven persons were killed by bullet or bayonet, among others Jean Michaux, Pierre Dufresne, Martin Dumoulin, and his wife. Others were shot while escaping, on this day and later. Here is a list of twenty-three civilians killed :

Denis Gramme, 72 years.	<i>Jeanne Namotte, 53 years.</i>
Jacques Deprez, 62 years.	Alfred Cornez, 45 years.
Ferdinand Vallée, 35 years.	Fr. Jos. Léon, 48 years.
Gustave Bayard, 53 years.	Gapard Notte, 50 years.
<i>Léonie Timmerman, 46 years.</i>	<i>Françoise Piérard, 50 years.</i>
Théophile Witters, 22 years.	<i>Virginie Neest, 15 years.</i>
Christian Duyssens, 68 years.	Louis Saumers, 38 years.
Mathieu Hauben, 27 years.	Liévin Nolanders, 50 years.
Pierre Defresne, 46 years.	Jean Michaux, 56 years.
Jacques Vieillevoye, 64 years.	Dominique Coenegracht.
<i>Marguerite Lebouille, 72 years.</i>	Henri Deherve, 68 years.
Martin Dumoulin, 55 years.	

Besides these, a good number were wounded. The

list contains five women and a good proportion of old men. The first on the list was, we are informed, a relative of the inventor of the Gramme dynamo. Let us add, in order to be exact, that one or another of these might have been shot accidentally during the fighting, but nearly all, without any doubt, were assassinated.

VIVEGNIS

Vivegnis and Oupeye lie close to Pontisse, to the north, one at the foot of the slope, the other on the height.

Several of the Liège forts were held until the 16th. On the 13th and the 14th their small garrisons were still sending out patrols and sharpshooters into the surrounding parts, although the country was by then completely invaded. It was this that occasioned some of the "reprisals," notably those undertaken at Haccourt and Vivegnis, two communes on the left bank. Once again did the Germans avenge themselves upon civilians.

At Vivegnis, on the 13th, three German officers, descending the hill from Oupeye, arrived in the village. An infantry-soldier from the fort, who was on guard at the foot of the hill, shot down one of the invaders. The other two officers turned their horses, to return, half an hour later, at the head of two or three hundred men. The officers went up to the body of their companion, and accused the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of having fired.

And without more ado these worthy people, despite protests, were placed in front of a firing squad and shot. They were: Michel Cappe, 70 years; Gertrude Cappe, née Colleye, 68 years; Pascal Bodeus, son-in-law of the foregoing, 42 years; Catherine Bodeus, wife of Louis Gérôme; Jacques Maréchal; Darcis, 45 years.

On the following day, the fort having surrendered, fresh troops arrived. In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, the inhabitants were led into the fields while their homes were plundered. Then a huge conflagration was started by the improved methods peculiar to the German army; in the Rue du Tombeur fifty-one houses were burned, and twelve in the Rue du Village.

"KULTUR" AT OUPEYE

The 90th regiment was stationed at Oupeye on the 13th. It took as hostages the burgomaster and the curé, and led them away. At this moment the burgomaster and the curé of Heure-le-Romain, hostages too, were also in Oupeye. The latter was presently to be put to death.

On the 14th the 26th regiment arrived; the men plundered the Château de Graday, occupied by M. Sepulchre. They stole; they broke the furniture; they destroyed objects of art. The pillage lasted through half the day. A general officer was present in Oupeye.

Fifty of the inhabitants, bound in twos and threes, were led out upon the Haccourt road. All the surrounding country was full of troops. The general announced that if he had cause of complaint he would have the townsfolk shot "by batches of ten." And above all, said he, "let no one touch Mme. Max, otherwise everybody will be shot!" He was referring to a German lady, who was staying with a friend, and who had not been in any way molested.

Meanwhile the captives were paraded in the village. One of the "notables," an aged man, M. Wilmet, the soldiers struck with their fists. They had to pass the night in the camp, out in the meadows. Soldiers were seen to threaten the curé of Oupeye, aiming their

rifles at him with ferocious expressions. One soldier threw a clod of earth in his face. The communal receiver too was made a prisoner, bound like the rest.

The Germans were grilling the poultry they had stolen, wasting the meat ; their manner of devouring this primitive meal was revolting.

The background of this spectacle was a horizon in flames : Vivegnis, Hermée, and a portion of Hallem-baye was blazing.

On the morning of Assumption Day a few faithful worshippers entered the church. Everything there was in confusion. There was excrement before the confessionals. In the neighbourhood of the church soldiers were offering for sale the most beautiful of the books of prayers which they had been able to find, as well as other stolen objects.

After the 26th regiment came the 30th (on Saturday the 15th). They continued the pillaging. "We masters here ! German here !"

On Sunday the 16th the invaders demanded the surrender of everything that could serve as a weapon : razors, reaping-hooks, kitchen knives, even to the little knives used for peeling potatoes ! The curé, M. Pirard, and Father Gillard of Liège, had to enjoin the people to deliver these "weapons." As they were going towards an isolated house someone fired at them. Then the Germans burned eight houses. They asked, ironically : "Who set fire to them ?" They further arrested M. Frère, the burgomaster, M. Wilmet, and his sister. For an hour they kept them standing against a wall, making a pretence of executing them. Then they were released, and again arrested.

On Monday the 17th one saw nothing but troops in all directions. Nevertheless, the Germans continued to act as though they might be attacked by those inhabitants who had not fled. Again they arrested M. Wilmet, and this time he was condemned

to be shot. He asked for a priest ; the curé was summoned, who inquired as to the reason for this sentence. A telephone wire had been broken. Reprisals were necessary ! The priest was heard to protest that M. Wilmet obviously had nothing to do with the matter. Some neighbours then plucked up courage to cry : " M. Wilmet is innocent ! It was a motor-car, passing at full speed, which caught the wire." This statement was verified : it was perfectly correct.

The infuriated madmen continued : it would take too long to follow all their doings. On the 17th they wanted to shoot the farmer and the gardener employed at the château ; then, at the last moment, they released them, no longer knowing why they had arrested them. On this day the captives from Julémont were seen passing. The curé's face was covered with blood ; an officer had struck him with the butt of his revolver.

And this is the sort of thing that happened in one of those privileged villages " where nothing happened," as the inhabitants are good enough to say, thinking themselves lucky that they were merely robbed and ill-treated.

AT HERMALLE-SOUS-ARGENTEAU

Slightly withdrawn, on the right bank of the river, Hermalle also was a privileged place. However, we shall see how the invaders behaved even in those localities which were more or less spared.

Until the 14th Hermalle remained quiet. But on that date an encounter occurred between the German troops and the Belgians.

On the night of the 15th, about half-past eleven, the German soldiers made an irruption into the quarter facing the church, and, without advancing any pretext, drove from their houses the curé—as usual—the vicar,

and fourteen other residents, whom they led towards the tow-path. There the captives were placed before a firing squad, who pretended to make ready for their execution. Then, at half-past two in the morning, they were driven to a bakehouse, where they joined other inhabitants who were now prisoners. On the way thither their escort did not stint the use of the bayonet and the rifle-butt. Several were grievously wounded. In the meantime three houses were plundered and burned, the inhabitants being first arrested. The occupiers, whose names were Robba, Vrancken, and André, were tied to a cart, one to each wheel and the third to the axle-tree, lying on his back in a mess of dung, with his belly against the axle.

To frighten the women, the Germans informed them that they were going to shoot the hostages, so they could bid their husbands good-bye. Immediately a procession of despairing women and weeping children set out for the spot where the captives were detained. This amused the Germans.

For three weeks all men between the ages of 16 and 60 had to pass the night in the church, often a prey to mortal apprehensions.

In the meantime the commune had been bombarded by the invaders, who then pillaged the houses. Moreover, ten houses were burned.

HACCOURT-HALLEMBAYE: A DELIRIUM OF GERMANISM

Haccourt, three miles north of Pontisse, and facing Visé, was quiet until the 18th of August. On that day, at eight o'clock in the morning, there was a burst of firing; the Germans had invaded the village and were firing at all comers. Some of the inhabitants fled; other troops reassured them, affirming that no one would be harmed; so the fugitives returned. At this junc-

ture the soldiers seized the curé and led him to a barn in which they had already confined M. Defroidmont and his son.

An hour later the Germans came to execute them. The venerable priest was the first to fall ; struck by a bullet in the neck, he was killed by a bayonet-thrust in the chest. The assassins stole his watch. The Defroidmonts, who were not hit, took to their heels. The son was caught ; the poor child—he was only 15—fell pierced by bayonet-wounds.

At various points in the village fourteen other persons were killed by rifle-bullets, four of these being old men, five women, and two children of 15. Here is the death-roll of the attack upon Haccourt :

M. Thielens, the curé, 53 years.	Arnold Swennen, 65 years.
Jean Defroidmont, 15 years.	Eugène Moitroux, 40 years.
Guillaume Lecrinier, 15 years.	Guillaume Lhoest, 70 years.
Paul Crutzen, 75 years.	Catherine Pousset, 59 years.
François Philippet, 25 years.	Jeanne Stevens, 15 years.
Lambert Gotte, 42 years.	Léontine Leblanc, 20 years.
Simon Leroy, 62 years.	Désiré Swennen, burned.
Jeanne Stassen, 60 years, wife of the foregoing.	Mme. Dessart-Charlier, 23 years.
Abbé Hauf, retired priest, an old man.	Émile Dessart, 26 years.

Mme. Dessart-Charlier, aged 23 years, was killed in the open country. The Germans forced the husband to go in search of his wife's body and to load it on a wheelbarrow in order to convey it to the cemetery.

The Abbé Hauf, a retired curé, was ill in bed when the Germans set fire to his house. They wrapped him in a blanket and threw him into the road from a first-floor window. Finally they carried him into a room in an adjoining house. A few days later the poor man died of shock and ill-usage.

Emile Dessart was hanged and cut down three times and finally shot.

While Haccourt was terrorised by such means, other troops were burning the hamlet of Hallembaye. After the methodical plundering of the village, eighty-four houses were given to the flames. To-day nothing is to be seen but a frightful mass of ruins.

Among the numerous offences committed we may note the destruction of the Christ of a Calvary, which was torn down and disfigured by kicking.

It was not enough to drench the village in blood and fire; 112 inhabitants were sent as prisoners to Germany. Ten young girls of Haccourt were for six weeks confined in cells at the prison of Aix-la-Chapelle.

And what was the reason of this outburst of barbarian fury? The inhabitants have always protested their absolute innocence; they defy the Germans to bring any definite charge against them. They were shown a dead horse. They demanded a post-mortem examination, predicting that a German bullet would be found in the carcass. The officers refused to permit the examination, and gave orders for the horse to be buried.

Who were the authors of these atrocities? No one could tell us. At this period, as everybody witnessed in Liège, the troops were concealing their regimental numbers. But some believed they saw the number 115 or 117.

During the early part of February 1915, a German judge came to Haccourt in order to make a semblance of an inquiry. We are informed that he came with ready-made declarations, according to which the witnesses were to state on their oath that the acts of repression committed in the village were provoked by the aggression of civilians. It is extremely unsafe to refuse a German's request, and many of the inhabitants are still in a state of terror. Nevertheless, they all rejected this singular magistrate's insinuations with detestation.

HERMÉE

On Wednesday, the 5th of August, between five and seven o'clock in the evening, some forty German projectiles, fired from the right bank, fell on the fort of Pontisse.

All then became quiet. But about 11 o'clock the inhabitants of Hermée, a village quite near the fort, were awakened ; there was a discreet knocking on their doors ; in the semi-obscurity of the night it could be seen that there were troops everywhere, on the roads, in the gardens, in the courtyards. Many, at first, innocently supposed them to be the English : " Are you Englishmen ? " they cried. Then they distinguished the pointed helmets. Profiting by the darkness, the 89th, 90th, and 30th regiments had arrived in the most profound silence. They bivouacked in the village ; the population gave them what they needed for themselves and their horses.

Finding a wholesale spirit stores—belonging to M. Pierre Juprelle—they plundered it ; all the wine and twelve hundred litres of gin and brandy were consumed.

However, the Pontisse fort finally discovered the presence of the enemy. At a quarter past one in the morning it began, with terrifying accuracy, to drop shells on all the roads of Hermée. Many Germans, lying by the roadside, were seized with panic ; they fled, wandering through the countryside ; they could be heard bewailing their lot. Such was their first experience of being under fire.

A quarter of an hour later 450 Belgians of the 11th regiment of the line, detached from the fort, opened a brisk fire upon the enemy.

However, the 90th regiment recovered itself, and replied with vigour, advancing on Pontisse by the Herstal road.

The two other regiments took no part in the action,

but, although they were protected by houses and farm-buildings, the shells reached them ; for instance, one of their horses, in the hamlet of Petit-Aaz, was cut in two by a projectile from the fort.

The rifle-fire lasted until daylight. Decimated by the guns of the fort and the rifles of the Belgian troops, the Germans fled. Many gained the Dutch frontier, shouting, "*Die Franzosen ! Franzosen !*"

About four o'clock the inhabitants, who had gone down into their cellars, observed that the Germans were no longer replying. Indeed, they had broken in the door of the church and were hoisting the white flag on the church tower.

It was then that those troops which had remained in hiding at Hermée revenged themselves on the "civilians." Several men were dragged from their houses and shot. M. Jules Ghaye, an old man of 76, hearing someone knocking at the door of his farmhouse, went to open it. He fell riddled with bayonet-wounds. Eleven inhabitants were killed and a like number of houses were burned, four of them being fine farm-houses with all their out-buildings.

Punished in the darkness by the bullets of the Belgian infantry, the Germans pretended that the inhabitants had fired on them.

Here are the names of the victims :

Jules Ghaye, 76 years.
 Jehan Verdin (*deaf and help-
 less*), 82 years.
 Lhoest, baker, 30 years.
 Hubert, Meckers, gardener,
 48 years.
 Humblet, senior, 50 years.
 Humblet, junior, 17 years.

Ulric Ghaye, wheelwright, 40
 years.
 Bouchard, labourer, 55 years.
 Mathieu Matray, 29 years.
 Antoine Rouveroy, 49 years.
 Eugène Colson, 17 years, led
 away and put to death at
 the frontier.

M. Jules Ghaye, junior, 33 years of age, and others, were made prisoners and sent into Germany.

About half-past nine the Germans fell back on the

Dutch frontier, carrying their wounded in ambulances, and leaving in Hermée a German doctor and a few assistants to look after the fifty-five of their wounded left behind. In different parts of Hermée forty-two German dead were counted.

Near Pontisse the German losses were enormous; the fort and the 14th Belgian regiment had literally cut them to pieces; they were said to have had 800 killed and wounded, principally men of the 90th regiment.

On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of August—until ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th—the inhabitants of Hermée, and in particular the French sisters, devoted themselves to looking after the wounded according to the directions of the doctor. On Friday morning a Belgian patrol of the 14th regiment, attached to the fort, came to disarm the wounded, declaring them prisoners.

However, on the following morning four of the wounded had succumbed, and Hermée lacked the necessary medicaments. Communication with Liège no longer existed. Accordingly, at the request of the German surgeon, the inhabitants procured ten waggons, with horses and drivers, to transport the wounded to Maestricht. The surgeon left a letter of thanks for the care given to the wounded. These latter left at 10 o'clock, making gestures of gratitude and farewell from their berths.

That day the dead were buried.

On Sunday the 9th the waggons returned to the village; one of the drivers was provided with a certificate from the commandant of Maestricht.

Thereafter, until Wednesday the 12th of August, the only troops seen in Hermée were Belgian patrols of the 14th regiment, and, more often, German patrols. But on Wednesday night, about 9 o'clock, a fresh German regiment arrived in the neighbourhood of Oupeye, with heavy guns. At Heure-le-Romain the

Germans had arrested the burgomaster and the curé, and had placed them in the front rank. The bombardment of the forts began towards midnight, and lasted until about 2 o'clock on Thursday the 13th of August.

On the 13th the fort, after a terrible bombardment, surrendered. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the burgomaster of Hermée was arrested during the passage of a fresh regiment, and was taken to Fexhe for the night.

He returned to Hermée on Friday morning, stating that henceforth the Germans would leave Hermée alone; they recognised that its people had suffered enough.

However, that very day, at one o'clock, the burgomaster and the curé were taken as hostages by yet another regiment. Then, at four o'clock, the major of another body of German troops, some seven hundred strong, halted before the presbytery; he made the burgomaster and the curé stand on either side of his horse and ordered the population to be assembled.

Of 1,200 inhabitants, about 750 remained, the rest having previously fled. The men were grouped on one hand and the women and children on the other. The major requested the curé to inform him as to the boundaries of the village. The curé, M. Paisse, pointed them out to him, neglecting the hamlets.

Then the soldiers were ordered to search all the houses for concealed weapons! A fruitless search, for they found nothing but a few cartridges left by Belgian and German soldiers.

No matter; the houses were noted, and the discovery entailed the death penalty. The major demanded to be informed which of the men present were the inmates of these houses, for they must be shot.

As each name was pronounced, the curé replied: "Left for Liège with his family on such and such a date. . . . Did he not, Mr. Burgomaster?"

The burgomaster assented.

There was no one to shoot.

The major then proclaimed that as German soldiers had been assassinated in this commune, and wounded men killed, the whole village would be burned.

The men were stupefied ; the women and children wept and lamented. They were roughly ordered to be silent.

The curé explained once more to the major that the troops and the Pontisse fort had killed and wounded the Germans even in the village. No complaint could be made against the inhabitants, who had given proof of their hospitality and humanity.

The officer retorted, vaguely, that bodies of wounded men had been found in the commune, whom civilians had killed and buried.

Thereupon the burgomaster exhibited the German surgeon's letter of thanks, and the certificate from the Maestricht commandant.

Confronted by these definite assertions and these documents, the major made a gesture of regret, hesitated a moment, and then made up his mind :

"There may be some misunderstanding, of course, but I have received an order, and I must execute it."

The soldiers then compelled the 750 inhabitants to quit the village. The major, upon fresh entreaties on the part of the curé, ordered him to "Take them away."

It was then half-past six ; night was approaching. The population, in a body, took the road to Milmort.

These people had left their homes at a moment's notice, without a moment's respite, and had taken nothing with them.

Meanwhile the Germans had stolen from the farms such horses as pleased them, leaving the cattle in the sheds to be burned with the rest.

At some distance the villagers were forced to enter

a field of corn. The poor people asked themselves if the Germans did not intend to burn them too. . . .

When they were there the Germans shouted to them : " Turn round now and look at your village ! "

They saw torches passing from one house to another, while rockets, streaking the air with trails of fire, were falling on the roofs. Presently the conflagration was general. With their priest, the unhappy people fell upon their knees and prayed aloud.

For more than two long hours they witnessed the destruction of their homes, their goods, their beasts, their harvests : of all they possessed.

At half-past nine the fire drew to its close ; the incandescent rafters, falling in a hundred homes, scattered eddies of sparks through the night. They received the order to depart. The sad procession passed on, away from the beloved village. All along the road the German troopers shouted at them : " Barbarians ! Barbarians ! "

They went to beg asylum at a neighbouring village, Milmort. But every two or three hundred yards the road was barred, and on each occasion the curé had to return to the village to beg the major to give him a pass, which was taken from him as soon as he exhibited it.

It was nearly midnight when the exiles found a fraternal welcome at Milmort.

But there again, on the following day, which was Assumption Day, the soldiery recommenced their brutality. Those who had called the people of Hermée barbarians plundered the cellars and made themselves drunk. Then they began to bully the people. Here too they shouted that the people had fired on their troops ! And there was a question of burning the village. The curé of Milmort, whose presbytery was pillaged, was arrested as he was celebrating mass, and sent a prisoner to Liers.

At Hermée, a flourishing village containing large farmhouses, 119 houses were burned. The aspect of the ruins is heart-breaking. After the destruction of the village the Germans completed their work, carrying off or breaking all that was left, emptying the cellars and ravaging the gardens. The strong-box of the presbytery contained, besides the titles to the fabric of the church, the archives, and the parish registers, ancient sacred vessels, etc., of great artistic value. It was found to have been forced and emptied. The chalice was picked up in a lane.

Here is an epitaph pronounced by a farmer of Hermée, as he gazed from a distance on the smoking ruins of his village: "We shall go back. After all, they can't take the soil from us."

Long after the fire the Germans continued to make inquiries concerning the curé of Hermée, being anxious to do him an ill turn. They accused him of having formed a corps of francs-tireurs. In reality he organised a club for the purpose of military training, which had absolutely no part in the events of the war. Many such were organised at the time of the passing of the new law instituting universal military service. Later on he was reproached with having evaded his duty as a hostage. A certain E—— was instructed to hold an inquiry in Hermée. But Abbé Paisse, in order to make an end of such hostile attempts, escaped into Holland, where his colleague of Battice was to have met him. His life also was threatened, and his village parish devastated.

HEURE-LE-ROMAIN. A MAN-HUNT

Heure-le-Romain (which means the frontier or *ora* of the *Romand* or Walloon country, just as Heure-le-Tiexhe means the frontier of the *Thiois* or Flemish country) lies a mile and a quarter from Hermée, a

mile and a half from Haccourt, and three miles from Visé.

On Wednesday, the 5th of August, at five o'clock in the afternoon, German troops were seen advancing in silence toward the Pontisse fort; the wheels of their vehicles were tired with rubber, and their horses' shoes were muffled with leather.

Then for ten days there was a continual and rapid procession of German troops.

So far a relative tranquillity had prevailed. The population, whose behaviour had been extremely correct, felt more or less reassured. However, it had to pay a cruel tribute on the occasion of the calculated outburst of rage which followed Belgium's second refusal to subscribe to the violation of her territory.

On the 15th of August the 93rd regiment halted in the village, and the soldiers began to assume a malevolent air. They were drinking to excess. About 10.30 p.m. they began to fire their rifles, and then to shout that the troops had been fired on. Now all weapons had long ago been surrendered and destroyed. Soldiers were billeted in all the houses, and no untoward incident had disturbed the peace.

One of the MM. Stockis, farmers, received a bayonet-wound when he inquired what was happening. M. Hadelin Verjus, who again was a man above all suspicion, was shot down because he fled when threatened with death. Four houses were burned that day.

On the following day—Sunday the 16th—the Germans burned the Delwaites' farm, the Beaurieux' house, and the great farmhouse belonging to M. Dessain, a Liège publisher, which was occupied by Mme. Soury, a widow. The day before odious proposals had been made to Mme. Soury and her daughter; in return for their compliance with these proposals their property would be safeguarded. On their indignant refusal they were turned out of doors, with their

servants, and forced to sleep in the open air while the officers occupied their rooms. On the following day everything was ablaze. To-day the ruins offer a spectacle of terrible desolation ; a dozen gable-ends point toward the sky, but the whole great quadrangle of buildings is merely a heap of ruins. The incendiaries stole fifteen horses, ten of which were mares in foal. (In September another half-dozen horses were carried off. Mme. Soury then fled into Holland with her children, her servants, all her cattle, and her remaining horses.)

In the morning of that same day—Sunday the 16th of August—the people of Heure-le-Romain were expelled from their houses and imprisoned in the church. From the pulpit they were informed : “ You will be shot ; your village will be burned. We are the masters ; we have the right of life and death,” and so on. A machine-gun was installed at one end of the church, with its barrel levelled at the villagers. The soldiers made a pretence of using the gun. The unfortunate captives were insulted, threatened, hustled. For two hours they were forced to hold their arms in the air. The whole day and the whole night were passed in this mortal apprehension ; many longed for the Germans to make an end and shoot them.

Meanwhile the houses were plundered ; the soldiers removed any money that was to be found, and anything else that seemed of value ; articles of furniture were packed on waggons and sent away.

A first group of seven inhabitants were shot, of whom two were old men and two women :

Verjus, Jean, husband of Hardy, 62 years.	Léonard, Antoine, brother of the burgomaster, 73 years.
Verjus, François, husband of — Bertholet, 36 years.	Brune, Anne, wife of — Del-fontaine, 55 years.
Henry Ernest, 17 years.	Poncelet, Marie - Elisabeth,
Janssen, François-Guillaume, curé, 47 years.	wife of — Westphal, 32 years.

The curé, M. Janssen, a distinguished priest, greatly beloved for his kind heart and his devoutness, had already been arrested as a hostage, together with M. Léonard, the burgomaster. The latter, broken down by the fatigue and burden of the last ten days, was that evening replaced by his brother. The curé was led, bareheaded, with his arms firmly bound to his sides, into the Café Tasset, where he had to endure the insults offered him by his murderers. Finally he was informed that his last hour had come. At that moment he was allowed to sit down for a while; the other captives saw him leaning against the edge of the stove, and heard him groan: "Oh, my poor mother!"

The assassins killed him, with M. Léonard, in a meadow close at hand. It is not true that the unfortunate priest's arms were broken, as has been said. His arms were found to be tightly bound; four or five bullets had reached his heart, while the skull was split in two by the blow of an axe.

As for Mme. Delfontaine and her daughter, Mme. Westphal, who were hunted by the bandits, they took refuge in a loft, and thence they climbed on to the roof. The Germans brought them down with their bullets. These high feats of arms being accomplished, the 93rd regiment departed on the Monday morning.

It was followed, at Heure-le-Romain, by the 72nd and another regiment, perhaps the 67th.

It was Tuesday before the new arrivals undertook to destroy everything. Released from the church on Monday morning, the majority of the inhabitants, happily for themselves, had fled. Fires were started everywhere. On those buildings which escaped we have discovered signs of breaking in and attempted incendiarism. At the church, a very fine building, the incendiaries spilt cans of naphtha in the tower and then fired their rifles or revolvers, but without result. About seventy ruined houses, many of them

large farmhouses, bear witness to this day to the Germanic barbarism.

While all was ablaze, a veritable hunt for human prey took place through the gardens. Those inhabitants who had remained in the village nearly all perished. The German massacred them without distinction of age or sex. Thus perished nineteen further victims, of whom two were men of seventy, five women, and four children of 15 years, 11 years, 3 months, and 2 months.

Valoir, Joseph, married, 72 years.	<i>Simonon, Anne, wife of Borguet, 23 years.</i>
Britte, Joseph-Émile, 15 years.	Frenay, Alexandre, 11 years.
Frère, Girard, married, 71 years.	Malpas, Henri, 29 years.
Frère, Jean-Henri, his son, 32 years.	Tasset, Philipp, 23 years.
Frère, Marie, née Lhoest, 45 years.	<i>Tasset, Anne, née Chapelier, 19 years.</i>
<i>Dosin, Marie, wife of Spelt, 63 years.</i>	Their child, <i>aged three months, died of wounds at Herstal.</i>
Hoho, Paul, 9 months.	Rossay, Jean-Jacques, 36 years.
Pousset, Jean, married, 54 years.	<i>Rossay, Marie, née Lhoest, 56 years.</i>
Pousset, Jean E., 23 years.	Gathy, Pierre, 67 years.

This list brings up the number of victims to twenty-seven. In addition to these killed, many were grievously wounded, and many lost their health, perhaps their reason. Those grievously wounded were: *Mme. Duchâteau*, widow; Noël Valoir; Corneille Borguet; Joseph Smeets; *Marie Bosch*, wife of Tasset; Borguet, Morin, and *Mme. Hoho, née Machiels*.

A child of four months was taken, half dead, from the arms of its dead mother by its grandmother, who was seriously wounded.

Mme. Spelt was shot in her garden, almost at point-blank range.

M. Valoir, a septuagenarian, was killed while giving

a drink to his son, who was lying seriously wounded in the road.

The Germans searched their victims as they fell, stealing the money of the dead and wounded.

One old man, M. Gathy, was an invalid. He was first of all snatched from the flames and carried, under rifle-fire, into M. Valoir's house ; but the Germans set fire to this house, and the unfortunate old man was burned to ashes.

In January, after the appearance of Cardinal Mercier's sensational letter, the Germans held an inquiry into these horrible occurrences, and more particularly into the murder of priests ; a judge went amid these ruins, and these worthy folk in mourning, to seek an explanation which can only be found in the monstrous theories of war applied by hordes which have been disciplined into brutishness.

CHAPTER V

THE GERMANS IN LIÉGE

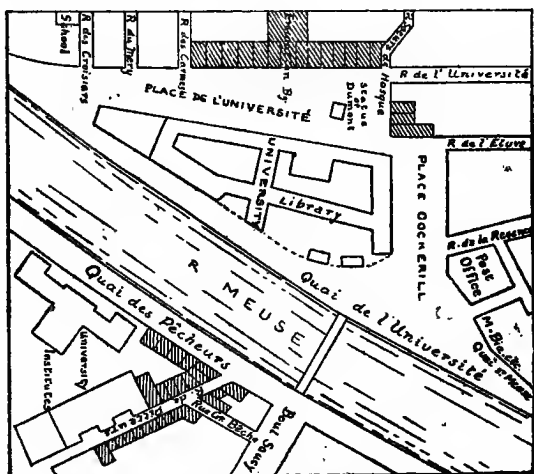
SMALL towns and country districts had been subjected to the invaders' methods of waging war. There it was easy enough to maltreat the population; but in a large city the matter becomes more delicate. Having entered Liége and installed themselves in the city without any difficulty whatever—apart from the struggle before the forts, which lay at a considerable distance from the city—the Germans remained there for ten days, without any incident worthy of mention. But this tranquillity did not agree with their instincts. Haunted by a vague uneasiness, and intrigued by the phlegmatic attitude of the citizens, they expressed their amazement at seeing so many people about, especially so many men.

The people of Liége were of course too sensible to entertain any idea of rebellion against the immense army whose waves were day by day inundating more of their country. But the German, with his corrupt mentality, his deceitful and suspicious character, and his impulsive temper, is incapable of understanding a frank, refined people, endowed with a sense of proportion.

Between the Teuton and the Liégeois there is a gulf fixed. Physically, the two types are familiar: the Liégeois is generally slender, wiry, with the head rather small than otherwise; an obstinate head, with angular features, lit up by the vivacity of the glance and the

irony of the smile ; while the German is thick-set, powerful, but heavy, his colouring porcine and his features congealed in an expression of incurable pretension. Morally, the contrast is even more marked.

The attitude of this population, resigned, but dignified and reasonable, yet not without a touch of disdain, made the German feel uncomfortable, and seemed to



SYSTEMATIC INCENDIARISM IN LIEGE.

The cross-hatching indicates the premises which were burned. They were about fifty in number.

him to cover all manner of black designs. He betrayed, in everything, a laughable mistrust, not daring to sleep alone in a room, nor to drink unless someone else drank first, nor to be the first to enter the premises which he used to search in vain, sounding the walls, pulling up flag-stones, lifting the planking of floors in order to discover weapons. Finally, in the absence of any motive or pretext for severity, the Germans formed the

resolution to resort to the brutal and summary "reprisals" which had been applied in the provinces during the preceding fortnight.

It was, moreover, the period when the order was indubitably issued to make the Belgians feel those "cruelties of warfare" of which the Imperial ultimatum and the second request for a free passage through Belgium contained the explicit threat. The "reprisals" committed in Liège (on the night of the 20th of August) exactly coincided with those committed in Andenne, Tamines, Dinant, etc.

The following narrative is based upon evidence whose precise value would be revealed by a free inquiry conducted under guarantees of security.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PLACE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ

On the 17th or 18th of August some soldiers of the 29th German regiment of reserve were quartered in the Place de l'Université, in the premises belonging to the heirs of the late General Londot, in the hall of the Société d'Émulation and, quite close at hand, in the Communal College, Rue des Croisiers. The Maison Londot had been completely vacated by the occupiers; in the Emulation building a concierge lived with her two sons, young men of from 17 to 20 years of age. The communal school was also inhabited by a concierge.

Directly they were installed the soldiers went in search of wines. The cellars of the unoccupied houses of Dr. Renard and Dr. Langer, in the Rue des Croisiers, and of the Baron d'Otreppe, in the Rue des Carmes, were pillaged, and the bottles removed on trucks, under the supervision of the officers, to the premises occupied by the troops in the Place de l'Université and the Rue des Croisiers. "What would you have?" replied an officer to a scandalised observer. "It is war!" On the 19th, and even more on the evening of the 20th,

the majority of the soldiers were drunk ; in the Rue des Carmes a captain and a lieutenant even, leaving the hôtel of M. d'Otreppe, were seen vainly endeavouring to get into the saddle.

On Thursday the 20th, about 9 o'clock in the evening, the soldiers and under-officers billeted in the school in the Rue des Croisiers were sitting at table in the rear building, noisily conversing. A witness overheard this remark, spoken in German : " Something is going to happen to-night ; we've got to have women, or there'll be trouble ! "

In the Emulation building the soldiers were amusing themselves by listening to one of their number singing, when they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of an Oberleutnant, who held a secret conversation with one of his subordinates, an officer. Immediately the soldiers, who were ninety in number, were ordered to remove their boots, and they then lay down in the large hall. A few moments later a general clearing for action was heard ; the soldiers put on their boots again and began to run through the main building, in all directions, from the ground-floor to the upper stories, breaking the furniture with blows of their hatchets.¹ A shot rang out, fired from a window on the first floor of the Emulation building, in the direction of the University, which, since the beginning of the occupation, had been used as a barracks. It was then half-past nine. At this moment the main building whence the shot was fired was occupied exclusively by the soldiers ; the concierge and her two sons were in the rear building. This first shot, which seemed to be a signal, was immediately followed by a brisk fusillade ; and machine-guns, which had been brought to the Emulation building in the course of the day, were

¹ These details appear strange ; one fails to understand to what machination they correspond ; but the facts are materially exact, and we give them as they are.

posted on the Place and levelled at the premises facing the University.

Instantly the Place was full of completely equipped soldiers, who were firing in all directions. The irregular crackling of the rifle fire alternated with the clockwork regularity of the machine-guns as the latter spat out their streams of bullets, and this infernal sound was dominated by the lugubrious bawling of the soldiers and the raucous cries of their officers. At the same time doors and shutters were broken in by blows of the soldiers' axes. Officers entered the vestibules, shouting in French: "The women and children are to come out; as for the men, they must die by fire or steel!" And immediately the soldiers set fire to the ground-floors, by means of cans of spirit, ignited by torches.

The families X—— and Y—— (we could be more precise) had, with their co-tenants, taken refuge in the cellars when this terrible order was uttered. Mme. Y——, emerging from her place of refuge, wished to beg quarter for the men of the officer. "It is useless; all the men must die!" was the reply. Scarcely had this officer departed when a second officer entered the vestibule, repeating the same order. But before Mme. Y——'s pleading he relented. "Send the men out," he said, "and I swear to you on my honour as a soldier that they shall be safe and sound." The five men emerged from the cellars, and were taken under escort to the University, with their wives and children.

In the meantime all the men on whom the Germans had been able to lay their hands, whether in the cellars, on the stairs, or in the upper stories, whither many sought to escape—all these men were led into the Place, to a spot near the statue of André Dumont, and were shot then and there without the slightest formality. This first group consisted of nine men, of quiet and peaceable character.

Here are the names of the victims :

Bronkart.	Labriès, Iago, employed by
Schepers, Joseph, greengrocer.	MM. Oliver.
Corbusier, egg merchant.	Y—— employed by MM.
Deguelon, pork-butcher in the market.	Oliver.
Oliver, Antonio, and his brother, Oliver, Iago, fruiterers.	Z—— employed by MM. Oliver.

These five last argued in vain that they were Spanish subjects ; what were legal scruples to creatures devoid of any scruples of humanity ? These nine victims were not sufficient to slake their fury, nor, in all probability, were they sufficient to satisfy the order. It was necessary to clear the approaches to the University more clearly. The brutes rushed into the Place Cockerill, which communicates directly with the Place de l'Université, the northern front of the University facing the Place. The same scenes were reproduced here, except that the houses were not fired. After firing on the houses the soldiers entered them, breaking with their hatchets everything which impeded their progress. "*Man hat geschossen !*" they shouted. And they led the men out upon the place of execution, near the statue of André Dumont, where lay the first nine victims ; and there, one by one, these unfortunates were thrust before the heap of bodies, while an officer gave the order : "*Schiessen !*" and a soldier, posted at a distance of four or five yards, killed them at a shot, in the presence of their wives. In order to make certain of their death, or to "finish" them, the victims were pierced with the bayonet, some being scalped and others disembowelled. Here are the names of this second series of victims :

Carpentier, sen., café-keeper, 1, Place Cockerill.	Fastré, jun., merchant, 4, Place Cockerill.
Carpentier, jun.	Schmitz, schoolmaster, pass-

ing through Liège, lodging with the Meyers, Place Cockerill.
Foullien, son of a café-keeper.

Sprokkel, waiter in Foullien's café.

Fléron, of Grivegnée, lodging for the time being with Foullien, his friend.

At the north-western corner of the Place Cockerill, with his back against the grille of the Meuffels' stores, a young man, awaiting his turn to die, was praying aloud. A soldier pointed to the Rue de l'Étuve, down which he escaped.

All this time the machine-guns continued to play in the direction of the Rue des Croisiers. The soldiers billeted in the school—for the most part drunken—were firing in all directions; accordingly a good dozen of them were wounded by their own comrades, and were seen in the ambulances.

The firemen, who had arrived on the spot about ten o'clock, were plagued and bullied and terrorised by the Germans, who forced them to undress themselves; many of them were relieved of their purses. After this maltreatment they were permitted to get their nozzles going, but only in order to limit the fire. "You must make a fight for numbers 3 and 5," a German officer informed them. "But that" (pointing to the premises between Nos. 2 and 28 inclusive)—"all that is useless, that must burn." Marvellous logic, truly, for Nos. 3 and 5, namely, the house formerly occupied by General Londot and the premises of the Société de l'Émulation, were of course those which had first been fired. But these were precisely the buildings occupied by the Germans! The blunder was realised a little late!

The firing still continued; moreover, a piece of artillery was installed on the Quai des Pêcheurs, on the right bank of the Meuse, which bombarded the buildings on the Quai-sur-Meuse, on the left bank. Six shots were fired; they struck the houses occupied by MM. Bia (notary), Arsouze (cabaret-keeper), Foullien

(restaurant-keeper), Jeunehomme (merchant), Ban-neux (greengrocer), and Collinet (restaurant-keeper).

The inhabitants believed that a general massacre and wholesale destruction was in progress. In all parts of the town shots rang out, fired by the German patrols : shots were fired in the Place Maghin, the Place du Congrès, the Rue de Pitteurs, the Rue du Plan-Incliné, the Rue de la Cathédrale, the Place Saint-Lambert, where the Hôtel du Nouveau-Monde was methodically plundered. . . . The sky was ablaze. . . .

In the Place de l'Université the houses numbered from 2 to 28, with Nos. 3, 5, and 18, were completely gutted—seventeen houses in all. At No. 28, on the following day—August 22—at nine o'clock in the morning, four persons, of whom three were women, were brought up from the cellar, where they were imprisoned under the ruins. Happily, they were alive, though in a pitiful condition. A few days later the ruins of No. 14 yielded up the completely carbonised body of Mme. Schepers, whose unfortunate husband was shot, and the body of a tenant, Mlle. Dumonceau, modiste, who had taken refuge in the cellars.

It may be imagined that the occasion was a propitious one for pillage. By the first gleams of daybreak soldiers were entering the shops and private houses on the Place Cockerill and the Quai-sur-Meuse, driving out the inmates, the wives and relatives of the men they had just shot, and forcing them to stand with lifted hands while they stole the goods—especially the boxes of preserves of all kinds—and emptied the tills : all this under the eyes of the officers.

In the morning the dead bodies were removed to the Bourse, where certain bodies were identified, thanks to the efforts of the police, and then to the Morgue, where those not identified were photographed. However, one of those shot, Fléron by name, escaped with his life : he was struck by four bullets, in the hand,

in the right forearm, and in the abdomen ; he was loaded with the other bodies, but an hour and a half after reaching the Bourse he recovered his senses, and was moved to the hospital of the Daughters of the Cross in the Rue Hors-Château.

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An attempt was made to involve the Russian students in this affair. They were accused of having fired the first shot, of having thereby brought about the terrible reprisals, which, even had the accusation been true, could not have been justified. The first floor of the house occupied by the Olivers was indeed let to a society of Russian Jew students, which held its meetings there. But the students had not entered the building for several days. In any case (and this fact can be proved by witnesses) on the very day of the massacre, and a few moments before the first shot was fired, some German soldiers had taken good care to search this room, as well as the second floor, which was occupied by the pork-butcher Degueldre, who was shot shortly afterwards. On leaving the premises the Germans, having closed the door, said : " It's all shut up." The room was completely empty of furniture, and contained no bed of any kind. No Russian subject lived on the Place de l'Université or the Place Cockerill.

In reality the initial shot was fired from the first story of the premises of the Société d'Émulation by a German soldier. The whole scene was organised according to orders ; and one detail proves this irrefutably. It is the fact that a German soldier, who was picked up dead on the Place de l'Université, and who was supposed to be a victim, was cold when found ; his apparent wounds had not bled ; and on stripping the body it was obvious that it had been the subject of an autopsy ; the heart and viscera, having been put back into place, were retained by bandages. It was a

corpse which had been brought from the hospital, as a piece of evidence against the civilians! . . . Upon this discovery, which was made by Belgians before a German surgeon-major, the latter cried: "*Das ist kolossal!*" And indeed it was!

QUAI DES PÊCHEURS—RUE DE PITTEURS

Almost facing the Place de l'Université, across the Meuse, on the Quai des Pêcheurs, stands the Institute of Zoology, a fine building, to the rear of which is a series of further university buildings. The monumental façades of these buildings overlook the Rue de Pitteurs and the Place Delcour. They are: the Institutes of Anatomy, Hygiene, Therapeutics, Legal Medicine, and Physiology.

Several inhabitants of this quarter were warned by soldiers that there would be danger on the night of the 20th, and that it would be prudent to depart. Moreover, many Germans were drunk. In the evening, when the firing broke out in the Place de l'Université, hundreds of shots were fired at the façades of the buildings on the Quai des Pêcheurs and the Rue de Pitteurs. The doors were broken in with hatchets, and the dwelling-houses were pillaged, while the inmates fled in bewilderment. Cellars were emptied; trucks came to take away the wine and the articles of greatest value. All this brigandage was effected in the midst of rifle fire and ferocious bawling. Then the incendiary rockets and pastilles did their work. Of the following houses nothing was left but ruins:

QUAI DES PÊCHEURS	
No. 42. De Puydt, engineer.	No. 45. Office of the Staff and the City Commandant.
No. 43. Mme. Canter, widow, independent.	No. 46. Baar, public works contractor.
No. 44. O. Hannot, engineer.	No. 47. Clavier, physician.

No. 48. Gilman, surgeon-dentist.

RUE DE PITTEURS

No. 1. Van Herck, professor.

No. 3. Franquinet, manufacturer.

No. 5. Herzet, manufacturer.

No. 7. Heynes, cutler.

No. 9. Mme. Jockin, widow, perfumery.

No. 11. Family pension.

No. 13. Van Haa, café-keeper

No. 15. Toudy, printer.

No. 17. Mathieu Montulet, founder; Mme. Bovy, widow, and Mme. Gillard, widow, independent.

No. 19. F. Bourgeois, clerk.

No. 21. C. Donnay, and two independent ladies.

No. 23. Bernimolin, architect.

No. 25. Vyghens, railway inspector.

No. 27. Eastern Catholic Club.

No. 2. Mme. Halbart, independent.

No. 4. Falise, engineer.

No. 6. G. Gordinne, manufacturer.

No. 8. R. Papelier, tailor.

No. 10. F. Louwette, wine-cellars.

No. 12. People's Library.

If it were not already absolutely certain that the civilians were not responsible for any act of aggression, the profession and standing of the inhabitants would render it improbable.

The conflagration spread to the Rue Grande-Bêche, opening out of the Rue de Pitteurs; the first few houses in this street were reduced to ruins.

Finally, the incendiaries entered a courtyard in the Institute of Therapeutics. A door was broken in with the axe, the great window-panes were shattered, the shutters and articles of furniture were ignited. The employés applied themselves to extinguishing the fire. The savages fired at them, happily without wounding them. In the street, also, they fired on the firemen who were endeavouring to extinguish the fires. An officer was about to arrest one of the clerks, bawling: "It is he that fired!" "No; you know very well it was your own men!"

During the night cries of distress and suffering were heard amid the detonations.

It has been said that killed and wounded citizens

must have been cast into the Meuse. We were not able to verify this assertion. In the cellar of one of the houses burned the carbonised remains of a whole family were found.

The authors of these exploits belonged to several regiments, more particularly to the 57th.

A few houses were burned and plundered on the Quai des Ardennes. The occupiers of these houses were in the country, excepting M. J——, who, understanding German, overheard this dialogue: "If only they don't hold an inquiry!" "Bah! We shall set fire to them, and no one will see or know us!"

A MELANCHOLY MORNING

The people of Liège will never forget the terrible morning of Friday the 21st of August. Even in remote quarters of the town one could breathe the odour of the fires which had been started in the centre of the city; while black flakes and smuts were floating in the air and sprinkling the ground. Brutes with dangerous faces, revolver in hand, went from house to house, ordering people to keep their doors open. Others were furiously conducting searches, seeking pretexts for the crimes of the night. The few Belgians encountered in the streets wore an expression of anguish or were white with suppressed indignation. Doctors wearing the Red Cross armlet were returning from the Cornmarket, where seventeen bodies had been deposited, among them that Maccabee of the hospital of whom we have already spoken. Others, half clothed, were victims who had been surprised in their sleep.

In certain streets there was a general exodus; the inhabitants, ordered immediately to evacuate their houses, were going they knew not whither, loaded with bundles of clothing or bedding.

The German authorities ordered the evacuation,

among other streets, of the Rue Pierreuse, which ascends to the rear of the Palace. They also ordered that the Rue de Pitteurs, the Rue Grande-Bêche, and other streets on the east side of the Meuse, should be deserted by three o'clock in the afternoon. The rumour spread that they intended to raze this quarter to the ground, and to place batteries there to cover an eventual retreat. As a matter of fact, the Germans wished merely to isolate the buildings of the University, which they had already announced their intention of occupying.

The city was desolate. The trams, which had partially resumed service the day before, were again suspended.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a drunken German soldier was seen in the Rue du Pont-d'Avroy; carrying a box of cigars, he was laughing uncouthly and staggering. And I heard someone say: "There's one who will fire his rifle to-night and put it down to us. . . ."

A placard bore the following notice:

"1. Civilians have fired on the German soldiers. Repression is the result. Those weapons which have not been surrendered must be given in before nine o'clock. Whosoever disobeys this order will be shot.

"2. It is forbidden, under penalty of death by shooting, to keep pigeons or any means of informing armies other than the German army. Persons who by means of lights, wireless telephony, or any other means, shall warn the troops hostile to Germany, will be subject to the severest penalties."

The public contemptuously discussed this placard, as well as the events of the night. Besides the crimes already recorded, a hideous tragedy had taken place a few steps from the Palace.

THE PALACE

The reader will recall the fact that the province of Liège constituted, for nearly 800 years, an almost

independent State, which extended over part of the Ardennes, the country about Dinant, and Hainaut. The ancient palace of the princes, one of the largest residential buildings in the country, became in after-years the Palais de Justice, the provincial Hôtel, and the Dépôt des Archives, or Record Office, as we should say in English.

On entering Liège the Germans took possession of the whole mass of buildings. Trucks were loaded with the records of the Dépôt des Archives, which they removed by way of the Rue Derrière-le-Palais. The invaders occupied everything : offices, audience-halls, court-rooms, drawing-rooms, and the royal apartments of the Government offices. In these latter the "Lieutenant-General Governor of the Fortress of Lüttich"¹ paraded his Prussian airs and graces ; his *Kommandantur* occupied the reception-rooms, and 1,300 soldiers the rest. One can imagine the devastation suffered by these premises, which had until then been religiously preserved in the state in which an opulent and artistic past had left them to us. The wonderful colonnades of the courtyards are partially utilised, by means of planks and partitions, as stables. Outside, from the height of the pediment, the German flag insults the city, and on its balconies machine-guns threaten it.

Before the principal front stretches the great Place Saint-Lambert, which now may only be skirted by means of the pavements, and before the Gothic of the lateral façade is the charming enclosure of the Place Notger.

AN EPISODE OF THE TERRIBLE NIGHT

Now, in the corner of this little Place, facing the southern corner of the Palace, a café juts a little forward, a simple "Café kept by Martin Banneux."

¹ German for Liège.—TRANS.

This café is rather like the Moulin de Sans-Souci. Its windows look into those of the envoy of the King of Prussia. Under the old régime a cat might look at a king, or, as they say in Belgium, "a dog might look at a Prince-Bishop!" However, this café was irksome to the Germans. And there were only the officers to find its proximity annoying. The soldiery had not been able to soften the scrupulous correctitude of the proprietor, who, in conformity with the prohibition in force, refused to sell them alcoholic drinks.

Assuredly, in all the city, the Café Banneux was in the spot most exposed to reprisals in case of an attack upon the Germans. It was in the wolf's mouth. That it should ever be involved in such an attack—why, the very idea is crazy. But listen . . .

The house in question was inhabited, on the night of the 20th of August, by the family of the proprietor : Banneux, his wife, a little daughter, small for her years, and a son, still younger.

Banneux occupied the ground and first floors of the building ; he let the other floors to various persons, among them the Devivers, who had the third floor.

The Deviver family consisted of the father, the mother, two young men, and a little girl, Paulette, who was twelve years of age.

It was ten o'clock at night. Having retired at seven, the two households were already fast asleep.

Shots awakened them. They were firing outside, in the Place Notger, and behind, probably in the Place Saint-Michel, which was quite close at hand.

Mme. Deviver got out of bed, and, cautiously raising the edge of a blind, tried to make out what was the cause of the shooting ; she imagined the soldiers were firing at an aeroplane. Yet one of her sons came rushing in, crying : "Maman, it's an attack ; they're firing at the house ! Go into the rooms at the back !"

The wife wanted her husband and her sons to escape

through the courtyards, since the Germans always accused the men. "Yet why run away, mother?" objected the elder, Laurent. "We have done nothing wrong!" But already they heard savage shouts and the sound of doors flying into splinters.

"*Man hat geschossen!*" cried the soldiers, rushing into the house. The inmates, barely clothed, hastened to the stairs, protesting that there were no weapons in the house, that the Germans might search. . . . And the Germans did search; they searched everywhere, on every floor of the house, lit by the inmates.

On the stairs landing of the third floor were the two young Devivers, awaiting the result of the search; Banneux, and the soldiers who had accompanied him to the left, reached the same landing.

Nothing suspicious had been discovered, and the officer was so informed. "No matter, no matter; they fired, someone fired!"

Fifteen of the brutes surrounded the unhappy victims, and their bayonets, despite the despairing protestation of the women and the tears of the children, were plunged into their living bodies. The two Deviver lads, fatally wounded, fell without a cry in the recess of a doorway; their mother saw them as she emerged from the room which she had entered for a moment in order to throw a shawl over her shoulders. Her husband, in the other room, pierced through by bayonet-wounds, was in the throes of death; little Pauline threw herself upon the murderer, kicking him and striking him with her fists. Deviver, dying, made a last sign to his child, for whom he had a tender predilection; then he gave up the ghost.

While the Devivers were thus falling one after another, a sergeant addressed Banneux:

"You, too, go in there!"

"Where? What for?"

"Go in, then, go in!"

And he pushed the unhappy man towards the recess where the others were lying. His wife threw herself between him and his murderers. One of them was about to pierce her with his bayonet, but the other turned the weapon side, saying: "*Nicht die Frau!*" They seized her and threw her upon the stairs, and she rolled to the bottom, inanimate.

At the same time five bayonet-thrusts pierced the husband in the back and under the left armpit; then the rifle-butts fell on his head; then he was kicked. He lost consciousness. The Germans went downstairs. This horrible scene lasted barely a minute.

Mme. Deviver and her daughters went lamenting from one body to another of their dear dead; they could not believe that all was over for them; they called them by name, wrapped them in blankets, seeking to bring them back to life. The elder of the sons, Laurent, lay with open eyes; his mother, embracing him, implored him to answer her. But her child remained lifeless and mute.

And now a pleading voice was heard from the landing:

"Madame Deviver . . . give me something to drink . . . help me!"

Banneux, brought back to life, no doubt, by the blood which was flowing down his face, had recovered consciousness; it was he who was begging for assistance. And the good woman tore herself away from her own misery to go to the help of one who could still be helped. She took him water, raised his head, gave him to drink.

Presently Mme. Banneux, having also recovered consciousness, came gropingly upstairs and to join the tragic group. Then, helped by the children, their bare feet plashing in blood, the two women slowly bore the wounded man down the stairs, step by step, to the first floor, where they placed him on his bed.

They hid him beneath various articles, fearing that the Germans might come to "finish" him. Then Mme. Banneux washed the victim. At one moment she believed him to be on the point of death.

She sought to go down into the cellar, in order to obtain some wine which might revive him, but the pillagers were at that moment emerging from it, with their hands full of bottles. Bawling, they drove her back. On several occasions they went upstairs again, drove out Mme. Deviver and her daughters, and ordered Mme. Banneux to be gone. "But," she said, "there are the poor dead upstairs!" She sought to divert their attention. But about six in the morning the soldiers forced her to go downstairs with her two children.

In front of the house the little girl, seeing that some soldiers were again going to enter the café, threw herself on her knees before them. "Mercy," she cried, "don't kill my father; kill me rather. Papa hasn't done anything! Papa is innocent!"

Yet it was not until nine o'clock that the Germans discovered that Banneux was still living. They were about to "finish" him, but a German surgeon came up and stated that it was not worth the trouble, that in any case he was *kaput*.

Then the three bodies were placed on a cart, and the Germans wanted to throw the wounded man in with them. But a hospital nurse, who had been called in by the family, and who energetically disputed the possession of the dying man, obtained permission to take him to the Red Cross ambulance station at the Hôtel Continental, which was quite close at hand. Thence Banneux was taken to the hospital of the Daughters of the Cross, and, although he had been ten hours without medical aid, losing blood, and although the left lung was perforated through and through, he was destined to survive, though with a paralysed arm.

In the meantime his house was being pillaged : beers, liqueurs, tobaccos, smokers' requisites, games, etc., all were stolen. In the living-apartments the drawers, chests, cupboards, etc., were forced open ; the thieves took what money they could find, and all manner of articles of any value, even the children's money-boxes not being forgotten. The securities which Deviver was carrying on his person, which represented all that his family possessed, were never recovered.

An orphan girl, who occupied a room in the house, but had gone to the house of an aunt when she saw the neighbourhood swarming with troops, returned after the tragedy in the company of a police agent, in order to fetch her clothes. The soldiers drove the policeman away, and forced the girl to enter the house with one of their own number. After a scene of bestial violence the unfortunate girl barely managed to escape by flight, and was ill as a result of the shock.

All the houses near the Café Banneux had to be evacuated, after suffering depredations. Among others the Théâtre du Gymnase was pillaged and the velvet seats broken up.

The task was accomplished. The Palace was rid of its neighbours.

Yet it is a positive fact that no complaint whatever could have been made of the people of the neighbourhood, much less of the victims of this horrible tragedy.

Like the Banneux, the Devivers were known as extremely respectable people, peaceable and steady.

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The *Limburger Koerier*—we know what its tendencies are—quoted, in its issue of the 29th of August, a German newspaper which reported the incident. In this report it was stated that the soldiers found nothing suspicious during their first searches, but that eventually four men were discovered.

WHY ?

In their display of violence on the night of the 20th the Germans had a double aim in view, which was related to their peculiar mentality. In the first place, they wished to apply to Liége the system of terrorism which forms an integral part of their conception of warfare ; and secondly, owing to their essentially suspicious and distrustful character, they wished to rid of all civilian neighbours the principal buildings which they then occupied or intended to occupy. They therefore laid waste the approaches to the three most important blocks of buildings in Liége : the University, the University Institutes, across the Meuse, and the Palace.

Later on they permitted the reoccupation of those premises which were not burned out and which were least likely to make them feel uneasy. A placard of the 18th of September, signed " Von Heynitz, Lieutenant-Colonel," notified the inhabitants that they might resume occupation of the following houses :

Rue de l'Université, Nos. 38, 40, and 50.

Place de l'Université, No. 1.

Rue Sœurs de Hasque, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

Rue des Carmes, Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16.

Rue de Robermont.

Quai de Longdoz, Nos. 44, 45, 46, 48, 49, 50.

Rue Natalis, Nos. 79, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21, 23, 10, 12, 16.

Rue Dothée, No. 12.

Rue Pré-Binet, Nos. 18, 20, 22, 26, 5, 7.

It was also intimated that those houses whose inhabitants had been expelled in the neighbourhood of the Palace must remain evacuated.

EXECUTIONS AT CORNILLON

The placard we have just quoted mentions the Rue de Robermont. This street is mentioned as a corollary to the night of the 20th of August. It may be imagined that a certain amount of excitement resulted from the doings of that night. Under the impression of these events, the Germans must needs begin shooting one another and executing more innocent civilians.

On the night of the 20th, or, to be precise, at half-past twelve on the morning of the 21st, in the quarter of Cornillon, the Germans, who had loitered over their cups, began to fire their rifles; but that they were heard to do every night. They were then near the level railway-crossing, whence the Aix high-road ascends towards Robermont, Bois-de-Breux, and Fléron.

A company coming down from Robermont at this juncture had one of their number wounded; they opened fire in return. At this there was firing from the Chartreuse, which overlooks this quarter on the right. This false alarm caused a kind of panic among the Germans, which spread towards Bois-le-Breux, resulting in the firing of hundreds of shots.

A soldier in the group which had opened fire at Cornillon was mortally wounded. His companions, to justify themselves, pretended that civilians had fired upon them and that they had replied.

Accordingly at 4 o'clock in the morning these soldiers began to fire at the houses at the bottom of the Rue de Robermont. The house-fronts may be seen to-day, peppered with scars. We counted fifteen holes with radiating fractures in the panes of a single window.

Two inhabitants of Liége, who had not been able to recross the bridges the night before, as all pedestrian traffic was forbidden after 7 o'clock, had lodged in one

of these houses, passing the night sitting up on the ground floor. The Germans shot them immediately, without inquiry. They roused the whole neighbourhood—the Rue de Robermont and the Avenue de Cornillon. Without giving most of these people time to dress, they stood them in a row with their backs to the wall, their arms in the air, and began to make preparations for their execution.

In this long row were seen people of all ages, among others the wife of a Belgian officer in her night-dress, and the wife of a journalist (who was with the army), accompanied by her babies—of five years, four years, and two years—in their dressing-gowns, with their feet bare, their little arms in the air, their backs against the wall, like the rest. The soldiers were ranked in front of them, with levelled rifles. One of them kept on lamenting, repeating, under his breath: "Poor little things!"¹

Then the officers, complaining that the position was not suitable, gave the order to range the victims along another wall, and there the unhappy folk waited for death.

Then they were taken to a spot not far from the level crossing; there lay the bleeding bodies of the two townfolk of whom we have spoken. Near them the dying German soldier had been placed. The captives were told: "Look, there's a lesson for you!" And they saw, still lying on the doorstep of a house, an old man whose shoulder had been shattered.

However, the people of the neighbourhood protested that the shots had not been fired from the houses. In the meantime, moreover, all the houses had been searched for arms.

¹ The family of this lady and that of her husband had lost everything at Herve, and the husband's aged father, having received, on the frontier, a letter at last giving news of his son, was imprisoned for forty-five days.

Finally, owing to the evidence, these people were allowed to return to their homes. This was at about seven o'clock in the morning. But first the Germans shot a civilian who was quite recently married, and who lived in a suite of rooms in the building known as *Au Panorama*. They shot him because the house in question, which overlooked the neighbourhood, appeared to them "suspect."

The bullet which struck the dying soldier was extracted at the Brasserie de Cornillon, and it was, of course, a German bullet.

A POWDER-TRAIN

But the consequences of the false alarm at Cornillon were to spread yet further. From Robermont the excitement proceeded to spread upwards to Bois-de-Breux, a section of the commune of Grivegnée. Without any pretext, on this morning of the 22nd of August the Germans began to scour the neighbourhood, firing in all directions. The passers-by fled, aghast. Three of them were captured at random, placed against a wall, and immediately shot, without explanation. These were Jean Defrère, aged 32 years; Andre Defrère, aged 38 years; Jules Claessens, father of a family.

At the same time ten houses standing beside the highroad were given to the flames. Two inhabitants, who had not fled soon enough, were beaten back with clubbed rifles into their blazing homes. They were Jean Reyner, aged 67; Paul Fassotte, aged 65 years.

Their bodies were found later, burned to ashes, amid the ruins.

At the same time houses were fired in the Rue Nicolas Spiroux. Seventeen houses were there devoured by the flames.

A large number of the inhabitants of the Rue de Herve were arrested and led into a large meadow.

Two hundred Germans guarded them. They were subjected to bodily search. Women and young girls were handled in a disgusting manner. Finally the captives were released.

In the afternoon the inhabitants of the Rue de Herve were ordered to evacuate their houses. Most of them did not return for a month. One may imagine how far property was "respected," according to the promise posted up on the walls of Liège. In the hamlet of Bruyères the Germans carried off bedding, beds, linen, blankets, etc., and no one dared to protest. Some of the inhabitants were kept as hostages at the Château de Fayt-en-Bois, the residence of a commandant who, we know, was a brute. He was the author of the famous placard in which seventeen articles contained fourteen threats of death, one of which was held over the heads of civilians who did not salute the Germans.

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One evening in January I received a visit at Liège from a young girl who asked for help. She apologised for presenting herself at such an hour ; it was Saturday, and she had first to finish her household tasks.

"We were burned out at Bois-de-Breux in August."

"On what day?"

"On the 22nd."

"Under what circumstances?"

"It was in the morning ; we were going to have breakfast, mama and my four brothers and sisters—I am the eldest. But we had no time. The Germans came in shouting : ' Outside ! Outside ! ' Mama told them that papa had died quite recently and that we were very unhappy. They would not listen to anything. They took whatever they fancied. We had two purses—an old one, which they threw away, and a new one. There was 34 francs left ; it was, with our furniture, all that we had. They took the money and

drove us out. When we were on the road, we saw that the neighbouring houses were already in flames, and the people escaping. They were firing their rifles. Now mama is ill in bed ; I am obliged to ask. . . ."

The little girl was told to come again.

On the following day she did so ; she had with her a companion younger than herself—a little fair girl, thin and very pale, carrying in her arms her little brother, who was whimpering, and whom she was trying to quiet.

"Monsieur," said the first of the children, "I couldn't help bringing my neighbour—she is much poorer than we are." There were seven children in her family ; the father was dying, and the mother was rheumatic.

I was greatly touched, and I recalled the saying : "When one poor soul assists another, God smiles."

IN DANGER

The Grand Séminaire of Liège, adjoining the Bishopric, was very nearly the theatre of a fresh tragedy of so-called reprisals. The troops were greatly excited, and had already surrounded the college ; shots had been fired from certain windows, which were indicated. The accusers were immediately led to these windows, and had to realise that the apartments to which they belonged were exclusively occupied by German soldiers !

For some time after the conflagration and the massacre in the Place de l'Université there was a question, at the *Kommandantur*, of inflicting further "reprisals" upon the city. The officers were vexed to see the population retain its proud and frigid attitude toward the invaders. They would have liked to see them more subdued, their spirit broken. In many of them the situation gave rise to uneasiness. They discussed the

proper line to take. Some recommended the strong hand and rigorous methods of prevention ; others feared that such a policy would be altogether mistaken, and were in favour of moderation and justice. From the general tone of remarks, it seemed that the citizens might expect further violence upon the slightest pretext. And it rested with each one to provide the occasion !

It is hardly possible, some will think, that such an exchange of ideas, in the German tongue moreover, could have come to our ears. If an inquiry should be held at some future date, we shall name our sources of information, and all doubt will at once be removed. What may at first sight seem improbable is really often quite simple and natural.

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During this period the danger was constant. Arrests were being made at random, and everyone went in danger of some tragic misadventure, for shots were fired every night, which might at any time be imputed to anybody. . . .

M. X—— was returning home one evening on his bicycle—this was when bicycles were still permitted. In a street in the centre of the city a shot rang out, and the bullet whistled by his ears ; he threw himself into a convenient doorway. The Germans were going to arrest him. Their officer accused him :

“ You fired ! ”

“ But I have no weapon ! ”

“ You will have thrown your weapon away ! ”
And to the soldiers he cried : “ Arrest him ! ”

M. X——, seeing other soldiers coming up, cried in German : “ There, no doubt, is where the shot came from.”

The officer questioned these soldiers, asserting that one of them had fired ; the man who had done so

confessed as much, pretending that it had happened accidentally. Otherwise, would not M. X—— have been shot without further ceremony?

SEARCHING FOR WEAPONS

In the course of the search which followed the burning of the Place de l'Université, an old pistol was found in the cornice of the house occupied by Mme. Radoux, the widow of the former director of the Conservatoire. Thereupon the neighbouring houses were peppered with bullets and there was a question of burning the street. But an officer objected that the benzine store was close by.

While searching the house of Mathieu Bischof, in the Rue Vertbois, various items of a gunsmith's workshop were discovered. M. Bischof was seized, and the soldiers were about to shoot him on the steps of the old ancient chapel of the Orphanage, when a neighbour, who had served the Germans as interpreter, intervened in his favour.

In the Rue de Burenville the Germans fired on houses in which they pretended that persons who were carrying a lamp from one room to another were making signals.

In the portion of the city on the right bank of the Meuse a brother of the Christian Colleges, who was unwell, got out of bed in the night to take some medicine. In looking for it he moved his lamp two or three times. All the brothers of this order were arrested as having made signals. (To whom?) They were maltreated and shut up in the Chartreuse, where they remained for many long weeks. When they emerged, a German officer remarked, in the city, that these people ought to be very grateful to the Kaiser and to Germany, since they were pardoned, although they deserved to be shot.

But we should never finish if we attempted to record all the exactions and all the deeds of violence which were committed on every hand.

THE GERMAN RED CROSS

About the 20th of August, when the Germans were pillaging the cellar of Mme. van Bortel, the commandant of the city was informed, who as a first step gave a subaltern officer the significant order : " Warn the firemen ! "

This house was situated at the corner of the Boulevard Piercot and the Rue de l'Evêché ; it was for the time being unoccupied, the owner being in Antwerp. Those who were pillaging were the Red Cross men. Having emptied the cellars, they were breaking everything with their rifle-butts (for the Red Cross was armed)—windows, furniture, statuettes, crockery, etc. They scattered the clothing about, tearing them and trampling it underfoot.

While Liège was paying its tribute to German barbarism, the townsfolk began to form a clearer idea of what had happened between the frontier and their city. At last the invasion appeared to them in its true light.

From that moment their attitude, at first somewhat indulgent toward the enemy, underwent a change. All hearts were filled by a flood of contempt and hatred. The Germans, dense though they were, perceived this hostility and were conscious of the disgust which they inspired. On the other hand, the falsity of their accusations appeared so plainly that they could no longer maintain them.

Then they effected a diversion. It was not the people of Liège who had fired on the troops, but the

Russian students. The Russians were hunted all over the city, and when they had all been captured, the following placard was posted up :

" Six hundred Russian students, who hitherto have been a burden to the population of Liége, to which they have caused a great deal of trouble, have been arrested and sent back by me.

" THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GOVERNOR."

This placard contained as many lies as words. The Russian students were never a burden to the people of Liége, nor did they give any trouble to anyone ; and the Governor did not " send them back " ; he deported them, men and girls, to the verminous barracks of Münster.

HOW THEY TREATED THE UNIVERSITY

At the time of the bombardment of Liége it was the University which received the most generous allowance of shells (namely, ten) ; it was the University which was most brutally invaded, and treated with the greatest blackguardism.

At the beginning of the occupation, when the Germans had only too large a choice of quarters in which to install themselves, they invaded the academic premises. After a few days the central building was obstructed by a bed of straw twenty inches deep, in which the soldiers wallowed, often intoxicated. The library was not respected. One hall served as a boot store ; another as a slaughter-house ; the periodical room and the photographic studio became stables ; urine was trickling everywhere.

It will be recalled that the University possessed a valuable collection which was left to it by Baron Wittert—works of art, precious manuscripts, early printed books, etc. The halls reserved for this treasure

were carefully closed. Presently, however, the Germans made their way into them. The officers were appealed to; they promised to see to the matter. And that very day the invaders smashed the doors to splinters. Fresh complaints were addressed to the "governor," Bayer, and it was remarked that such behaviour was all the more odious in that the University held vacation classes for the convenience of Germans each year. The *Kommandantur* declared that it would issue strict orders; but at the same time it forbade the University staff to enter the premises.

This was at the time when the Place de l'Université was burned. The rooms invaded were heaped with bottles of wine stolen in the neighbourhood, and chests of oranges taken from the Spanish fruit stores, whose five inmates had been assassinated. All the drawers were burst open and emptied; the zoological charts, books, and papers soiled and thrown about; the furniture in part removed and exported to Germany, and partly broken. It would not do to let these things be seen, hence the prohibition to enter.

Still, in September certain persons whom we could name contrived to obtain a glance into these rooms. The pillage had extended to the offices, and to the reception-hall. Oriental carpets, rare pieces of faïence, and ancient objects of embossed silver and copper had disappeared. In the physical and chemical laboratories the instruments had been removed or maliciously broken. In one professor's study a bath and a water-closet were discovered!

— Again the professors protested to the German authorities; they had to deal with Counts Pukler and von Hasfeld, who were of opinion that if articles had been carried off it could not be by the soldiers, who were not interested in matters of art and science, nor by the officers, who were above all suspicion. It must be the work of the Jewish antiquaries of Liége [sic].

The famous Wittert collection still remained—in danger indeed, but almost intact. The doors had been screwed up. Thereupon the German soldiers scaled the windows and stole various objects, notably thirty to forty pictures, numerous miniatures, Isabey's portrait of Chateaubriand, some etchings by Millet, and valuable engravings, etc. As for the pictures, those which had carved frames were taken in their frames; in other cases the canvas was cut out of the frames. A beautiful landscape by Breughel de Velours is among those which have disappeared. Rare engravings were dragged out of their portfolios and thrown down on the straw. The books had been looted.

Now some hundreds of men of the Landsturm are in these rooms. The machinery hall, now emptied, serves as a place of exercise; the reading-room in the library is a restaurant; the great academic hall is a Lutheran temple.

From the first days of the German occupation the Düsseldorf ambulance was installed in the right wing of the University. This ambulance was very badly organised. Men of the Red Cross took part in the plundering of the city. Later on the ambulance was transferred to the Rue Saint-Laurent. It took a week to effect the removal, which consisted chiefly in removing the spoils accumulated by the German brigands.

LESS THAN ONE PER CENT

The city was, comparatively speaking, spared, because the Germans had need of this important centre. Apart from Liège, the whole tract of country which forms the object of our recital does not represent one hundredth part of the Belgian territory and the Belgian people. It would take several library shelves to contain the history of all that Belgium has suffered from the war as practised.

It is not at present possible to establish the methodical graduation of the horrors of the German invasion, but here is a sufficiently significant fact : we have a list of ecclesiastics put to death in the first three Belgian dioceses traversed on coming from Germany ; of forty victims, only six belong to the diocese of Liège and the remainder to the dioceses of Malines and Namur. And which towns were those that suffered most from general massacres, incendiarism, deportations, and atrocities of all kinds ? Dinant, Tamines, Aerschot, Louvain !

“ All the wrong that we shall commit we shall repair,” was the promise made by the Chancellor of the Empire. Even if a German promise were worth a farthing, the harm would be irreparable.

THE OCCUPATION

And to this inroad of the higher barbarism we must add the disaster of the occupation as applied by Germany. The Germans have written that “ war energetically conducted tends to the destruction of the material and moral resources of the enemy,” and that there is “ no limit to war other than the exhaustion of the invaded country.” And this is what they practise. They seize, giving a “ scrap of paper ” in return, everything that they require for their convenience. For long months the trains incessantly bore across the Rhine the plant of our factories, the horses of our farmers, and even the trees of our forests and highways. Magnificent walnut-trees used to droop their boughs over the ruins of Lincé.

“ What superb trees ! ” I thought.

“ They have scarcely left us anything else,” said my guide ; “ still, they are the most beautiful ornament of our village.”

And five months later, in January, a score of Germans

came with saws and axes, and the ancient walnut-trees were felled.

And the horses! The breed known as the Brabançonne our breeders had for fifty years striven to purify and perfect ; our horses had attained a value we had never hoped for ; abroad, and even in America, buyers competed to obtain them at the topmost prices. Those that have not been simply stolen have been gradually carried off by " requisitions " ; but instead of being sent to the front they take the road for Germany, where the scrupulous Government sells as many as four hundred " booty horses " at a single sale (*Beute Pferde*). We have seen placards of these sales ; moreover, the fourth pages of the newspapers reproduce them.

All this too must be written in detail ; all the vexations, the infamous tricks of spies and informers, the iniquities, exactions, and oppressions of all kinds—all these must be recorded for the generations to come. All the details, all the documentary proofs, must be carefully collected, until the time when we can freely verify and collate them on the spot.

As for the notes furtively recorded and here collected, we have explained our reasons for publishing them prematurely. It goes without saying that this cannot be a complete or final record ; but we hope that after the liberation of the country a complete edition may be published, or that a fresh work, derived from all sources, may take its place.

PART II
CRITICAL REMARKS—THE DOCUMENTS

CHAPTER I

A QUESTION OF CREDIBILITY

THE reader has now seen unrolled before him, in a series of brief pictures, those "horrors of warfare" whose threat the Germans held over the head of Belgium, should she, refusing to become the accomplice of an act of treachery, throw herself in the path of the sudden attack upon France. Now, at the very time when these events, so sudden and unforeseen, were taking place, the German authorities and the German Press, with significant unanimity, broke into a monstrous hubbub of explanation—an indignant denunciation of Belgium, a deafening hue and cry, a frenzy of execration. What!—the "valiant troops" of the Empire were the victims of the attacks of the "civilists" of this tiny country, a country in which men fired from ambush, in which the clergy egged them on, and with their own hands tortured the wounded; in which the women, armed with corkscrews,¹ tore out the eyes of wounded men, or threw boiling oil on soldiers; in which even the little girls brandished automatic pistols!

¹ Corkscrews are mentioned with singular unanimity in these accusations.—TRANS.

Of course these legends have suffered ridicule ; but something of them remains. Outside Belgium people are asking : Are they really without any foundation ? Must they not be regarded as the exaggerated reflection of certain isolated but actual instances ?

For those who know the Belgian people well this question does not arise. But foreigners know little of the mentality of the small nations ; while the imposture, supported by the audacity, tenacity, and malice of the calumniators, has made the round of the world ; so that we find ourselves compelled to demonstrate what in our eyes is obviousness itself.

How establish this negative demonstration ? It is for the accuser to prove his charge. Now nearly all the German accusations have remained vague ; disdaining investigation and proof, they are difficult to grapple with ; the German repression is blind and instant, " falling upon the just and the unjust," for, as the Germans boast, " the innocent suffer with the guilty." That is their formula.

In such an examination the question of credibility comes to the front. Let us ask this question ; let us see who the accuser is and who the accused.

THE ACCUSED

The Belgian is the very reverse of an impulsive person. He is reflective, circumspect. This is his reputation ; he is even reproached for his hesitating demeanour, his irresolution.

To be sure, his patriotism is profound, but after more than eighty years of peace and security and ever-increasing prosperity, this patriotism, mitigated by so many disagreements, obscured by the national mania for disparagement, was almost unconscious of itself ; the shock of the 4th of August awakened it,

but at the same time the official notices appeared, in the newspapers and on the walls, informing the civilians of their precise obligations.¹ And this stable, well-balanced people, in circumstances of such extreme gravity, is supposed, for a term of three weeks, to have disregarded, in all parts of the country, these urgent recommendations! . . . On the contrary, did we not from the very first day of the war see the Belgians forget their intestine quarrels in order to flock round the King and the Government and to conform with their desires?

Here is another aspect of the national character: The Belgian is known for his frankness, which is often pushed as far as a kind of roughness, which is redeemed by his good-humour. Now this jovial and demonstrative being, such as we find him especially in the province of Liège—do you see him suddenly transformed into the crafty franc-tireur or the ferocious executioner?

It has been objected that the Belgian character has not proved itself incompatible with violent disorders at the time of labour strikes or electoral disturbances. But in eighty years of intense political life and an incomparable industrial development these outbreaks and their repression have shed less blood throughout the whole country than the Prussians shed on the 5th or 6th of August in this or that hamlet near the frontier.

There is too much moderation in the Belgian mind to allow the population, submerged by the invasion, and seeing its army immediately fall back towards the interior, to attack a powerful enemy and provoke reprisals.

Can you see the first villages of the frontier zone

¹ The rigorous application, by the Belgian Government, of these precautionary measures has been fully established by M. Waxweiler in his *La Belgique neutre et loyale* (Paris, Payot), as well as by the official Reports.

rising, only to be drenched in blood and fire ; and then the neighbouring villages acting and suffering in the same way ; and then, as the Germans advance by the light of the fires lit by their incendiaries, yet more and more villages offering themselves as a sacrifice ; and this from the eastern frontier to the southern, across five provinces ? Did a blast of insanity suddenly sweep across the country ?

But, object the accusers, this population is " ignorant and half savage." And Herr von Bissing, who was then at Münster, has affirmed : " They are madmen ! "

What a change has come over us ! In Berlin, not so long ago, the Crown Prince, complimenting King Albert, declared :

" In the name of my father I hope that your Majesty will enjoy, beside the Queen, a long and prosperous reign for the good of gentle Belgium."

Like the lamb in the fable, the Belgian sheep has become dangerous. Do not the wolves tell us so ?

Five months after the Royal visit to Berlin the Emperor, in Brussels, expressed himself in the following terms :

" The brilliant reception which their Majesties and the Belgian people have prepared for us in this splendid capital has profoundly touched us, and has awakened feelings of gratitude which are all the keener because we see in this welcome a gage of the close union which exists not only between our families, but also between our peoples. Full of a friendly sympathy, I am following and marking, with all Germany, the surprising success which the Belgian people, indefatigably active, is winning in the entire domain of commerce and industry. May these relations, full of confidence and kindly neighbourliness, grow even closer ! "

So the Emperor admires the expansive energy of this people, which long ago conquered the fifth place in the world's economic development, coming before

Spain and Italy, before Austria-Hungary, before the Russian Empire !

Yes, this magnificent expansion is "surprising" in an "ignorant and half-savage people."

And as the province of Liège—I can speak of it becomingly, as I do not hail from it—has the reputation of being the most advanced and refined portion of the country, it is truly impossible to conceive this sudden metamorphosis of a gentle, active, and intelligent people into a cruel and stupid horde.

*Si jamais on a vu la timide innocence
Passer subitement à l'extrême licence,*

If ever timid innocence were seen
Extreme and sudden licence to become,

it would be necessary, in order to explain the present ferocity of the Belgians, to invoke historical precedents. But we should seek for such in vain.

But perhaps the Germans are "measuring us by their own ell." This is the mistake into which that other Crown Prince, who was afterwards Frederick II, once fell. In 1739 Voltaire arrived in Brussels, and, having no friends there, he suffered at first from boredom. He wrote to his royal friend, and the latter, forgetting the recent expansion of the fine arts in the Low Countries, rashly replied :

"Brussels and almost all Germany are feeling the effects of their ancient barbarism ; the arts are not much in honour in these countries. The nobles serve with the troops, or, after very light studies, they enter the bar, where they become judges . . . the well-to-do squires live in the country, or rather in the woods, which makes them as ferocious as the animals which they hunt."

However, Voltaire was nearer the mark :

"In Brussels a retired and agreeable life is the lot of nearly all private individuals ; but this agreeable existence is so like *ennui* that it is easy to be mistaken on the point."

Like Herr von Bissing, the prince was speaking of something of which he was ignorant; he confounded the Belgians with the Prussians of his time; they, according to him, were semi-barbarians, and "ferocious." Have not the Prussians of to-day inherited their ancestral manners? And are their judgments any less erroneous than those of the great Frederick? ¹

While in Prussia the nobles studied law "very lightly," the University of Louvain, which had already been established for three hundred years, was turning out eminent jurists. . . . But hush! In 1914 young Father Dupierreux, for stating in his note-book that the famous library of this University, respected by all revolutions, was burned by the Germans, was tried by a tribunal which sat under the trees by the roadside, and shot on the spot.

But we must keep to the point.

It has been shown that no presumption of guilt results either from the character, nor the manners, nor the historical antecedents of the Belgian people.

Finally, one reflection naturally occurs to the mind: In a country so much divided, where personal rancour must be added to electoral rivalries and political passions, how is it that we find no one saying: "If I have seen my kinsfolk and my friends perish; if my house, my furniture, and my family souvenirs have been given to the flames; if I am a ruined man, the fault is so-and-so's, who, disobeying the injunctions of the authorities, fired his rifle at the Germans?"

¹ A German writer of note, Hoffmann von Fallersben, describes the Prussian squire of the twentieth century in the following terms: "The esteem in which he is held is based on seven commandments: Thou shalt learn nothing and imagine thou knowest all; thou shalt pass the night at the gaming-table; thou shalt incur debts all the day; thou shalt speak German ill; thou shalt murder the French language; thou shalt drink champagne; thou shalt enjoy the entry to all the Courts; this is what earns consideration for the true Prussian squire."

Now such a complaint has not been heard anywhere in Belgium.

The 600 exiles from Visé even, and thousands of others deported into Germany, held out for months against the persistent urging of those who pressed them merely to admit that civilians might have been the aggressors. At this price they could have obtained their liberty, but the accusation was so utterly false that the prisoners were willing to endure all things rather than subscribe to it.

In the course of our inquiry, although it was always safe to confide in us, and although we almost sought to discover an exception, we everywhere came away with the same conviction—a conviction which is shared by all those of our compatriots who have remained in the ravaged country—the conviction, namely, that a terrible comedy was concerted and organised by the invader, a comedy based upon his system of terrorisation, and that he has also committed the most odious crime of striking at his victim's honour.

It was the friend of Frederick II who wrote : " When stupidities are committed, one tries to support them by calumnies; one loses one's charity as well as one's reason, and falls from depth to depth."

This is what Prussian militarism has done in respect of Belgium. The more her loyalty was revealed, the more plainly was the bad faith of Prussia betrayed.

Let us repeat : in almost every case the German accusations are vague and impersonal. When, by a rare exception, they are definite, we find their counterfeit nature is proved either by the alibi of the accused (as in the cases of M. Jamsin at Fléron; M. Fraikin at Battice; M. Léonard Charlier at Louveigné; the inhabitants of a certain house at Wandre; and the Russians, in the Place de l'Université, of Liège) or by the indisputable evidence of persons who saw officers or soldiers furtively firing shots in

order to simulate a civilian attack (as at Barchon; Warsage—on two occasions; Wandre, and Herve); or by the confession of *agents provocateurs* caught in the act (as at Bombaye, Sart-lez-Spa, and Liége); or, lastly, by the declarations of German wounded or prisoners disgusted by such a war.

But the German press itself, of all shades of opinion, has begun to make confessions.

For a long time now, as is known, the legend of the gouged-out eyes, by which the simple folk of Germany were so greatly excited, has again and again been given the lie. The *Kölnische Zeitung* itself (Liberal and semi-official) contained the following :

THE FABLE OF THE GOUGED-OUT EYES

“ First Aix-la-Chapelle, then Bonn, now Berlin and Potsdam. The Norwegian physician, Dr. Holmeboe, wrote in the *Weser Zeitung* that in a hospital in Potsdam there were officers whose eyes had been put out. Their eyes were said to have been stabbed by young Belgian girls of 15 years who were incited by the Catholic priests.

“ To-day the Kommandantur of Potsdam officially declares that never, in any hospital in the place, have there been officers whose eyes have been destroyed.”

Vorwärts, the Socialist newspaper (Berlin), is even more precise :

“ Soldiers’ yarns, according to which ‘ francs-tireurs ’ are supposed to have put out the eyes of German soldiers, are circulating broadcast through Germany. Now, not a single case of this kind has ever been officially verified. So far, whenever it has been possible to investigate the tale, its untruthfulness has been demonstrated.

“ It matters little that rumours of this kind may have an appearance of positive certitude, or may even be supported by ocular witnesses. The desire to make oneself remarked, lack of the critical spirit, and personal error play a miserable part in the days we are passing through. Every nose carried away, or even bandaged, and every blinded eye, is immediately transformed into a nose or an eye put out or

cut off by 'francs-tireurs.' Already the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* (a journal of the Catholic Centre) has been able, contrary to very definite assertions emanating from Aix-la-Chapelle, to prove that no soldier with gouged-out eyes was to be found in the hospitals of that city. It was also stated that men wounded in this way were being nursed in the neighbourhood of Berlin; but wherever inquiry has been made into the subject of these rumours, their complete inanity has been demonstrated."

The reader may recall the result of the inquiry made by the German committee known as *Pax* into the subject of the Belgian priests. It certified that it had not discovered a single case of guilt; moreover, in referring to the numerous priests interned at Münster, it noted the circumstances under which they had been arrested. Not the shadow of an accusation was brought against them; all were seized and sent into exile at a moment when they were fulfilling the obligations of their ministry or devoting themselves to the victims of the war. (*K. Z.* 10 Oct. 1914, No. 880, p. 3.)

In short, when it has been possible to investigate the accusations, the innocence of the victims of the Germanic invasion has always emerged; it is therefore permissible to establish a general presumption in favour of those whose homes have been destroyed, and the deported, and our poor dead; and this being so, upon whom will fall that Eye which pierces every conscience, and which looked upon Cain?

THE ACCUSER

And this warlike power which accuses the Belgian population—what are its historic origins? What is its character and its mentality? What are its doctrines and its ambitions? What code of war has it established—and what is its behaviour when at war?

One might write a volume on each one of these links, which connect the remote causes of the past with the

events of which the world is to-day the amazed and indignant observer.

We must confine ourselves here to a few characteristic traits, for after a glance at the past we shall ask the accuser himself what are his ambitions, and what he proposes to do in order to attain his object.

The evidence of Tacitus has been invoked against Germany, just as the Belgians have been honoured by the quotation, in their favour, of Julius Cæsar. This is almost like going back to the Flood. Moreover, Tacitus praised the Germans as well as blamed them, and it costs us nothing to recognise serious qualities in their descendants. They are hard workers, whose activity equals their perseverance, and they are astonishing organisers. "Even in pillage," said the great Roman historian. As plunderers, indeed, they have never had their equal. Godefroid Kurth depicts them for us in the first few centuries of our history :

"The terrible cataclysm of the year 406 seemed to have uprooted the whole of Germanic barbarism from its soil, to throw it like a torrent upon the provinces of the Empire (Belgium and Gaul). All the Roman villas were burned. It is archæology that tells us so. Of a past of five or six centuries nothing was left."—*The City of Liège in the Middle Ages*.

However, like the rest of Europe, Germany, under the influence of Christian civilisation, was forced, insensibly, to turn towards an ideal of generous humanity ; but there was, in Germany, a chosen people, the elect of the god Thor, who were to persist in violence and to teach it to the whole of Germany. The *Borussi* or Prussians remained the guardians of tradition.

Let eight centuries roll by, and we shall find the master brigands still faithful to their traditions.

"In 1190 the Teutonic Order was founded. Eventually the Duke of Massovia and Poland summoned the Teutonic

Knights to defend his states against the incursions of the Prussians. These were the barbarian peoples who from time to time emerged from their forests to ravage the adjacent countries. They had reduced the provinces of Calm to a frightful solitude, and on the Vistula they had left standing only the one castle of Plotzko."—CHATEAUBRIAND, *The Genius of Christianity*, bk. v., ch. ii.

And this was in the epoch when our ancestors were beginning to build their wonderful cathedrals, and very soon after those hôtels de ville and belfries which the Germans are bombarding to-day.

But let us go forward through another five hundred years. We have seen that in 1740 Frederick of Prussia employed almost the same terms as Chateaubriand to depict the nobility which surrounded him: "They feel the effects of their ancient barbarism; they are as ferocious as the beasts which they hunt in their forests."

The Belgians were to receive this incorrigible people seventy-five years later. Only in passing, but since then the name of Prussian has remained synonymous in Belgium with a stern and brutal type of humanity. In Belgian Limburg a popular saying has it that "the most honest of Germans is at least a horse-thief." At Liège there are preserved some verses of this period, entitled "The Prussians," in which our guests of those days and these are sketched with a Gallic liveliness which has again become topical; feature for feature, those whom we see to-day are indeed the Prussians of 1814 and 1815, except that they are, thanks to modern technique, rather worse.

At that time they became our neighbours through the annexation by Prussia of the provinces of Trèves, Cologne, and Juliers. They are at our gates, almost in our midst. Between Malmédy and Montjoie (Montchau, as they call it) is a strip of Wallonia whose population is thinly planted, but whose recent railroads

are provided with many tracks and immense platforms. Last year, renewing my acquaintance with this little "*Belgica irredenta*," I recalled another passage of Chateaubriand, which is striking in its truth to-day :

"Of what use are the modern highways of Germany ? They remain deserted, for neither history, nor the arts, nor climate, entice strangers upon their solitary surface.

" . . . The great modern highways, in these unfrequented countries, will be of use only in war ; vomitories for the use of the modern barbarians, who, emerging from the north with their immense train of firearms, will flood the regions favoured by intelligence and the sun."—*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*.

This was written in 1833 !

Here the allusion is chiefly to France and Italy. For the latter the prediction has not yet been realised ; although Northern Italy has suffered cruelly under the heel of the Germans of Austria, "the Austrian who takes all and gives nothing," said our author, whom we shall once more quote, for his hand has often raised the veil of the future.¹

Here again is a curious comparison : Chateaubriand records an audience which the Pope had granted him in his capacity of French Ambassador, on the 2nd of January 1829, five weeks before the Pontiff's death.

"The Pope appeared to me to be alarmed by the military discipline which is being taught to the Turks. Here are his own words : If the Turks are already capable of resisting Russia, what will be their power if they obtain a glorious peace ? Who will prevent them, after four or five years of repose and improvement of their new tactics, from throwing themselves against Italy ?

"Nothing, added the Pope, but a firm resolution on the part of the Allied Powers could contend against the misfor-

¹ De Montholon (*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France*, vol. iv., p. 243) reports that Napoleon, on St. Helena, appreciated Chateaubriand, who had, however, attacked him in the fulness of his power, in the following terms : "He has received the sacred fire at the hands of Nature. . . . His style is that of the prophet."

tune which threatens the future. France and England are still in time to check everything ; but if a fresh campaign should open it might communicate its fire to Europe, set Europe on fire, and it will be too late to extinguish the fire." —*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, vol. iv., p. 191.

The danger which was then threatening seems remote to-day. But what if the monstrous coalition of the three Empires were to prevail? While the pointed helmet ruled on the Western front, should we not see the two horns of the Crescent thrusting out towards the Balkans and Egypt respectively?

And it would not do to rely upon Christian dignity to prevent such a return to the barbarism of the past. Between these strange allies there is, in addition to interested calculations, a certain affinity of temper, an equal propensity to sanguinary violence, which may enable their already old understanding to go far. See what it is coming to already.

René Bazin, in the *Echo de Paris*, recently analysed a note-book, which was kept from day to day by a French nun who was expelled from the Holy Land. In it we see, from the first days of November, Turks and Germans invading the Christian institutions of Jerusalem. On the 15th war was declared ; then came spoliation, theft, and cruelty. On the 18th the Holy War was proclaimed in the mosque of Omar. And we read :

" The German consul and even the Austrian consul took part in the demonstration. They stood by the door, shaking hands many times with those who entered."

So the cult of force has its logical consequence in a regression towards barbarism ; even at the foot of Calvary the Germans incite and flatter those who will presently be shouting : " Death to the Christians ! "

Before such a spectacle we find nothing exaggerated in this tirade from Chateaubriand's *Mémoires* (II. 398):

"In Austria and Prussia the military yoke weighs upon your thoughts as a sky without light weighs upon your head; something indefinable informs you that you may neither write, nor speak, nor think independently; that you must lop off all the noble part of your life; leaving idle within you the highest of the faculties of man, as a useless gift of the Divine. As the arts and the beauty of nature cannot come to beguile your hours¹ nothing is left but to plunge into gross debauchery, or those speculative truths with which the Germans content themselves. For a Frenchman, at least for me, this way of living is impossible; without dignity I cannot comprehend life, which is difficult to comprehend even with all the seductions of liberty, glory, and youth.

"However, one thing charms me in the German people: their religious feeling."

But what becomes of this religious feeling under the influence of Prussia? Prussia, by imposing on Germany her cult and *kultur* of violence, by treating humanity and charity as sentimentalities, and by subjecting justice to necessity—which means to egoism—is destroying the true sense of religion; she will leave in its place only that scandalous Pharisaism of which the German Government already provides an example. This Pharisaism, however, is wonderfully useful to the frantic pride and the crazy ambition which have finally assumed a concrete form and a name:

BORUSSIANISM

Borussianism or Prussianism is thus defined by Mgr. Janiszewski, Bishop of Posen (*Histoire de la persécution catholique en Prusse, 1870-1876*):

"One idea of the German scholars, and especially of the Prussians, is closely bound up with their false principles concerning the State, and logically proceeds therefrom. It is,

¹ Let us admit, however, that Vienna is melomaniac, while Germany has produced great composures, and Prussia herself even murders and burns to music—as at Herve, Louveigné, Dinant.

that Prussia is destined to a great historic mission. This mission she is to accomplish not only for Germany but for the whole of humanity, and she is to accomplish it with an implacable fatality such as inheres in all the laws of nature. All that resists her has no right to exist, and must be destroyed and overthrown. This mystic mission is called Borussianism. The substance of this mission is entirely arbitrary. The politician conceives it as a great power and a great effulgence; the theologian, as the triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism; the Liberal, as an organisation of the State according to his favourite principles, etc. But each admits that in this onward march of Prussia religion and morality and law—in short, all things—must give place, for nothing has the right to resist this absolute power, which follows the path of historical fatality. Prussia, says one of these fanatical theorists (J. G. Droysen), is composed only of strips of territory and the German people; but the mission of Prussia consists in monopolising this empire entirely, little by little, thereby guaranteeing its stability.

“This Borussianism, wholly fanatical and meaningless though it was, has obtained a complete grip of the Prussian mind, and the successes of the last few years have transformed it almost into a dogma. The dangers and detrimental nature of such a doctrine are obvious; for that which is absolute, like every natural law, must necessarily be satisfied, and all means of obtaining satisfaction will be valid. . . .”

In respect of an attack upon the Constitution, Mgr. Janiszewski makes this reflection:

“For people without faith and without conscience, how could a sheet of paper be an obstacle? In this spirit Virchow dared to say, without a blush, that ‘he had not the least desire to break his neck in defence of principles at a moment when the Government itself was abandoning them and acting simply according to the views of its party.’ These were the feelings of the majority when it was a matter of erasing liberty of conscience from the Constitution—liberty of conscience, that most precious of man’s possessions!”

Would you not fancy you were listening, forty years later, to the Chancellor of the Empire, sneering at the pact which ratified Belgian neutrality?—“Neutrality? A scrap of paper!”

Continually, in the work we have quoted, the author attacks the falsity and hypocrisy of the Prussian Government. He shows that it was by means of perfidy and calumny that the *Kulturkampf* sought to justify its name and its misdeeds.

But, remarks the author, "the spirit of the people, Catholic, simple, and full of faith, and not as yet poisoned by untruth, put to shame all the forensics of the Government and the Assembly."

Would not the reader say that the Bishop of Posen foresaw the time when the poison would have done its work?

Alas! yes, in the course of time the healthy mind of the people of the Rheinland did become poisoned by untruth, and it no longer distrusts the methods of Borussianism. At the sight of the national fanaticism of Prussia hurling itself upon a loyal nation, to subdue it while dishonouring it, the Rheinlander, who after a century of effort has been absorbed and Prussianised, while Poland is still holding out—the Rheinland Prussian, I say, falls into step. He has lost even his memory of recent persecutions; he is no longer on his guard against the manœuvres of the "reptile press"; he allows himself to be deluded; he joins in a delirium of hatred and iniquity.

May God avert from Germany a new *Kulturkampf*, a thing that no one yonder seems to apprehend! But if ever the new proselytes of Borussianism should writhe under the rod, should not we Belgians recall their blindness at the time of the invasion of 1914?

GERMANY'S AIM

"The aim of Germany conquered by Borussianism is the foundation of a vast commercial and industrial Empire which would extend from Hamburg to Trieste and Salonika and from Königsberg to Rotterdam and Antwerp. And then Germany would be the mistress of the world. When the

German flag shall cover this immense Empire, writes the historian Treitschke, to whom will the sceptre of the world belong? Who will impose her desires upon the other nations, decadent and enfeebled? Is it not Germany, whose mission will be to assure the peace of the world? Russia, that immense colossus in process of formation, with the feet of clay, will be engrossed by her own economic and domestic difficulties. England, stronger in appearance than in reality, will assuredly see her colonies break away from her and exhaust themselves in fruitless conflicts. France, what with her intestine discords and her party conflicts, will sink deeper and deeper into a final decadence. As for Italy, she will have enough to do to make sure of a little bread for her children. . . . The future belongs therefore to Germany, to whom Austria, if she wishes to survive, will join herself."—FIVRE AND HAUSER, *Geography*.

These instances, from history and our contemporaries, might be multiplied without end. So the nations of the earth have not lacked warnings. And now the battle is joined. For us, and for others, even if they take no part in it, it promises to be decisive. To be or not to be, that is the question.

THE LAWS OF WAR

The moral laws of warfare are indicated by natural law and by the law of love which Christ gave to the world. St. Augustine was the first clearly to trace them by this twofold light. Fifteen hundred years have not effaced his work. The theorists of the Middle Ages did little more than restate his work, thus making it more concrete. Since then, his doctrine has never been directly contradicted, until to-day, when it is being contradicted radically and in fact by the theorists of the Teutonic countries. As opposed to Christian philosophy based on the ideas of justice and charity, they have drafted the code of blind force and violence whose principle is egoism.

Before judging the accuser of the Belgians in his

doctrine of war, let us, in parenthesis, interrogate the legislators of Christian civilisation, and let us refresh ourselves, after the spectacle of the works of hatred, by turning our eyes to more humane and luminous horizons.

The following texts are so suggestive, and their application so clear, that comment would be superfluous.

(a) Here, in the first place, are the principles upon which depends the legitimacy of an *offensive* war :

" If the war is to be waged honestly, three conditions are requisite : firstly, that it shall be declared by the legitimate authority ; secondly, that it shall have a just cause and a just motive ; finally, that before, during, and after the war one shall strive to be just and to wage war in a proper and seemly manner."—SUAREZ, *De Tr. Virt. Theol. De Carit., Disp. xiii. section 11.*

Soto states that the third condition of a just war is that it must follow the forms of the law.

" The offensive war aims at punishing unjust action and at dealing rigorously with the enemy ; but vengeance may only be exercised if there have first been error and violation of a law."—VICTORIA, *De jure belli*, 13.

" In war all is dangerous and cruel, murders, burnings, devastations ; it is not therefore permissible to punish by war those who are the authors only of slight injuries ; for the greatness of the punishment must be according to the greatness of the offence."—VICTORIA, *De jure belli*, 10, 11, 12 *et seq.*

" War must be undertaken only when there is no longer any means of preserving peace, and it must not be prosecuted beyond that which justice demands."—SOTO, *De just. et jure*, bk. V.

" There is just cause when the State against which hostilities are undertaken has caused great and frequent injury to the State which declares war, and if, when it has been asked to repair these injuries, it has neglected to do so. Otherwise one cannot see what could be, from the point of view of the conscience, a sufficient cause of war, since war destroys an infinity of things, causes the loss of so many bodies and

so many souls, and engenders all kinds of calamities."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, *Summa*, vol. iv. tit. iii. chap. 2.

(b) The following treat of *defensive war* :

"In order to defend oneself, it pertains to natural law to oppose force to force."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, *Summa Theol.*, part iii. tit. iv. ch. i.

"When on one side the sword is drawn for justice, the other side is fighting for iniquity."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, *De Civ. Dei*, xix. 15.

"There is one case in which authority is not specially required to make war ; that is, for the defence of the country or the recovery of property ; for by natural law it is permitted to everyone immediately to repulse force by force, with moderation, and defending oneself in a manner free from reproach."—SAINT RAYMOND DE PENNAFORT, *Summa Raym.*, bk. ii. tit. v. xii. 5.

"The right to defend oneself against an unjust aggressor belongs to everyone."—SUAREZ, *De Tr. Virt. Th.*, part iii. xiii. sect. 11.

These passages justify in particular the action of a people which defends itself arms in hand against an offensive which does not respect the laws of war but is degenerating into brigandage and barbarism.

(c) *In what manner* may the legitimate war be conducted ?

"It is not permissible, in order to reduce a few enemies, to kill a great number of innocent persons by employing methods which strike both indifferently."—VICTORIA, *De jure belli*, 37.

"Never . . . intentionally, is it permissible to kill the innocent. . . . All must be presumed innocent so long as the contrary is not demonstrated."—VICTORIA, *De jure belli*, 35.

"It is cruel in the last degree to seek motives, and to be happy if one finds them, for killing and destroying men whom God has created and for whom Christ died. One should be forced and constrained to resort to the necessity of war."—VICTORIA, *De jure belli*, 1.

"The desire to injure, the cruelty of vengeance, an implacable mind, the enemy of all peace, the fury of reprisals, the passion for domination, and all like feelings—this is what

justly merits condemnation in warfare."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, *Contr. Faustum*, xxii. 74.

(d) *Personal responsibilities in warfare :*

"Some of our brothers, who are in the militia, or in certain public positions, when they commit serious faults excuse themselves very readily by replying that they are soldiers, and that if they do not often do good the fault is that of those who employ them to do ill : as though the service in which they are employed was guilty, and not themselves ; they make the functions which they fulfil responsible for the evil which they do. No, it is not a sin to make war, but what is a sin is to make war with a view to booty ; to fulfil public functions is not a crime, but in fulfilling them to preoccupy oneself before all with enriching oneself is a thing much to be condemned. It is for this that one has provided and constituted a system of payment for soldiers, for fear lest, if they had to provide for their own subsistence, they might commit acts of brigandage."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, S. LXXXII. *De verb. Ev. Luc.* ch. iii.

(e) *For the good of the very party which uses ferocity in war its defeat should be desired :*

"It is fortunate that one should be defeated when one thereby loses the means of doing evil, and there is, on the contrary, nothing more wretched than to prosper in evil, for this false prosperity nourishes and supports impunity and licence, which are the most terrible punishments of the wicked, and it increasingly fortifies their evil will, which, like an invisible enemy, ravages them internally."—SAINT AUGUSTINE, ep. 5, *Ad Marcellum*.

This may to the Germans seem a little paradoxical, but there is no loftier motive for desiring that they may be vanquished.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FORCE

At the time of its greatest development the Germanic mind was in love with the generosity of the sense of humanity. Goethe placed his quality of humanity

above his quality as a German. Schiller considered that a people deserves attention only in so far as it contributes to the progress of the species.

Among the philosophers, Kant invoked the religion of duty, but he based himself on a doctrine of action, of deeds. His disciples, such as Hegel, derived therefrom the philosophy of force, and in so doing led the German mind astray. Then, with success, pride was bound to follow, and megalomania, pushed to its utmost limits. Nietzsche made himself the apostle of the new evangel, and he parodied the old, whose bankruptcy he proclaimed. He wrote :

“ You have heard men say : Blessed are the peacemakers ; but I say unto you : Blessed are the makers of war, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jehovah, at least the children of Odin, who is more than Jehovah.”

It was from Nietzsche that General von Bernhardi, when publishing his book on *Germany and the Coming War*, borrowed his motto : “ War and audacity have done more than charity for the human species.”

Here we have the formal affirmation of anti-Christianity.

And this philosophy of force gained many adepts in Austria, and a fair number in Italy, even in England. It needed this warlike liberation of Borussianism to open the eyes of the world and to teach it that there was nothing here but the negation of true civilisation and a regression towards barbarism. In Bournemouth the Rev. T. Hardy delivered a lecture which was a cry of warning to his compatriots. He said :

“ An English poet, Charles Kingsley, has thus summed up the influence of Christ : To give and not to take ; to serve and not to command ; to die and not to live. . . . Reverse this, and you will have the definition of the man according to the gospel of Nietzsche ; he takes and does not give, he commands and does not serve, he devours and does not feed,

he crushes and does not aid, he gives the rein to egoism, to the senses, to all there is in him of the animal.

"This is by no means an exaggeration. The disciples of the German philosopher call themselves immoralists. They claim to be above good and evil. If deeds possess for you a greater force of demonstration, look at Belgium, and by what has been done there judge the doctrine.

"For the disciples of Nietzsche are not an obscure party, but the official and licensed professors of the great universities of Prussia. They are the educators of the officers who are fighting ours at this moment."

Let us now see what they have taught them. We shall find it includes the very reverse of the usages of war, and the implicit confession of what has been done in Belgium. Some of the following extracts may already have come to our readers' eyes, but they cannot be too much emphasised, and here they stand in their right place.

SOME DOCUMENTS

I. THE GERMAN THEORISTS OF WAR

In 1902 the Great General Staff of Berlin published a *Manual of the Usages of War upon Land—Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*—which is a sort of code drawn up in contradiction of the humanitarian movement reflected in the conventions of the Hague Congress. The latter seeks to restrain; the former to unloose. The German manual says:

"The moral tendencies of the nineteenth century have been directed by humanitarian considerations, which have often enough degenerated into sentimentality" (p. 7).

"All the pretensions of the professors of the laws of nations must be deliberately rejected in principle, as being in opposition to the principles of war" (p. 45).

"A war that is energetically waged cannot be directed solely against the combatant enemy and his defensive dis-

positions, but must also be directed upon the destruction of his moral and material resources. Humanitarian considerations, such as regard for persons and property, can only be observed if the nature and the aim of the war accommodate themselves therewith" (p. 3).

Now in 1907 Germany signed, with the other Powers, the Convention which defined a rule of conduct for belligerents, adding that—

"in cases not covered by the rules adopted by them the inhabitants and belligerents remain under the protection and governance of the principles of the laws of nations, derived from the usages established among civilised peoples, from the laws of humanity, and from the dictates of the public conscience."

Despite the Conference of 1907, the German code remains in force ; to the prohibitions of the Conference it opposes the theory of "necessity" ; when there is no other means of assuring the success of a military operation, its accomplishment by any means does not constitute a violation of the laws of war. Here is a ferocious application of this "principle" : Karl Strupp, in the *Year-book of International Law*, writes :

"Troops may be obliged to allow prisoners to die of hunger if the commander considers that this is the sole means of carrying out an order which he has received. . . . The stipulations of the laws of war may be disregarded every time their violation appears to be the means of carrying out a war-like operation or of sustaining the armed forces, even if only a single soldier is concerned.

"It is for the commandant to decide in every case whether he is confronted by conditions of necessity which justify such action."

This really means that simple utility will be arbitrarily magnified into necessity, after which neither law nor morality has any further meaning. Any commandant may shoot the inhabitants and burn the houses of a whole town, as at Visé, because he thinks

it useful to do so. He may resort, on the same pretext, to intimidation or terrorism, with a view to preventing hostile acts (p. 119) :

“ To employ, without mitigation, the necessary means of defence and intimidation is not only a right but a duty in the case of every army commander.”

Here we are at the very antipodes of the Hague Conventions which Germany has signed. In accordance with the moral principles already enunciated, the second Conference stipulated (art. 50) :

“ No collective penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, shall be inflicted upon the population on account of the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible.”

Now, in commenting upon the Hague Regulations, Strupp has written, with reference to the things done in Belgium :

“ These are deliberate and intentional infractions of the laws of war, but they were merely a reaction and a menace in respect of transgressions already committed by the enemy ; they therefore appear to us, despite their horror, as imposed on us and in conformity with the law of nations.”

Examples of collective repression are legion. A Brussels police agent was found guilty of an offence in respect of a German soldier ; he was condemned to five years' imprisonment . . . and the city of Brussels to a fine of five million francs !

For a pretended aggression on the part of some unknown person the town of Wavre was condemned to pay three million francs, and a whole quarter of the town was burned, and it was stated “ that the innocent should suffer with the guilty.”

A placard, publicly posted, warned Hasselt that one-

third of its population would be shot if anyone fired on the troops.

Concerning Andenne, where the population most energetically protested that no aggression had taken place, General von Bülow informed Liège, by placard :

" It is with my consent that the general commanding in chief has caused the whole locality to be burned and that one hundred persons have been shot."

But you may read : about two hundred.

Governor von der Goltz had the following warning exhibited, lest anyone should damage the railway or the telegraph line :

" The neighbouring localities will be punished without mercy no matter whether they are guilty of complicity or not."

A correspondent of the semi-official *Kölnische Zeitung* writes, on the subject of Tamines, where the Germans were attacked only by Belgian troops :

" Then, not being able to reach those who had fired, the rage of our troops turned against the little town ; without delay it was given to the flames and has become a heap of ruins."

He might have added that the officers, seeing their soldiers weary of assassinating by rifle shot, made them employ machine-guns against innocent people, driven together in a mass.

Here are two definite confessions.

With regard to the sack of Louvain, a wireless message emanating from Berlin (see the *Times*, 29th of August) stated :

" The only means of preventing surprise attacks on the part of the population has been to display a pitiless severity and to make examples which, by their horror, should be a warning to the whole country. . . "

In the inspired *Kölnische Zeitung* Bloem writes :

" This cannot be doubted ; the burning of Battice, Herve, Louvain, and Dinant has acted as a warning. The fatal conflagrations, the blood shed during the first days of the war, has delivered the great Belgian cities from the temptation to attack the necessarily weak garrisons which we leave in them. The capital was afraid and is still afraid of our vengeance."—*K.Z.*, 10th of February, 1915.

The manual of the Great General Staff itself dictates this method of warfare :

" That private individuals should be mercilessly treated when an example is made of them which is destined to serve as a warning is assuredly deplorable for them. But for the collectivity this severity displayed against private persons is a salutary benefit. When a national war has broken out, terrorism becomes a necessary military principle."

The same manual (*Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege*) speaks thus of the cowardly and criminal procedure of protecting oneself against the enemy's bullets by means of civilians or prisoners :

" A harsh and cruel measure. . . . Since the lives of peaceable inhabitants were without any fault on their part exposed thereby to serious danger, every writer outside Germany has denounced this measure as contrary to the law of nations. . . . As against this unfavourable criticism it must be pointed out that this measure . . . , in the given circumstances, was the only method which promised to be of effect. . . . Its justification . . . lies in the fact that it proved fully successful." ¹

Clausewitz, the most famous of the German theorists of war, has written :

" War has no other limits than the exhaustion, impoverishment, and destruction of the enemy country."

¹ This passage in the *Kriegsbrauch* refers to the carrying of hostages on railway-trains and locomotives in 1870.—TRANS.

And General von Hartmann :

" The warrior has need of passion. . . . Every warlike exploit is before all of a personal nature ; it demands, in the agent, a release from the oppressive rule of the moderating laws of everyday life. . . . Violence and passion are the two levers essential to any warlike action."

And again :

" An apparent harshness and severity become the very reverse of those qualities when they result in causing the enemy to resolve to demand peace."

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, in a recent interview published by the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna and reproduced by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, declared :

" One cannot make war in a sentimental fashion. The more pitiless the conduct of the war, the more humane it is in reality, for it will run its course all the sooner."

The event has proved the contrary. This ferocity, instead of leading the nations to sue for peace, has made them understand the absolute necessity of saving a civilisation menaced by the Borussian peril.

II. BARBARIAN FORMULÆ

After this we are enlightened as to the exactions imposed upon Belgium. These writings announce, foresee, and recognise them. One might stop at this ; but we ought to make some further examination of the guides for the use of German officers, for they teach the application of the monstrous German doctrine. The newspapers have already cited "a military interpreter," *Zum Gebrauch in Feindesland*, by Captain Scharnefort, Professor in the Academy of War. Here the sort of government to be imposed on enemy populations is hinted at. There is a hint, too, as to the

coining of money by imposing fines on the towns or communes declared to be collectively responsible for acts of malevolence "committed" upon their territory. How should one proceed? The manual replies:

"Advance rapidly, appear suddenly before the place, surround it first of all by cavalry, then by a party of infantry, enter with the mass of the infantry, search the locality, seize hostages, occupy the mayor's offices."

The manual even provides the formula for extortion:

"A fine of 600,000 marks, on account of an attempt at assassination made by a — on a German soldier, has been imposed on the town of O— by order of —."

"Useless efforts have been made to obtain its remission or reduction."

"The term fixed for the payment of the fine expires tomorrow the 17th of December at noon."

"Bank notes will be accepted, coin, and silver plate."

Another formula included in this manual speaks of a contribution fixed at three times the ordinary budget of receipts of the locality; the inhabitants "must pay within forty-eight hours three times the amount of their annual taxes"; the release of the municipal councillors and hostages will depend "on the satisfactory result of these payments."

Our author regards the taking of hostages and their execution, in case the instructions given are not carried out, as being often "the only means of striking terror into the population." He finds it perfectly lawful that the army of invasion and occupation should use the civil population as a shield to protect itself against the shots and attacks of the enemy army.

I have had before me, and could again put my hand on, another formula expressed by an officer: *Französisches Tornisterwörterbuch*, by von Weltzien, Oberleutnant im infant. reg., 26 Kdt., zur Kriegsakademie.

In the first part we have geographical terms, measures, French coinage, etc.; Uniforms; Dictionary; then ready-made French phrases. Here are some examples :

" Show me my room. . . . Open the doors ; I am going to look for a room myself. I am very thirsty. I want to take a little nap. Meanwhile my things will dry by the fire. You will answer for it that nothing scorches. Another glass of wine, please. Have you no better wine ? . . . We want to go to bed. Does this window look on to the street ? Give me some provisions to take away. Fill this flask with wine.

" Halt !—Where are you going ? . . . March in front of me ! Silence ! Do not speak except when I question you. You seem to me a suspicious person. Where is your pocket-book ? I must search you. At the first attempt to escape you will be shot.

" Have you seen any cavalry ? Tell us the truth. The least lie might cost you your life. Keep near my horse. At the first attempt to run away, or if you lead me astray, I shall fire at you. . . .

" Mr. Mayor, I have ordered my men to requisition food and forage here. . . . If you resist I arrest you. Any resistance on the part of the inhabitants will be severely punished.

" . . . I am taking this cow and five sheep. Get me 300 eggs. Your fowls are not laying ? In that case they are useless. We shall take them and bleed them. Choose between the fowls and the eggs. Put this butter in a jar.

" At the hotel. . . . Make the billiard-players stop. The noise of the cues prevents us from hearing one another. Tell those people to keep quiet. Otherwise they will be turned out of doors.

" . . . The commune will have to pay a heavy tax. Any attack upon one of my men will be punished by death. The village will be razed. The mayor will be shot. Two quarter-masters will remain until the troops arrive. You will answer for their safety with your head."

As compared with current practice these formulæ are moderate. It was necessary to see the insolence of the invaders at Liège, during the first days of the occupation, to form any real conception of it. Here is one detail among a thousand : Some officers went into a baker's shop. A captain addressed the

master of the house, pressing the muzzle of a revolver against his chest. A few days later he returned—without arms. The baker appeared, and he suddenly and violently clapped his hands. The captain started in alarm. "Ah, captain!" said the other, "you haven't got your plaything to-day—it wasn't nice of me to put you in such a taking, was it?"

Certain officers quartered on the inhabitants had a curious way of doing credit to their *Kultur*. M. N——, professor in the University, was absent with a daughter, who was ill. She died. He returned to Liége and found his house in confusion and disorder. A young officer had been staying there. He had, in particular, ripped up the clothing of the dead girl, and torn or stained and blotted the professor's manuscripts. Now, thanks to a forgotten notebook, M. N—— discovered that this distinguished guest was none other than the son of a German confrère, who had long been in the habit of submitting scientific questions to him by post. M. N—— used to supply him with the solutions as a matter of courtesy. A curious and very significant coincidence.

CHAPTER II

SYSTEMATIC CALUMNIES

THE text-books have shown us how war should be waged according to the German system, and what the method of procedure should be. Let us now see how one should justify one's actions.

The documents which we are now going to exhibit are the fables which have been "made in Germany," fabricated from beginning to end, with the object of blackening the victims and exciting hatred of them. These inventions carry their own condemnation within them, so obvious is their falsity ; they do not contain a word of truth. To do justice on them we have only to exhibit them.

Here, to begin with, is a propagandist work published in Germany, an example of which has been sent us ; a somewhat unusual favour, since the Germans dare not display abroad the clumsy calumnies which they induce their own countrymen to swallow.

This booklet is entitled, *Die Wahrheit über den Krieg*—*The Truth about the War*. Its authors are a collection of "high personages" whom we may as well put into the pillory at once :

Paul Dehn, author, Berlin.

Dr. Drechsler, Director of the Amerika-Institute, Berlin.

Matthias Erzberger, member of the Reichstag, Berlin.

Prof. Dr. Francke, Berlin.

Dr. Ernst Jack, Berlin.

D. Naumann, Member of the Reichstag, Berlin.

Graf von Oppersdorff, member of the Prussian House of Lords.

Graf zu Reventlow, author, member of the Reichstag, Charlottenburg.

Dr. Paul Rohrbach, Dozent at the Handelshochschule, Berlin.

Dr. Schacht, Director of the Dresdner Bank, Berlin.

And we read :

Page 92. — From a Danish physician, Dr. Hindhede, speaking of what is said to have occurred in Belgium : The Germans are cast out of the country, and, on the way out, they are worse treated than animals. Germans merely suspected of espionage are daily shot dead in great numbers. I have been astonished to see that the men are behaving like beasts. A sailor saw the crowd tearing the clothes off some German ladies, smearing their bodies with black paint, and then chasing them, absolutely naked. Other sailors saw the Belgians entirely strip three monks, in order to maltreat them in the most abominable fashion.

From ocular witnesses in Antwerp :

Flemish and French girls have torn the clothes off poor German servant-girls and have dragged them along the streets by their hair. The police and the civic guard allowed and even took part in these atrocities. In the Place de Meir was found the body of a woman who had been stabbed ; women spat in the face of the corpse and trod it underfoot.

Page 93. — In Brussels a German hotel-keeper, Weber, was massacred, as was the butcher Deckel, who had lived in the city since 1880, and the druggist Andernach.¹

In the military hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle was a soldier who was thrown from the first floor of a house from which the Red Cross was flying.²

¹ They are still alive.

² There is little invention in the German lies. The tale of Germans thrown out of windows is repeated over and over again, but the victim is usually a child. Observe, too, that the Belgian maiden, when she sallies forth to the battle-field, collecting eyes, goes armed

The Belgians seized a little German child by the arms and tore it to pieces ; they have half-killed the women and stolen everything from German travellers.

In a Belgian village a cabaret-keeper buried a knife in the abdomen of an officer while the latter was drinking from the glass which the other had given him.

Belgians have thrown German into blast-furnaces.

Page 94.—In a house in which there were only women one of them fired a shot into the back of an officer while the latter was emptying his glass.

A little boy offers cigarettes to a soldier and at the same time shoots him.

In the Gemmenich woods the drivers of motor-cars were fired on.

From a wounded soldier : " Someone cut off a soldier's leg with a saw."

Page 95.—Belgium refused the offer of Germany, favoured her enemies, desired the war. At Liège many civilians took part in the battles ; despite the usages of war, they killed wounded men and surgeons.

Pages 64-69. — The Germans are conducting themselves irreproachably toward the foreigners who have become their enemies ; Russia, France, Belgium, on the contrary, have erased themselves from the list of civilised peoples by maltreating, pillaging, and massacring the Germans and foreigners who were in their countries at the moment war was declared.

Page 82. — There were few German troops at Liège, but they have attained their object, thanks to their thorough preparation, their bravery, the energy of their leaders, and the help of God. The Belgians fought badly. The civilians, even women, fired on the German troops, even on the doctors and wounded. The Belgians had more troops at Liège than the Germans.

Page 83.—After the opening of hostilities French officers, accompanied by troops, went to Liège to teach the Belgian troops how to defend the fortress.

Page 87.—A Belgian journalist says : " The Germans are behaving well in Liège ; they pay ready money for everything. The Germans are occupying the public buildings ; they are not quartered on the inhabitants. Everywhere are Belgian flags ; nowhere German flags."

Page 94.—In the house of the curé of Lixhe two rifles

with a—*corkscrew* ! Perhaps because it is the most familiar of all weapons to a German.—TRANS.

were found ; he could not say how they got there. The curé of Berneau has been executed ; he fired on the Germans from the belfry.¹

Page 78.—On the 9th of August, two days, therefore, after the fall, telegraphic messages were still being sent to the Dutch press: The forts of Liége are still in the hands of the Belgians.²

Page 89.—The civil population of Belgium fires from every house, from behind every dense thicket, with an absolute and blind hatred, on all that is German. Even on the first day we already had a number of men killed or wounded by the civil population. The women as well as the men did their share. Moreover, during the night they cut the throat of a German who was in bed. . . . Another house displayed the Red Cross flag ; five men were put into it and on the following day the five men were stabbed.

In a village near Verviers we found an isolated soldier, his hands tied behind his back and his eyes put out.

A waggon of the automobile column leaving for Liége stopped in a village. A young woman approached the chauffeur, suddenly held a revolver to his face, and shot him dead. Naturally a fusillade immediately followed, but neither this nor the burnings frightened the people.

Before these facts must not the blood boil in our veins ? How should not our wrath sweep away reflection ? And yet the Belgians are astonished when we proceed without mercy against the civil population which is suspected of being the author of these deeds.

The heart ceases to beat and the *civis germanicus sum* has become a proud saying when one sees the attitude of our magnificent army, but it bleeds all the more when our poor men have to pour out their blood under the shot-gun of a peasant or the kitchen knife of a fanatical Belgian woman ; and then people take it ill that we should raze from the face of the earth the villages where our men are exposed to such attacks.

A Dutch observer says on the subject of Liége : " They were firing from the houses ; young lads and girls threw stones at the soldiers, and even old men fired from behind the door on the advancing troops. These killed those who came in their path, according to the usages of military law."

¹ He is still alive !

² Because it was the case.

THEY WILL NEVER DARE

Of all these affirmations, for which members of the Reichstag and other notabilities have vouched, THERE IS NOT A SINGLE LINE WHICH IS NOT A LIE. The witnesses cited do not exist, and the facts are INVENTED FROM BEGINNING TO END.

Confronted by such a denial as ours, which will be ratified by the whole population, is not this the moment for Herr von Bissing and the ten signatories of the pamphlet to consent to the appointment of an international Commission? Is not this the moment for Herr von Bissing to jump at this proposal, and then to exhibit the proofs which he claims to possess, as well as the reports of the Military Commission and the civil judge on their investigations?

They will not accept my proposal. They will never accept it. Therefore they stand condemned.

Let us now see in what grotesque company these gentry find themselves when they take part in such a campaign.

THE TAKING OF LIÉGE

Everyone knows that the twelve forts of the fortified position of Liége are a long way from the city; the circumference of their line being about twenty-two miles. The city itself is open; it has no fortifications, no moats, no ramparts, no walls, no gates. The long intervals between the forts being defended only by small bodies of troops, and the surface being extremely hilly and irregular, the German Army was inevitably bound to pass through one or other of these intervals, and penetrate into the city, before the war was many days old. It was for the forts to resist, and as they were only "forts of arrest," their useful function lay in simply retarding the enemy for a few days in order

to give the Powers guaranteeing Belgian neutrality time to intervene.

So no one could entertain any illusion as to the almost immediate entry of the Germans into the city itself, and no one could imagine that any obstacle could be placed in their way. Having made their appearance on Tuesday the 4th of August in the intervals between the forts, and having bombarded the city on Thursday, they entered it on Friday the 7th of August, without firing or receiving a single rifle-shot. As we have seen, they covered the bridges with civilians, and advanced through the streets preceded by a column of prisoners, in order to protect themselves against any possible attack. The writer of these lines saw them filing past, across the Place de la Cathédrale, to the Vinâve d'Ile, and he was in the market-place, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, when an officer and six soldiers entered it, having crossed the Place without the slightest incident.

ROUND THE FORTS

Our troops had fought marvellously on the preceding days, but they were so inferior in numbers, and the invasion was so sudden, that in Liége they forgot to evacuate 739 prisoners of war, who had been captured the day before and interned in the Saint-Léonard prison. On taking possession of the city the German general had only to send a civilian with the order to release them, and this column of prisoners, disarmed, marched through the city in the midst of the same tranquillity which they had encountered on their arrival.

That is the simple truth, which can very easily be verified. Let us now hear the German version.

In the first place, the heroic General von Emmich,

who had crossed the bridge under cover of hundreds of bound peasants, telegraphed that he had taken the fortress of Liège by assault (or the fortress of Lüttich, as the Germans call it).

The German Press depicted this high feat of arms in the most brilliant colours. It had a great success, for example, with the letter of a soldier to his fiancée. We quote this passage from the translation of the letter published, on the 12th of August, in the Germanophile *Limburger Koerier* :

"We throw ourselves into the city without suspecting the great danger which threatens us. . . . In Liège itself a dense hail of bullets fell on us from the two rows of houses.

"It was not a battle but a butchery. The heavy gates were beaten in and all who were found behind them delivered to death. By thousands the dead and the wounded fell at the street-corners. My dear Anna, excuse me from describing in a more detailed fashion this picture of horror, etc. . . ."

The *Limburger Koerier* for the 12th of August also contained a telegram, dated the 10th of August, and signed by von Stein, chief of the General Headquarters of the German Army; and in this telegram we find the assertion :

"The Belgians had, to guard their fortifications (as far as one can make out), *more troops* than there were on our side to take part in *the assault*." ¹

And he adds :

"The difficulty was that we had not our heavy artillery. When we had that as well as our forces the devil could not have stirred us, so redoubtable was our position."

In Germany picture postcards were sold, bearing

¹ Compare p. 111 : Declaration of the German Government, which speaks of "the heroic resistance offered by the Belgian troops to greatly superior forces." Later the German Staff estimated its losses before Liège at 43,700, whereas the Belgian effective, garrisons of the forts included, was barely half this figure.

pseudo-photographs of the taking of Liége. I have sent an example of these to the official Commission of Inquiry. The city is shown surrounded with a double line of enormous walls; the German army is forcing the heavy gates; the sky is streaked with fiery projectiles, and the Zeppelins overlook the whole. A medallion, to the left, bears the head of von Emmich, beaming.

In the course of our account of events in Liége we have shown the German Red Cross co-operating in thefts and acts of vandalism. In a leaflet printed by Mattenklot, of Berlin, a certain Hermann Consten, who was serving with the Red Cross in Liége, tells the following tale :

" I was looking through the Liége hospital for friends from Aix-la-Chapelle, whom I had lost. I then learned from the German wounded that the Belgians were not only killing our wounded, and robbing them, but that they were also torturing the wounded and the prisoners of war in the cruellest manner. Thus, they cut off the legs of wounded men and prisoners with a saw, tore out their eyes, cut off their ears, etc. Even the women take part in these cruelties. I spoke to four wounded men in the German hospital who told me how they were wounded, and made prisoners, and how from the second story of a house in which they were interned, without arms and with no possibility of going to his assistance, they saw the Belgians fall upon a German officer, putting out his eyes and cutting off his ears."

THE JESUIT CONVENT

Here is another example of the narratives which the German Press was then providing for its public :—

The *Kölnische Zeitung* published the following story, which a Jesuit was supposed to have told one of its contributors. The article was reproduced in *Het Nieuws van den Tag* of Amsterdam on the 20th of

August. (We abridge extensively, as there is more than a column of it.)

The narrative describes the burning of a convent of Jesuits which was situated close to Liège, on a hill about 600 yards distant from one of the southern forts.

They knew nothing there of the war, as they did not read the newspapers, and never spoke, in virtue of their vow of silence.

On Thursday the 6th the brother who tells the tale was on guard with other brothers, from midday to midnight. At 11.15 p.m. he saw a dirigible,¹ which reappeared several times until about midnight, and threw a dozen bombs on the forts.

About 2 o'clock he heard a burst of firing, and shouts from the city. At 4 o'clock the bell called them into the church, and they saw the stained-glass windows bent inwards by the pressure of air caused by the explosion. As usual, the porters opened the gate at 6 o'clock, but what a surprise! Hundreds of Belgians from the suburbs made an attack upon the convent. Lest they should loot it, the porters did their utmost to push them back.

A father cried, "Go away, you shall have all you want!" But the mob seized their knives and assassinated twenty brothers and a father. I, said the brother, rushed off to sound the tocsin. Armed with shovels and pitchforks the brothers repulsed the attack and dispersed the mob. A Belgian brother, armed also with a fork, seeing that the assailants were not German soldiers, but compatriots, turned his weapon against his brothers, crying: "You are mad! You are mad!" After a brief struggle his fork was torn from his hands; he was seized and thrown over the wall. He had not only turned his weapon against his brothers, but, what was more serious, had broken his vow of silence!

This struggle had lasted barely a quarter of an hour, when the brothers noticed that the Belgians had set fire to their convent in two places. "This trial, heavy as it was, did not make us break our vow of silence. We were gazing mutely at the flames when the Superior, who, like all the fathers, is permitted to speak, cried to us: 'Go and save what you can!' But when we telephoned to Liège for the firemen, those who appeared were, to our terror, German soldiers. These took us under their protection. They had eight motor-cars; our treasures, of incalculable value—pictures hastily

¹ At that date no dirigible had flown over Liège.—TRANS.

removed from their frames and our golden censers—were placed in these and conveyed towards Germany.”

The brothers took their most necessary possessions and set out, 350 strong, for the German frontier. No one remained in the convent but a brother of 80 years, who said: “I want to die here.”

This is what they dared to print in the most important newspaper of the Rhenish provinces, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, an official organ of the Empire! ¹

The name of the correspondent is Adolf Mannchen.

It is almost superfluous to give the lie to this ridiculous tale. When war was declared, the Jesuit Fathers of Liège opened, in their great college in the Rue Saint-Gilles, a hospital which was a model of its kind. Thousands of wounded men were nursed there, friends and enemies alike.

But there is no establishment near Liège, nor in the Liège district, containing hundreds of monks, nor even a hundred, nor fifty.

Silence is a rule only among the Trappists, and there are none in the country.

The population of Liège did not attack any convent.

And there was not the least sign of disturbances of any kind; in short, the tale is a lie at every point, cleverly invented with the object of exciting the population of the Rheinland against the Belgians, and of forcing them to approve or excuse the horrors committed by the army.

Men in high places, and the German authorities themselves, have participated in this shameful campaign. Here are some examples:

VON BISSING

On the 28th of August, Baron von Bissing, then at Münster, addressed a proclamation to the population

¹ Printed also in a booklet, *Sturmnacht in Loewen*, by Robert Heymann.—TRANS.

of the seat of the 7th Army Corps. In it he denounced the "ignominious institution of the Belgian francs-tireurs," and added various observations in which malignant hatred and instinctive cruelty lurk in the very style like a venom. We have reproduced part of this document (see p. 2).

The Chief Command of the Army adheres to these accusations :

" *Berlin, August 27th.*—The Chief Command of the German Army protests against the insinuations of our enemies, which declare that the Germans are conducting the war in a cruel manner. If severe measures had to be taken, they were taken only as a result of cowardly attacks upon our soldiers, aggressions in which even the women took part, and bestial acts of cruelty whose victims were the wounded.

" The Government and the authorities of the invested country are solely responsible for the severity of our procedure. They provided the population with arms in order to permit them to take part in the war.

" The statements in the foreign Press which accuse the Germans of driving the population before them are lies invented by discreditable persons. All those who are acquainted with the high culture of our people must be of our opinion."

THE INSPIRED PRESS

The official booklet, *Die Belgischen Greuelthaten*, goes so far as to assert (p. 38) that the Belgian Government promised the civil population a reward of fifty francs for each German soldier killed.

On the 28th of August the *Kölnische Zeitung* declared :

" It is the Belgian Government that must be held responsible in that towns and villages in Belgium have had to be razed to the ground. . . . In the first place, it incited resistance by the diffusion of scurrilous calumnies against our troops. Then it caused arms to be distributed, and now that the resistance is diminishing it is again provoking it."

A CHAPLAIN

A German chaplain relates that in the bishopric of Liège a woman, hiding a bucket of boiling water and cradling it in her arms as though it were a little child, attracted the attention of a German. The latter advanced to caress the child, and the woman threw the boiling water in his face !

An inhabitant of Liège, returning from Cologne, reported that the German public had its head stuffed with absurd legends. The most odious lies were in circulation ; the most idiotic fables were accepted. Victory was regarded as certain.

Many postcards displaying caricatures were on sale. Nearly all these pleasantries were feeble, scurrilous, or indecorous. For example, a soldier is seeking a place of retirement ; we see a row of W.C.'s with the inscriptions : Liège, Namur, Maubeuge, etc. A German is installed in each. The legend runs : *None Disengaged !* Another shows a German who has unbreeched an Ally and is thrashing him with all his might.

On the subject of the conduct of the civil population of Belgium in respect of the German troops, Professor Dr. Pickel writes from Brussels to the *Berliner Tageblatt* that even at night one should carry a revolver at one's hip, as one could not be sure of one's life.

In this connection an aged German, settled in Liège, spoke to the writer of these lines as follows :

“ A German physician—in the army—told me : ‘ I have been here some time now, and I am astonished ; no population has ever made such a good impression on me. You, you ought to be able to speak as one who knows them well : what do you think of them ? ’

“ ‘ Why,’ replied the Liège German, ‘ I am convinced that the civilians have absolutely nothing to reproach

themselves with. But the Prussians have behaved here as they did in our country in 1866, with the difference that in fifty years they have still further . . . improved their methods.'

" 'You believe that?' said the doctor. ' . . . It's abominable. I thought as much myself. And to think that in Cologne they persuaded me to arm myself to the teeth, and not to sleep without a revolver on the table beside my bed ! ' "

IN BERLIN

The *Berliner Tageblatt* says :

" The francs-tireurs have been deported into Germany as prisoners of war ; they are on the Münster drill-ground. Among them is a little boy of 8 years, other urchins of 13 and 16, and two young men who were formerly students at Heidelberg. During the journey from the western frontier to Hanover a franc-tireur tried to leap from the train. He was crushed on the adjacent track by another train. A gigantic peasant threw pieces of gold and his gold watch out of the window. Then he tried to kill a sentinel. He had to be killed by means of several bayonet thrusts and a bullet."

The Reverend Dr. Dryanders, first preacher to the Court, was invited by a French ecclesiastic to adopt by mutual agreement the rules to be observed in order to render the war more humane. The *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin published his reply. Here it is in substance :

" We should be unable to make it believed in Germany that such a measure could be necessary in order that the war should be conducted in a fashion conformable with the conceptions of Christianity and the claims of mercy and humanity. It goes without saying that the war must spare unarmed persons and the weak, and succour, without distinction, the sick and wounded. We are firmly convinced that this rule is in force throughout our army, and that on our side we are fighting with a high degree of discipline, conscience, and mildness, such as the history of the world has never before

afforded. We have nowhere been cruel without motive. Assuredly the Christian conscience must utter a protest, but against the peoples which have acted in a shameful manner. . . . From the Emperor to the simple labourer, one could not find a hundred men who desired a war with our neighbours. Thus we Germans are like a peaceable man who is simultaneously attacked by three hyenas thirsting for his blood. If England, in so doing, hypocritically states that the neutrality of Belgium was brutally violated, it is not worth while to reply to a complaint so unfounded. He who is fighting for his life does not ask himself whether, in so doing, he has broken his neighbour's gate."

A thousand scandalous calumnies might be cited. Finally, to close the list, comes the Kaiser, telegraphing to Mr. Wilson, President of the United States, that the Belgian population, even the women and the clergy, have committed atrocities which justified reprisals.

Among so many accusers, who are the deceivers and who the deceived? It has been claimed that the latter are more numerous than the former, but their rashness makes them equally guilty. As for the conscious calumniators, they have reached the nadir of infamy.

It was all inevitable: terrorisation, even when it has been sanctioned in advance, becomes unavowable in its criminal fulfilment. Thereupon we see the origination of a new "state of necessity," and necessity knows no law: *Not kennt kein Gebot!* The victim is blackened, dishonoured, given over to execration. And deep calls to deep of infamy. But in the religion of Thor one says: He who is fighting for his reputation does not ask himself if in so doing he shatters that of his neighbour!

VOX POPULI

HOWEVER, without invoking the judgment of God, there is one tribunal which imposture has been powerless to mislead : the tribunal of opinion. The whole world has risen up against the crime of Germany.

It is true that at first there was some hesitation. At first sight it was difficult to get at the truth in this unlooked-for drama, disquieting and horrible beyond all expression. The murdered country was ringed round by a circle of steel and fire. Even in Liège we did not know, we did not understand. An atrocious system of repression was combined with the most violent complaints of the behaviour of the population ; for a moment even the press was in doubt. In Brussels to some extent, in France especially, the newspapers believed in a heroic, desperate, unheard-of resistance. And some of the upper-middle classes, which never understand the people very well, were perplexed. Since the Germans were so emphatic in their assertions . . . ?

Have we not shown the troops of unfortunate townsfolk and villagers, torn from their beds in the early dawn, dragged bareheaded, barefooted often, dishevelled, half-clad, towards the forts and out on to the bridges ; have we not said that they awakened the suspicion of the people of Liège, who asked themselves what folly these people could possibly have committed ?

In other times the infernal machination might have succeeded. We hear that, challenged by M. R.— in these terms : “ Then are you not afraid of the judgment of History ? ” the German Councillor T— replied : “ History ? It is we who shall write it ! ” Yes ; they were already at work !

But the fraud could not be kept up. There are too many of the oppressed ; materially reduced to impotence, but retaining their unshakeable souls.

There are, against a few feeble witnesses, too many irreproachable observers who followed the course of the tragedy. And although in the interior of the country the press had been suppressed or muzzled, the outside press is divulging the truth, unmasking the criminal, baffling the conspirator, denouncing him before the face of the world. Is there not, throughout the civilised world, a general conscience, careful of the laws of humanity, which defends Opinion against the perverse attacks of Error? If, among the forty-four Powers which signed the Hague Conventions, there has been found one liar who has succeeded in corrupting a second, the rest have retained their respect for engagements and for a sane judgment. And their suffrages are given to the victims of cruelty and calumny.

Among so many protests, coming from all parts of the world, we will here refer only to two.

It will be remembered that, disturbed and alarmed by the universal dismay, ninety-three professors of the German Universities issued an "Appeal to the Civilised Nations," in which, with intemperate violence, they radically denied every accusation which had been made against the German Army. (This extraordinary document was reproduced in the *Kölnische Zeitung* for the 4th of October, 1914, No. 1096.)

Here are some passages from the reply which was addressed to them by Mr. Church, President of the Carnegie Institute in the United States :

Reply of Mr. Church, President of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, to the Appeal of Intellectual Germany to the Civilised World.

Letter addressed to Herr Schaffer, Berlin :

" It gives me a feeling of pity to note the importunity with which the people of Germany are seeking the good opinion of America in this strife.

". . . The next point in your letter reads thus: 'It is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium.' Have these

ninety-three men studied well the letter they have signed? Could intellects so superbly trained deliberately certify to such an unwarranted declaration? Has any one of my ninety-three honoured correspondents read the appeal to the American people by Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, published in the American newspapers on August 15? I fear not, for in that statement the Chancellor said: 'We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak frankly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached.'

"What will the good conscience of the German people say when, in spite of its passion in the rage of war, it grasps the awful significance of the confession of its Imperial Chancellor? 'The wrong that we are committing.' The wreck and ruin of a country that has done you no injury, the slaughter of her sons, the expulsion of her King and government, the blackmail of her substance, the destruction of her cities, with their happy homes, their beautiful monuments of historic times, and the priceless works of human genius! 'The wrong that we are committing.' Worst of all, when the desperate and maddened populace, seeing their sons slain and their homes in flames, fired from their windows¹ in the last instinct of nature, your troops, with barbaric ferocity, put them to the sword without distinction of age or sex! The wrong! Oh, Doctor Schaffer, if these conditions should ever be reversed and these foreign soldiers should march through the streets of Berlin, would not you, would not all of my ninety-three correspondents, if they saw their homes battered in ruins and their sons dead in the streets, would they, too, not fire from their windows upon the merciless invaders? I am sure I would do so!

"Your reference to German militarism brings up in my mind the conviction that this war began potentially twenty-five years ago when Emperor William II. ascended the throne, declared himself Supreme War Lord, and proceeded to prepare his nation for war. His own children were raised from their babyhood to consider themselves soldiers and to look forward to a destiny of slaughter; and here in America we know even his daughter only by her photograph in a colonel's uniform. And as with his own children, so all the youth of his empire were brought up.

¹ At this time Dr. Church believed that the civilians of Louvain had committed acts of aggression, owing to the pretended testimony of Monseigneur Coenraerts, which the latter afterwards repudiated.

"Going far away from your great philosopher, Kant, who, in his Categorical Imperative, has taught us all a new golden rule, the national spirit of Germany has been fed on the sensual materialism of Nietzsche, on the undisguised blood-thirst of General von Bernhardi, on the wicked war dreams of Treitschke, and on the weak morality of von Bülow; and we behold in every scrap of evidence that we can gather from your Emperor, his children, his soldiers, his statesmen, and his professors that Germany held herself a nation apart from the rest of the world and superior to it, and predestined to maintain that superiority by war. In contrast to this narrow and destructive spirit of nationalism we in America have learned the value of humanity above the race so that we cherish all mankind in the bosom of our country. Therefore we can do nothing but execrate the conduct of your Emperor, who has driven his troops to slaughter their brethren and be slaughtered by them in this bloody and unspeakable conflict.

"And so, at last, my dear Dr. Schaffer, we find ourselves shocked, ashamed, and outraged that a Christian nation should be guilty of this criminal war. There was no justification for it. Armed and defended as you were, the whole world could never have broken into your borders. And while German culture still has something to gain from her neighbours, yet the intellectual progress which Germany was making seemed to be lifting up her own people to better things for themselves and to an altruistic service to mankind. Your great nation floated its ships in every ocean, sold its wares in the uttermost parts of the earth, and enjoyed the good favour of humanity, because it was trusted as a humane State. But now all this achievement has vanished, all this good opinion has been destroyed. You cannot in half a century regain the spiritual and material benefits which you have lost. Oh that we might have again a Germany that we could respect, a Germany of true peace, of true progress, of true culture, modest and not boastful, for ever rid of her war lords and her armed hosts, and turning once more to the uplifting influence of such leaders as Luther, Goethe, Beethoven, and Kant! But Germany, whether you win or lose in this war, has fallen, and the once glorious nation must continue to pursue its course in darkness and murder until conscience at last bids it withdraw its armies back to its own boundaries, there to hope for the world's pardon upon this inexpiable damnation."

The "Appeal to the Civilised Nations" from the intellectual leaders of Germany provoked, from another

direction, a peremptory rejoinder from the pen of M. Paul Seider, Professor in the University of Zurich. We cite a few passages :

" . . . One preliminary remark suggests itself. Since the beginning of the war Germany has been subjected to the strictest censorship ; precautions have been taken so that no uncensored news and no independent speech can enter the country from without.

" . . . Under the flame of bellicose enthusiasm the whole mass of the nation is welded into a single ingot, perfectly homogeneous ; public opinion has achieved a commanding and formidable cohesion. From the humblest man in the street to the first of the princes of science, the Germans form one body, and accept, without any discussion whatever, the ' German truth, official and censored.'

" . . . This is perhaps a necessity of the conflict, but is it not disquieting to see that there is not, in so great a people, which calls itself the nation of thinkers, a single mind, no, not even one, strong enough to retain its autonomy and its critical freedom ?

" All the University professors practise, in their habitual studies, and teach their pupils, the strictest methods of criticism. What are they doing to-day ? They are incessantly repeating : ' It is not true that . . . ' ; ' it is proved that . . . ' But, then, where are the proofs ? It is not enough to assert ; the proofs must be produced. If you have them, kindly give them to us ; we are only waiting for that to come over to your way of thinking. The least proof would have much more effect upon us than the signature of an immortal. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amicus veritas.*

" . . . Where is the proof that the unhappy Belgians are responsible for the fact that the army of a nation which had no grievance against them has devastated their country ? So much blood shed, so many towns, so many villages burned, and it is entirely the fault of the victims ? And we are to swallow this statement whole, simply on the strength of the very incomplete reports published by the German Staff ? Is it thus that an impartial judge arrives at his verdict ? We have before our eyes yet other reports . . . and one which is signed by the most respected members of the Belgian Court of Cassation : the least that we can do is to keep our poignant grief in the depths of our hearts and reserve our judgment until the moment when the German Government, anxious, no doubt, to throw light on the matter, shall permit a neutral Com-

mission to make on the spot an inquiry whose impartiality can be attacked by no one.

"There are many other proofs that we should like to have, we who have loved intellectual Germany; we who, on the benches of her universities, were nourished by the essence of her thought. We should like to have proof that she truly, as we are told, does cherish the heritage of a Goethe, a Beethoven, and a Kant, and that she has not entirely been seduced by the cult of force, which her writers for the last forty years have never wearied of preaching. In the country of Savigny, Jehring, and Windschied we should like to see a man arise to-day—one single man—who should say: 'Right is above might'; and 'A treaty is something more than a scrap of paper'; and 'A small and innocent nation must not be trampled underfoot because it is to the advantage of the German army to pass over its body.'

"This is what we should like. Doubtless it is possible? We must wait. Let us wait till the old Germany, the Germany of the pensive mind, awakens from her warlike dream; let us wait until the noble Valkyrie opens wide her blue eyes, until she sees all that which now is hidden from her, to her own misfortune and that of the world. Her awakening will be terrible, perhaps; until then it is useless for the German intellectuals to pursue their propaganda to the civilised nations which have been spared the scourge of war.

"As far as we are concerned, we cannot be the least little bit in the world convinced by their declarations, because the sphere of facts on which we take our stand is different. They hear only one bell; we hear it too, this great German bell, which is ringing with all its might; but we also hear the French, Belgian, and English bells, and many others, a whole peal, which is deafening us. What can we do? Keep our ardent compassion for the innocent victims, and wait until history shall pronounce its verdict, and shall tell us who is to bear, through the centuries to come, the crushing responsibility of one of the most terrible scourges that has descended upon humanity.

"Poor Belgians, how one admires them! They will have been the most tragic and the purest victims of the return to barbarism which we are witnessing. Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Malines, destroyed one after another. And their crime? That which we Swiss should have committed if the German Staff had thought it advantageous to attack the French on their right rather than on their left.

"Do not get in the way of the mighty ones of the earth!"

HOPE

*Qui sait, lorsque le sort nous frappe de ses coups,
Si le plus grand malheur n'est pas un bien pour nous ?*

Who knows but, when Fate strikes her heaviest blows,
Blessings are these that seem our greatest woes ?

DUCIS.

THE desire that the question of Belgian loyalty and honour should be referred to an international Commission was expressed at the beginning of this book, and we have again heard it expressed at the end, this time by a representative of the world's opinion. Cardinal Mercier, in a memorable letter, made the same suggestion. It is for Herr von Bissing to reply. Like the ninety-three Intellectuals, who, from the depths of a censored and docile Germany, swore to everything without knowing anything, the General, from his Münster garrison, emitted the most vehement assertions. Arrived in Belgium, he blindly repeated them, but he also promised proofs, and sought them in an inquiry. And after the inquiry he was silent.

But why do you not speak ? What have you to fear, Herr General, behind a hedge of 2,000,000 bayonets ? You are caught between those categorical assertions which you made from Münster and those which rise from the very soil beneath your feet. Truth treads upon your heel, whispers in your ear. For we know this with certainty : your military inquisitors were put out of countenance and disheartened, and your civil judge, conquered by the evidence, groaned aloud.

Where is the report ? Where are the famous proofs ? If, despite all, you still doubt, appeal to a true inquiry. And if, as I think, you doubt no longer, then confess, with your hand on your heart : " I have

been shamefully duped, as have so many others." And the world will say : " Here at last is one honest man."

Under the Neronian persecutions were there not pro-consuls who suddenly recognised their error and preferred even death to infamy ?

And Germany can do nothing against the honour of Belgium. It is not Belgium's honour that will perish.

Iniquity shall be confounded. " Assuredly better times will come," wrote Queen Louise of Prussia to her father ; " that which is not founded on justice will pass away." It was in respect of Napoleon that the great-grandparent of Wilhelm II. argued thus. A hundred years later, there is nothing of Napoleon about him but the pride and the itch for domination. And Napoleon at least fell from glory.

As for Belgium, her misfortune will only have ennobled her. History will declare that although, on a certain day, in the heart of civilisation, the pagan doctrine of force unexpectedly resuscitated barbarism, it was upon a loyal and innocent people that the Beast first sprang, crushing it because it refused to co-operate in a betrayal, and then seeking to dishonour it.

The Belgians have confidence. God helping, the cause of justice will triumph. Time, which effaces all things, will heal the wounds of our beloved country. Ruined, materially exhausted, she holds in reserve an indestructible wealth of courage, initiative, and generosity.

This hope is valiantly cherished by those who are at the front, face to face with the enemy. Those who have remained behind in Belgium, quivering under the yoke, preserve it unshaken ; and those who leave the country go to meet it.

Two months ago the author of these notes, warned

of immediate danger, was watching for the propitious moment to cross the frontier. Again he saw the ruined walls that once were Berneau, and, beside the road, the improvised gibbet on which the bodies of Belgians had swung. This was, as it were, the starting-post of the Germanic march. Someone said to me: "When it is over, they ought to be brought back here, and made to leave there such an example as they could never forget, in proportion to the quality of the persons." "Humanly," I replied, "that would be justice; but let us try not to resemble them in anything."

We proceeded. Night was falling; gloomy clouds were sinking in the distance upon the deserted ruins. The searchlights of the enemy began to probe the shadows of the frontier. A shot rang out. With difficulty we forced ourselves to sleep, haunted by dismal thoughts. Then, in the night, without sound, a fairy descended, enveloping all this poor earth in a mantle of ermine. The morning appeared in immaculate whiteness. Fields, orchards, gardens, were velvety with snow, with festoons and blossoms of white, and all was scintillating in the sunlight. And there, on the whiteness of the highway, I saw running past us, with fresh bursts of laughter, a troop of young girls and quite young lads. And to see one another thus, with feet that kicked up the snow, with heads powdered by the flakes which the trees, under the action of the sun and the breeze, were showering on them like handfuls of confetti, they laughed with gleaming teeth, their cheeks crimson and their eyes shining with pleasure.

It was only the vision of a moment. And I told myself: There is the future; there is to-morrow!

We are made so. Hope revives ever and anon. But how many and how forcible the reasons which bid us be confident!

Whatever may come, not a Belgian will regret the choice of the 2nd of August, 1914. Were misfortune still to lie heavy upon us, we should give ear to the voice of our martyrs, and that other voice from beyond the grave, which has said : " It is not useless to the world that a man should sacrifice himself to his conscience; it is good that someone should consent to be cast away for the sake of remaining faithful to principles of whose truth he is convinced, and which are akin to that which is noblest in our nature; these dupes are the necessary adversaries of the brutal fact, the victims whose part it is to utter the veto of the oppressed against the triumph of force. . . . I prefer, to perjury, fidelity to my oath. I seek to leave the world with my self-respect."

On the free soil of England, on entering this room, where we were about to write of what we had seen, learned, and verified on the spot, we found, framed over the mantelpiece, that suggestive drawing from *Punch*, which represents, against a background of smoking ruins, the Kaiser, coldly interrogative, and King Albert, drawing himself up with a gesture of pride. And underneath :

The Kaiser : " So, you see, you've lost everything."

The King of the Belgians : " Not my soul."

That is the thought of the sovereign, and it is the thought of the nation. In no age has Belgium easily borne the yoke, even when this was light. She is ready to suffer all things rather than accept the most odious domination which could be imposed upon a free and loyal people. But she has faith in the future; and it is full of confidence in the Supreme Justice that she is battling, with her great allies, for deliverance.

REDHILL,
May 1915.

FINIS

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